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Anthony Griffiths

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THE IRISH AND AUSTRALIAN RADICALISM

by Anthony Griffiths

NINETEENTH century Australian radicalism has been held to have had a strong Irish character. The working class were radical, and the Irish were the most homogeneous group amongst the workers. In the twentieth century, by their trade union activities, the Irish made an obviously radical contribution to politics. The Irish were in the vanguard of movements to establish Australia's independence from Great Britain.

Potential colonial political leaders were prominent among the first convicts transported to Australia and nearly a quarter of Australia's convicts were Irish. Irish convicts were different from the rest. They were usually older, more were married, more were countrymen and more were first offenders, often guilty of crimes in a technical sense, nationalists fighting British domination, and social rebels. Activists were shipped out after the 1798, 1848 and 1867 rebellions and in the nineteenth century were potentially an important group in Australian politics. General Holt, the rebel leader from Wicklow, was transported in August 1799 with 130 prisoners. Holt does not by any means conform to the stereotype of the rebellious Irishman as a Roman Catholic, Gaelic-speaking peasant committed to the overthrow of British rule. He was a middle-class Protestant farmer; respectable and hard-working and indeed he joined the United Irishmen only after a company of militia burnt down his house, more or less by mistake.

The Rev. Peter O'Neil was much closer to the pattern. He was a student at the Catholic Irish College in Paris and taught Celtic language and literature there. During the '98 rebellion, when he was curate of the parish of Ballymacoda, he was accused of sanctioning the murder of a United Irishman suspected of being a spy. He received 275 lashes for not giving information and was apparently illegally transported to Australia. He was released in January 1803 and sailed immediately for Ireland where he was reinstated as parish priest of Ballymacoda, working there until

his death during the great famine. The '98 rebels had little influence in the antipodes; naturally in an eighteenth century military prison their views were not consulted. And it seems likely that the main concern of the first political prisoners in Australia was to either work hard and profit, like the Protestant General Holt, or to return to Ireland and vindicate their character, like the Catholic, the Rev. Peter O'Neil.

Fifty years later, following the battle of widow Ryan's cabbage patch Australia received a second consignment of Irish rebels and their influence on local politics was not much greater than that of the men of '98.

It might have been expected that the characters of the '48 rebels would ensure their impact on colonial life; but there is little evidence that they were stereotyped Irish radicals. Mitchel, the most militant of the group, was an Ulster Protestant and a member of the Unitarian Presbyterians. He 'ever felt the utmost abhorrence' for Australia. To dwell among savages who were the outcasts of civilisation—savages decivilised, uniting more than the brutality of Timbuctoo with all the loathsome corruption of London—was a nauseous and horrid idea for him. W. S. O'Brien tried unsuccessfully to escape to America and sailed for Europe the moment he received a conditional pardon. Only Dr. Kevin Izod O'Doherty decided to remain in Australia and to work for the political enlightenment of the colonists in Queensland. Brisbane was scarcely in existence when Dr. O'Doherty was sentenced to transportation for his part in the Young Ireland movement. He saw the population grow from 3,000 to 100,000 and his own role in the new community expand until he was government medical inspector of Brisbane. But the felon of one generation was very rarely the civil servant of the next.

Although the '48 rising was a tragic-comedy, it was an important link in the tradition that stretched from the United Irishmen of 1798 to the Fenians and the I.R.B. volunteers of the 1916 Easter Rising. In 1857 the last convict ship sailed to Australia, carrying from Ireland sixty-three political convicts—some of them Fenians. In May 1869, Gladstone granted forty-five of the Fenians amnesties. £5,000 was raised in Melbourne for them: most returned to Ireland, a few went to America, and some remained in Australia. But only John Flood (who had taken part in the raid on Chester Castle) became involved in community affairs. His work on newspapers —the *Irish People* (Sydney), the *Courier* (Brisbane), and the *Miner* (Gympie)—was not noticeably influential.

More influential than the rebels of '98, '48 and '67 were the Anglo-Irish intellectuals. Of them the Trinity College Dublin men seem to have been outstandingly important. Graduates of T.C.D. made a remarkable contribution to Victorian life. In a classical case of chain migration the overcrowded Irish Bar forced Irish lawyers to emigrate, and in Victoria many T.C.D. graduates distinguished themselves.

While the Protestant Anglo-Irish led the Victorian Bar and were prominent in cultural and intellectual circles, the Catholic Irish seemed to have a distinct aptitude for government. The Victorian lower house and thirty-three initial years of Irish supervision: mainly by Catholics. *Primus*

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inter pares was Charles Gavan Duffy.

Duffy arrived in February 1856 and was given public dinners in Melbourne, Geelong, Ballarat and Sydney. He decided at first to return to law, but he was persuaded by his own countrymen to enter the Victorian parliament. Gradually he became convinced that in Australia he could contribute to the laying of the cornerstone of a new empire. On his election he spoke of the future destiny of the Australian colonies. He considered that they had a great opportunity not only to secure political liberty, but also to conduct a new social experiment, developing the best habits of some nations, rejecting whatever was deleterious or dangerous, until an Australian national character grew. Duffy's political efforts illustrate another theme which the Irish radicals introduced. The Irish began to become influential only after they emigrated freely and when the colonies had received self-government. And their success in office raised the sectarian issue which has bedevilled Australian politics ever since. Duffy was a Catholic and throughout his political career he believed that there was a conspiracy to pretend that the Catholics were plotting to influence elections; in some weeks not a day passed when Duffy was not assailed by leading articles and correspondence in newspapers controlled by pastoral interests. Duffy's career illustrated how in general terms Irish political leaders concentrated on issues which had interested them in Ireland when

they became involved in Australian politics. Land reform was chief of these. No sooner had Gavan Duffy left than John Redmond arrived in Australia to raise funds for the Irish parliamentary party and to gain support for the Irish Land League. In December 1882, Redmond sailed for Australia in the *Indus*. He had in his papers letters of introduction from Gavan Duffy who, by a coincidence, had also sat for New Ross before the famine. Redmond landed at Adelaide—the capital least affected by Irish immigration—and was met by an enthusiastic crowd. Patrick McMahon Glynn, leader of the Irish community, lured Redmond to Kapunda where he made a speech at the North Kapunda Hotel in favour of Home Rule. In the evening he dined at the hotel, serenaded by the Kapunda Town Band on the balcony. In a minor incident the Salvation Army arrived, with drums and brass, and tried to play the town band down. Much more significant was Redmond's reception at Sydney. He arrived with his brother Willy on the day of an international cricket match and they went together to the ground almost unrecognised. The Phoenix Park murders were all the talk of the colony and Redmond's reception—to put it mildly—was chilling. Respectable people who had promised him support avoided him. Only the Jesuits helped him as an old Glongowes boy.

At the trial of the invincibles an informer hinted that some prominent land leaguers were implicated in the crimes, the news was cabled to Australia and extreme anti-Irish feeling was temporarily created. Sir Henry Parkes unsuccessfully proposed that Redmond and his brother Willy should be expelled from the colony, but the Irish working men in the colony stood by Redmond and gradually the tide turned. The Australian tour was undoubtedly the most successful of any undertaken by Parnell's party. Redmond left Australia in 1883, and quickly toured America on his way home. Despite the difference in size, national wealth and the influence of famine emigration and Fenian organisations, Redmond raised as much in Australia as he did in America: £15,000. Redmond remained a mild man who tried to establish a free Ireland within the empire. His time in Australia, no less than his experience at Westminster, helped to make him a moderate constitutional reformer rather than a mystical revolutionary like Pearse. Redmond did not have the radical attitude to Britain which the American-Irish held. His affinities were like those of the Australian-Irish, a nationalism devoid of hostility to the British empire.

Redmond was followed to Australia by Michael Davitt. Fenian associations, the growth of colonial land leagues, and Australian socialism all made the country attractive. John Walshe and some other Irish supporters of the Land League still supported the Irish cause and auxiliary organisations had been formed in all the colonies. Moses Wilson Gray, a T.C.D. man, former editor of the *Freeman's Journal*, was president of the Land Convention in Victoria. The labour settlement on the River Murray were of great interest to him, as Australia was, in Davitt's view, the mecca of the world's most progressive labour reformers, men who had passed enlightened measures which ensured the happiness and well-being of the

community. In his public speeches Davitt was a socialist rather than an Irish nationalist. When he spoke in the Adelaide Town Hall on May 15, 1895, he talked not only about the Fenians and Home Rule but about the rise of the British parliamentary labour movement. He gave sketches not only of the leading Home Rulers but—and here he was more warmly received—the rising political figures of the working class: Keir Hardie and John Burns. In South Australia, trades organisations joined with brass bands and flaming torches with the Irish lodges to escort Davitt, settled in a brougham, from the South Australian Hotel to the Town Hall for his meeting. The reception committee included the president of the United Labour Party and the president of the Trades and Labour Council. The chairman of the meeting, which applauded Davitt's remarks on the judicious application of state socialism in South Australia, was one of Davitt's countrymen, Patrick McMahon Glynn.

Glynn had left Ireland, like Gavan Duffy and many of his Catholic countrymen, because he thought it better to reign in hell than serve in heaven. But the similarity ended there. Duffy was given £5,000 to set himself up; Glynn had a long struggle as a lawyer and a journalist before he became a major political figure, playing a prominent part in both local and federal affairs. In the 1890s, the momentous struggle for Home Rule between Redmond and the British parliamentary leaders was of little interest to Glynn. He considered that Ireland had become an unfortunate country, a country of 'patriots, quacks, grandiloquent bombast, real and poetical grievances'. He advised his brother not to mistake him for an enthusiast for Irish politics; he thought most of the leaders were a flatulent lot. Glynn wished that the necessity for Home Rule had not arisen, considered that it was inevitable, but was convinced that the autonomy would be as much a failure as unionism. Although Irish public opinion changed as a result of the Easter rising and its aftermath, Glynn denounced Sir Roger Casement as a traitor, and described Pearse's followers as prostitutes maligning a great country. In 1916 he looked forward to splendid relations between all parts of the United Kingdom, and trusted in the future unity of the British Isles.

One of Glynn's colleagues in Federal politics was Hugh Mahon. Hugh Mahon first became noticed as a reporter at New Ross, where he was secretary of the local Land League. In 1881 he was jailed with other Land League leaders, but he was released on the condition that he would leave for Australia. He arrived in June 1892 and worked with J. W. Walshe organising the Redmond brothers' tour. After the Easter Rising, Mahon agreed with Glynn that the 1916 rebels deserved little sympathy, but his political attitudes were changed dramatically by the conscription issue. Mahon was given the unhappy task of sounding out Archbishop Mannix and suggesting that the Archbishop should assist with Prime Minister Hughes' campaign. To make matters worse, Mahon then found that Hughes intended to use the sectarian weapon: it seemed intolerable that the Prime Minister should seek Protestant support on the grounds that Catholics opposed conscription. He lost his seat in the 1917 conscription

election and afterwards turned his attention more wholeheartedly towards the Irish question, becoming president of the Irish Ireland League. His opportunity to obtain a wider audience came again when he was returned to parliament in 1919 and on November 5, 1920, he tried to obtain a debate in the House of Representatives on the death by a hunger strike of Terence McSwiney, Lord Mayor of Cork. The debate was gagged and Mahon called a public meeting at Richmond to put forward his views. He began by saying that the treatment of Archbishop Mannix in England would never be forgotten by the people of Australia. He said that McSwiney was brutally done to death by the Lloyd George government, and invited free Australians to look at the destruction of civil liberties in Ireland. Since the whole hunger-strike tragedy had brought disgrace upon all the British Empire, Mahon pledged his support for any attempt to form an Australian republic.

Hughes, considering correctly that most Irish-Australians in the commonwealth were not so radical as Mahon, confronted him with a copy of his speech in the House and asked for an explanation. Mahon told the Prime Minister to go to the devil. Hughes then moved that Mahon's seat be declared vacant, and after an all night argument the motion was passed. Mahon was not re-elected, and left politics for good.

Mahon was a rare bird. After the formation of the Commonwealth it became increasingly difficult to raise any interest in Irish issues or to put across an Irish point of view. There were, of course, exceptions. In 1905 both houses of the Federal parliament debated the Home Rule question. But most members took part with great reluctance.

The 1905 Home Rule debate was a pointer on how future discussions of Irish issues would be treated. The debate raised real fears in the minds of Australian representatives that if they interfered with the domestic politics of the United Kingdom, Westminster would be justified in bringing pressures on the Commonwealth to change some of its own illiberal policies. The White Australia Policy and the treatment of Kanaka labourers on the Queensland canefields were obvious targets.

It is difficult to estimate the nature of Irish influence on Australian politics. It seems that the transported rebels of '98, '48 and '69 had little direct effect on colonial political life. Political prisoners were treated as gentlemen in Australia, not like pickpockets or murderers. Some eminent colonial politicians like Sir Charles Gavan Duffy were described by their contemporaries as progressives, and to some extent the enthusiasm of leaders and their constituents was derived from a wish not to transfer to Australia the political establishment of the United Kingdom. Before the Anglo-Irish Treaty, such radicals as Archbishop Mannix identified the aspirations of an oppressed working-class with the parallel political bondage of Ireland. However, for almost every Gavan Duffy there was a McMahon Glynn.

The Irish did not single-handedly make Australia what it was in the 19th century, let alone the 20th. But their influence deserves more than a lengthy honour roll, a list of name and dates. In some ways the Irish had

a humanity which their national tribulations forged, and their ideas on what Australian political life ought to be like in an ideal world are worth considering afresh: as Gavan Duffy said, 'For my part I do not desire to see another Ireland created in Victoria, a country of enormous estates, whose owners, for the most part, are absentees, and whose farmers for the most part are struggling for an existence; but another Belgium or Switzerland, where the bulk of the land belongs to small proprietors, who generally hold their own plough, or feed their own cattle—who, as a rule, are good neighbours and good citizens, and constitute in fact the ribs and sinews of the state'.

[Dr. Anthony Griffiths is a member of the teaching staff of the School of Social Studies, the Flinders University of South Australia.]

JOSEPH P. KENNEDY: THE TRUTH

by George Bilainkin

DESTINY on January 1, 1970, denied by days, *deus ex machina*, the vindication long overdue by mankind to the silent Joseph Patrick Kennedy, misunderstood, maligned but least malleable of America's handful of giants. Founder of the distinguished dynasty in decrepit times, Kennedy did not survive till the opening hours of the present decade. This auspicious kind day the world's key diplomatist, who for about three years had exercised life and death authority over a vast empire, richest, largest in modern history, would have read in British newspapers terrifying extracts. They came from indicting, shaming and incredible documents prepared in top secrecy in Whitehall in 1938, 1939 and were significant for 1940. Had Kennedy lived a few more days he would have seen hidden, yellowing sheets that constantly confirmed the reports sent in ciphered cables by a brilliant amateur in international affairs; they expressed horror, frank and brave fears, daily shocks, to a startled and understandably incredulous State Department in distant Washington. President F. D. Roosevelt's Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary at the tottering court of St. James's, Kennedy had been recording hourly worsening forecasts of the unimaginable, sudden setting of the sun on the proudest and feeblest Power on earth. Pygmies and toadies, cowards, political nonentities were hurrying to leave the scene, as if it had been afternoon at the Sunday poultry market in London's Whitechapel.

Joseph P. Kennedy is now seen to have been realistic, wise, prophetic from the beginning of his Mission, in early March of disastrous 1938, till resignation in October, 1940. If Kennedy wondered about the prospects, near certainty, of naked Britain's defeat, is the answer not in the written declaration of Britain's major strategist, Churchill's old-time adviser, Liddell-Hart? This highly regarded, near venerated soldier has stated that, but for Hitler's folly in challenging Stalin, Britain would have struggled pitifully to a certain defeat and swift dismemberment. Kennedy did not choose, in 1939, to examine the stars of June 22, 1941.

Without the currently divulged sheets of parchment, available to students in as archaic a building as any Macedonian museum in Skoplje, few historians could readily accept the series of bizarre stupidities that regularly flowed from Kennedy to Roosevelt, in 1938 and 1939. Only now is the nadir, dug to its lowest by Neville Chamberlain till May 1940, Halifax, Horace Wilson and Butler, Nevile Henderson and Simon, Lothian and the Duke of Windsor, feasible. Often Kennedy cited to me fatuities and moronia from his 'guides', in London, Paris and Madrid; we chatted in the austere study on the first floor of Number 1, Grosvenor Square, or in the ground floor salon of absurd Number 14, Princes' Gate, or during his rides in Rotten Row, or, at my house nearby in de Vere Gardens. I was amazed, near incredulous. But, my two coming books citing this and other incontrovertible, unequivocal evidence, show Kennedy to have spoken harsh

if inconceivable realities about Toy Town politicians' coffins. I realise now, in restrospect, why the ambassador so often said when I rose to leave after 30 or 40 minutes, and 'important' guests were waiting with timed appointments, 'No, no, don't go, George, yet: you don't tell me the usual blah and poppycock. You're one of the few psychologists here . . .'*

But, physically disabled, Kennedy was fated to leave our earth amid the widely expressed views of loud innocents here, and of the passionately prejudiced politicians in the United States. Kennedy had not been 'anti-British' or 'pro-Nazi'. These easy 'verdicts' have been resuscitated from newspaper morgues by lazy and immature creators of fictional history. I have faced the unworthy 'assessments' in college audiences, at lecture societies, from Rio de Janeiro to Osaka, from Buenos Aires to Baguio, from New Delhi to Kuala Lumpur, Oxford to Ayr.

What should be the interim verdict on the Joseph Kennedy saga? Unquestionably his major contribution to our history was the embassy to Britain. He descended on an arrogant, self-certain, defeatist, whispering and whimpering capital, where the newspapers and sound radio dealt with divorce and sports fixtures, with murder and trivia, while the so-called 'leaders' drank and ate gaily in great houses and restaurants. They assumed that the spoilt, smiling and successful Envoy would insist on rich America's saving the mighty Empire if the need arose some time, somewhere. Was he not surrounded by sugary sycophants? On the afternoon of Tuesday, October 22, 1940, four months after the collapse of Pétain's France, I last spoke to the departing ambassador in his Chancery. Senior diplomatists, service attachés and heads of other departments, had listened to Kennedy. I saw tear-stained faces. Later I watched the ambassador walking all alone towards Claridges. I wrote currently (for my published diary), 'He was only a figure whom none turned round to study, none noticed . . . his labours in the United States may change our political pages decades hence.'

But, only one year earlier, on June 23, 1939, 'Hickey' noted in the *Daily Express* report of the royal visit to a Guildhall banquet, 'The guests' cheers for Lord Gort, were "three-star", also for Premier Chamberlain; "two-star" for Churchill and Hore-Belisha; loudest cheers, only indubitable "four-star" clapping, were for U.S. Ambassador Kennedy. It was his day.'

Let me now present details of the Kennedy arrival in Britain, truly royal, wholly unprecedented. For 21 months London played the principal role in the film scenario written specially for the bluntly spoken, gentle-voiced Roman Catholic aged 49, father of nine. King George VI, Queen Elizabeth (the present Queen Mother), the (late) Duke of Kent, duchesses, marchionesses, merchants of influence, cabinet ministers Premier down, overjoyed politicians of all parties, were the stars. Settings for the scenario varied from Buckingham Palace to Windsor Castle, a rented home in South Ascot, the thirty-roomed treasure of art—Banker J. P. Morgan's gift to the United States—in Princes' Gate. Sandy-haired, tall, confident, with infectious smile, freckled, energetic, London's immediate conqueror was the

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*'Diary of a Diplomatic Correspondent', George Bilainkin, Unwin, London, 1942.

son of an East Boston saloon keeper. Joseph P. Kennedy was welcomed on arrival in Plymouth in the liner's principal suite by the uniformed Commander-in-Chief, Western Approaches. King George's greetings were (haltingly) conveyed by the second son of the 17th Baron Dunsany, Vice Admiral Sir Reginald Plunkett-Ernle-Erle-Drax, Lady Drax, the city's Lord Mayor and respectful civic officials.

Foreign ambassadors on reaching London are received a few days later by officials of Whitehall's Protocol department, to settle the date for the presentation of the Letters of Credence to the monarch, at Buckingham Palace. Hours after arrival in London, with due ceremonial, Kennedy visited the aloof (to others) Premier in Downing Street. Four days later four State coaches took Kennedy and members of his mission to the Palace. (I believe the current High Commissioner for 500 million Indians, the famed Mr. Aba Pant, intellectual, sage, waited two months for the Palace ceremony.) George VI asked about the convalescing Mrs. Kennedy and all the children. Kennedy did not forget that his grandfather, a modest emigrant, left Co. Wexford to seek work in Boston, U.S.A. and that recently the more 'established' of Boston had 'blackballed' the application for membership of the Cohasset Country Club. The committee thought the Kennedy family's rise to wealth too swift, possession of four quality homes (one with gold taps) unprotocolaire.

Cohasset injuries were far behind at Plymouth when Ambassador Kennedy was hurried in a special Admiralty launch with the same Admiral in full dress regalia, to the side of the liner carrying Mrs. Kennedy, most of the nine children, nurses, staff.

Passengers waited patiently while Britain honoured Her Excellency, and the envoy exchanged greetings with the children, notably the impish six-year-old Teddy; the cameramen and reporters filled columns. The odyssey was royal, and the same regal settings were repeated in Rome, soon, for the Pope's coronation. The Kennedys had previously entertained Cardinal Pacelli, the new Pontiff, in America. Teddy was envied by thousands of the faithful as he stood by the family to receive gifts of rosaries and medals from the Pope at the hands of Swiss Guards, carrying velvet cushions. Understandably Kennedy recalled an earlier scene, when he was arranging excursions for tourists with means, to help pay for the studies at Harvard . . . at the age of 18 or 19.

Cohasset injuries were forgotten in London during the shameless Chamberlain surrender of Austria, 'guaranteed' by Britain. Kennedy received nearly 400 urgent appeals from congressmen, senators, govenors, ambitious mothers, to help the 'presentation' of daughters to the King and Queen, to enable them to curtsey at the First Court. The ambassador consulted Roosevelt, the Secretary of State, Chamberlain, Halifax (Foreign Secretary) and during one of his unpublicised visits to Windsor Castle, the 'royals'. All approved the decision to 'present only wives of officers at the Embassy, and one or two more. It is downright silly for me to choose arbitrarily folk I do not know, have not met, and disappoint others'. Applause and more tears followed, some for years.

Kennedy was 'briefed' by the professionals in the State Department before going to London. He had been a successful film business prince, had straightened the President's problems in the enormous stocks and shares empire, had solved acute issues in the country's merchant navy. But none would claim he would be acutely aware of the significance of Bismarck's, the Kaiser's and now Hitler's plans for world conquest, the subtle, superbly concealed plots by the German General Staff—in 1938 as in 1970, to expand somewhere, somehow, at everybody's expense in turn. Kennedy was startled, overwhelmed, staggered by the 'rough' tones of demands in cables. He was to 'insist' on Britain's buying American and no Turkish tobacco, to threaten Britain about aid in stockpiling strategic materials, for aid in operating the war-time sugar agreement, for securing tin and rubber, on gentler search of neutral and U.S. mail in ships, over the kinds of codes allowed in cables in and out of British territories (infested by Nazi spies and agents), over exploration of uninhabited islands, over ruling distant territories . . . often he thought of the charge of aphelia (and I agreed).

Kennedy was to press Britain to help Jews in Germany to leave before general extermination and had to attend key conferences (which did not help any trends towards anti-Semitism). He must press fervently the acceptance of more U.S. films—of a quality little better than the horrors of 1970. He must press the U.S.-U.K. trade agreement negotiations, must, must, represent forcefully, must.

Kennedy insisted on hyper-perfection in his enormous staff, including eight personally paid secretaries and aides, guardians of his office. The speeches mostly submitted to Washington for approval, had to be 'right'. Eight versions by skilled and loyal assistants were inadequate and I worked, once at least for six hours, with a delightful little Irish secretary to provide the final edition for delivery at a degree-granting ceremony. The second in command, professional and calm, informed and rational, Herschel V. Johnson, was of enormous help; but he could recite, as he did once on paper for Washington in 1937, the wholly criminal and ape-like record of surrenders by sundry cabinets in London, promises of 'firmness', made to be broken.

Kennedy arrived in London only four months after the inadequately publicised shame of Hitler salutes in a long tour of Germany by the monarch's elder brother, third husband of a woman with two husbands living. The Duke of Windsor had dined and wined with Rudolf Hess, Goering and, by most Britons loathed, Ribbentrop, future occupants of the criminals' dock at Nuremberg.

Who were Kennedy's guides outside the Chancery? I heard their names mentioned with awe, and disdain, like Marx Groucho types, within a few months. At the top of the list was the astounding U.S. ambassador in Paris, passionate missionary for a, yes, Franco-Nazi alliance, William C. Bullitt, formerly married to a Communist leader's widow. Millionaire, superb host, he was ever assuring Kennedy as did Chamberlain's Lord Chatfield, that the Soviet armies were poor fish compared with Poland's! The other missionary was Charles Lindbergh, severely criticised later by

President Roosevelt: he convinced many besides Kennedy that the thousands of German aircraft were infinitely superior to anything he had seen or been allowed to visit in a few days in Russia; Britain and France were 'hopelessly' behind. In June 1938 Kennedy listened, but not adequately, to America's prophet, multi-millionaire envoy to Stalin, Joseph E. Davies, of 'Mission to Moscow' fame. Davies sought to convince Kennedy that he had attended the trials of Russian generals and leaders, traitors, suborned by the 'weak-minded' Rudolf Hess. Davies explained that had Stalin not destroyed the Fifth Column in time, Russia would have collapsed in the fashion of Poland, Belgium, Holland, Norway, France. As Davies told me many times in 1945, 'The so-called "purges" saved mankind from 1,000 years of Belsens, Dachaus, Hitler's and Hess's Kultur. Read my evidence in the book.'

In London Kennedy listened to his hosts and hostesses: Chamberlain, who had been a failure at his prep. school and at Rugby, and at some obscure metallurgical college; he had lost his father's £50,000 as corset and oil salesman on a Bahamas plantation. George VI had risen from 68th place at Dartmouth to 65th, after crammers had worked during vacations at Balmoral to help him off the ground. Halifax knew little of foreign affairs, confided to Nazis his wish to live to see Hitler riding down the Mall, with George VI. Lothian? Butler? Lord Rothermere, owner of powerful newspapers? He assured Britain and the world in 1938, months before Hitler began his war, that he trusted the Austrian waif and petty criminal, arch prevaricator, as 'a gentleman'.

Kennedy listened rarely to the diplomatist of the century, Sir Robert (later Lord) Vansittart—he had been ignominiously dismissed by Chamberlain in January 1938. The house parties saw Chamberlain, the sinister runner, Sir Horace Wilson, the meek and uninformed Attlee, the Duke and Duchess of Kent (American papers write he favoured an 'understanding' with Germany), *New York Times* owner Sulzberger, the Astors of the 'Observer' and Cliveden, Sir Samuel Hoare (admirer of Franco), hostess Lady Greville. Kennedy aroused the admiration of Sister Ponsonby at the Convent in Roehampton, the Catholics' 'Eton' for girls. As she told me recently, 'His love for the children, all of them, was evident every Sunday. We were deeply touched.' He was sentimental and told the banquet audience in Dublin, after receiving one of his many honorary doctorates, 'I feel like crying.' President de Valera later assured me that his guests had 'been of great service to Ireland many times'. Why not? Should Kennedy have denied his mother in her hour of need?

Churchill spoke of fighting bravely to the end, struggling on the beaches. But Kennedy watched the visa lists presented to him by Consul-General John Earhardt during a rare golf round or in the embassy, of folk resolved to do battle on a distant front, across the Atlantic. John Kennedy junior showed me the names of seekers of visas. Kennedy (and for about 18 months Hitler and Mussolini) saw the astounding lists of demands for material to enable Britain to stand, sent to the President. 'I often wondered what, if anything, you had in stock here. How in God's name could you

not take a better measure of the enemy all these years the locusts have eaten?' He thundered at me the same question a dozen times in 1939 and 1940. Kennedy (and James Reston, then humble reporter of the *New York Times*) blamed the complacent, optimistic, 'guided' British press for the tragedy of a nation's nakedness. Reston suggested, as I did recently before the Oxford Union, prison for guilty journalists. (The 'facts' on so-called 'Biafra', on Israeli aggression in 1967, on the Henlein 'putsch' by Dubcek in 1968 in martyred Prague.)

Kennedy saw with disbelief the authentic-sounding reports of peace missions, peace 'feelers' by Britons by encouraged intermediaries, involving bishops, clergy, ministers at the Foreign Office, the former monarch in Madrid. Chamberlain was assuring America in early 1940 that he would oppose plans for peace with Hitler, but so soon as the message reached Roosevelt, within a few hours, he declared the precise opposite! Chamberlain publicly urged 'an alliance' with Stalin in 1939, but Kennedy saw the deliberate invitation to Hitler a few weeks earlier, to 'take' the Ukraine. The gouty corset salesman had given the 'idea' to Mussolini in Rome, to pass to the Fuhrer.

Incompetence, slothfulness, old age, senility of mind and body at Number Ten distressed the ambassador, busy all the time with pressing demands from Washington, and SOS appeals from service attachés here. Kennedy was more and more disillusioned by the anarchy. The newspapers advertised for the fifth or fourth servant for the elderly occupant or couple in Belgravia. The hotels were crowded and the caviare was available with impeccable champagne in and beyond his favourite Coq d'Or (with Henri Sartori and Charles Bologna in attendance also on General Charles de Gaulle and the writer).

Kennedy was indiscreet at Christmas 1939 in the church where he had been a choirboy. He said, to a small audience, on a wholly informal occasion, a few words that removed the report from his usual position, top of column on main news page: 'As you love America, don't let anything that comes out of any country in the world make you believe that you can make a situation one whit better by getting into the war. There's no place in the fight for us. It is going to be bad enough as it is.'

I asked Kennedy on his return to London about the phrases. We met on Monday, April 8, 1940, and he commented, 'That talk was not an iota different from what I had said here. It should not have come as a surprise; it reflects American opinion. What good would it be to send American troops, even if you succeeded in making the people favour intervention, which they most definitely do not at the moment?' Later, he added in an hour exchange, 'Churchill was telling me a few days ago not one American shell was fired in France last time until a few months before the war ended. We are shipping planes as fast as we can and it is the pick you are getting. The help we can afford is economic; the U.S. Ambassador at St. James's is the man who can best arrange this. I am doing my best. If I had said anything else, favouring anything but isolation, think what our press would have said. They would have shouted, "Here is another Walter

Page", or, "he is the British Ambassador and not the American Ambassador any longer". Attacks would have been wholesale.

'As for my real sympathies in this face-up, you, George, know where they lie as well as anyone. But I must be allowed to work in what I think is the best way, not by direction from any of your people here.'

Can I forget the occasions in May, June, July, 1940, when Kennedy saw deserved disaster on the horizon, repeated the voiced, desperate, fears of British Cabinet chiefs to me, and we paced the study? He often cried out, 'Tell me what *more* we can do, and we will do it: tell me George!'

I occupied a page of 'Queen' magazine with an assessment. The title I chose will stand the test of precisely 30 years, 'I salute the realist.' I brought tears to John F. Kennedy in 1945 at Grosvenor House, while 'chaperoning' him for 10 days during the General Election. 'Jack' read the 'Queen' tribute and said one word, 'Friend . . . ' I sent it when requested for advice on April 28, 1968, by Senator Robert Kennedy. He received it before he became the dynasty's fourth casualty. The dynasty's father is vindicated before history.

[Former chief diplomatic correspondent to Europe's largest group of daily newspapers, Kemsley's, Mr. Bilainkin has been commissioned to write 'Kennedy's Fateful Embassy to Beleaguered Britain', by a British firm. His 'Diary of a Diplomatic Correspondent', Unwin, 1942, gave many dramatic conversations with Mr. Kennedy and the leading envoys at St. James's in 1940. He recently revised his next, fourteenth, book, 'Four Guilty Britons'.]

EUROPE'S 'FREEDOM' FIGHTERS

by Paul Brunswick

Madrid, October 19 (from *The Times*)

Eight Basque separatists, including four Roman Catholic priests, will face possible prison sentences of up to 12 years when they appear before a military court in Burgos tomorrow.

They are charged with 'military rebellion and banditry'—the usual charges brought against alleged active supporters of the Basque home rule movement. Some of the men, including two of the priests, are also charged with aiding a fugitive from justice. This charge concerns a shooting affray in Bilbao on April 9.

Many overseas visitors to the U.K. are amused when they read about the exploits of the Scottish Liberation Army, or the rigid security precautions taken to protect Prince Charles from Welsh Nationalists during his recent investiture at Caernarvon. And the reaction of ordinary British people—other than those directly involved—to these movements, is usually one of indifference.

Even fewer are aware of what is going on across the Channel. From the Alps to the Pyrenees, a rash of separatist groups, some with grievances dating from pre-feudal times, are doing their best to balkanise Western Europe.

Recently, a handbill circulated by anonymous Breton 'patriots' throughout France, West Germany and the Low Countries stated: ' . . . soon we will be able to claim our rights as a small nation, allied with the Welsh, the Scots, the Irish, the Cornish, the Flemings and the Basques. The future of Europe, bolstered by the will of Europeans, depends on us. The former big powers must be done away with, so that the world can forget all the wars they were responsible for . . .' Such quixotic aspirations, appealing as they may be to pacifists and romantics, are far from admired in Paris. The French government dispatched a special squad to Brittany to ensure General de Gaulle's safety during the ex-President's last visit there. Several important leaders of the *Front de Libération pour la Bretagne* were taken into custody. And the General was greeted in Quimper by howling mobs of separatists waving Breton flags.

The FLB, patterned on the wartime French *maquis*, is divided into groups of three-man cells called *kevrenns*, and draws its support from the Celtic speaking small farmers and fishermen who populate this craggy peninsula in Western France. They trace the perfidy of the French back to the time of Charlemagne, and proudly recall a day in 1932 when separatists blew up the statue in Rennes of Anne de Bretagne, whose marriage to Charles VIII in 1491 united Brittany to the rest of France.

Last year five gendarme posts were bombed in Hennebont, Quimper, Questembert and Morbihan, resulting in more than £38,000 of damage. Since then the *chouans*—a name harking back to the eighteenth century when Breton Royalists carried on guerilla warfare against the French revolutionaries—have concentrated on propaganda. *Sav Bretzh!* read the posters that appear mysteriously on the walls of the tax-office; 'Brittany

Arise!' The secret *chouan* arsenal has yet to be discovered.

Many of the motives of these 'revolutionaries' remain in doubt as the 'soul of the movement', M. Yan Fouré, who lives in exile in Ireland where he publishes the resistance newspaper and raises the Breton flag every morning, would stand trial for treason if he returned to France. He is accused of working with the German S.S. during the last war . . . 'It's all a question of economics', Father Brieuc, a well known F.L.B. supporter who dresses like a druid and says his masses in Breton, explained to us. 'Thirty thousand of our boys leave every year to find work. And just this year sixty of our fish canneries have closed down. Paris taxes us to death, but not a *sou* do they spend on us!'

We were standing on a rocky headland above crashing breakers sweeping in from the Bay of Biscay. In spite of our heavy overcoats and three sweaters the damp howling wind, which threatened to tear the stark leafless trees from the cliffside, still worked its way into our bones.

'We're a sturdy race', Father Brieuc went on, 'And canny. As a small nation we could be as prosperous as Holland. Trouble is, we're a suspicious lot. The fishermen don't trust the farmers, and the farmers don't trust the fishermen. Still, none of us trust the French!'

'Then you don't consider yourselves as Frenchmen?'

'My dear sir', the Father drew his white robes closer around him. 'We are the only *true* Frenchmen. We are the Gauls!'

The F.L.B., along with some Scots, Irish, and Welsh nationalist groups, belongs to the 'Celtic International Army', an organisation that awards decorations and sends guerilla warfare and demolition experts to train freedom fighters on all 'fronts'. This army, financed by ex-patriates from as far away as Chile, recently relaxed its rigid racial policy by allowing the activists of *Euzkadi Ta Azaktazuna* (Basque Homeland and Freedom), to enter its ranks.

Most foreigners know the Basque mountaineers as inventors of one of the fastest games on earth, *jai-a-lai*. An encyclopaedia will describe them as 'an indigenous minority inhabiting the French and Spanish Pyrenees, and speaking several dialects of a language totally unrelated to any Indo-European, Turkic or Semitic tongue'. Lately they have become famous for another reason. A wave of bombings, robberies, and assassinations by E.T.A. men has forced Madrid to impose a 'state of exception' on the northern provinces of Vizcaya, Guizpucoa and Alava. And we read in the newspapers of the imprisonment of Basque workers, students and priests who support 'the movement'.

But the idea of an independent Basque nation is fairly modern. It was as late as the early eighteen nineties that Sabino Arana Goita, Father of the Basque Separatist Movement, coined the word *Euzkadi* for the Basque National Homeland. Before then the word had not existed in the language. Sabino's own father, Simon Arana, had been a prosperous Bilbao arms manufacturer during the Second Carlist War. A staunch Royalist and devout Roman Catholic, old Señor Arana, who had supported the Carlist cause, had been ruined by the Liberal victory in 1893. But before he

died an idea had been born in his embittered heart. If Vizcaya, the industrial heart of Spain, were to become independent, then, free of the hated taxes to Madrid, Basque industry and the Arana armouries would thrive again.

Simon left his mission, and what was left of his fortune, in the able hands of his son Sabino, who began publishing the Basque Nationalist newspaper *El Bizkaitarra*. Arana's ideas spread quickly, falling on fertile ground among the clannish mountain smallholders of the Pyrenees, and among the Basque clergy who frowned on some of the reforms advocated by the new liberal régime in Madrid. At first Sabino sought independence only for industrialised Vizcaya. Later, his plans took in the other Basque provinces, including those on the French side of the mountains. The cry of *Jaungoika eta lega zarra!* ('God and our Charters!') echoed over the peaks.

Sabino died too early to see some of his dreams realised when in 1936 the Spanish Republic gave Vizcaya, Alava and Guizpucoa semi-autonomy. But his heart would have been broken when later, during the Civil War, Spanish Nationalist armies crushed Euzkadi and banned the printing of books and periodicals in the Basque language. Today, his ghost must certainly haunt the corridors of the Embassy for the Basque Government in exile at 50 Rue Singer in Paris. Here, a shadowy Basque Cabinet, complete with *pronunciamentos* and a galaxy of political parties, some with less than six members, co-ordinates the activities of E.T.A. in 'occupied Euzkadi'.

It would be difficult to describe the German speaking South Tyrolese, whose activists blast power lines and shoot up police posts in the Italian *Alto Adige*, as a genuine 'independence movement'. Today their 'front' is split three ways; between actual separatists, others who want reunion with Austria, and those who advocate the return of a Greater German Reich. Their compatriots in Sicily are less divided. After the Second World War, certain Sicilian nationalist interests gained the support of the American Mafia and even suggested the incorporation of the island into the U.S. as a new state.

But a closer study of these European independence movements will show that behind the emotionally charged veil of racio-mystic legend and alleged grievances that date from the Crusades to the Treaty of Versailles, a strong pattern of similarity stands out. From the cellars of Barcelona to the docks of Antwerp, separatists repeat the claim that the National Government is thriving at their expense. And always the movement enjoys the strong support of arch-conservative local interests and the blessings of the parish priest.

Six hours from Paris by train one reaches Basle and changes to the branch line for the Swiss Jura. Sheep-herding and dairy farming is the traditional livelihood of the 135,000 French speaking minority in this fourteen hundred square mile region of western Switzerland. At our destination, Delémont, a red brick town set in the bleak alpine meadows some twenty miles from the Swiss capital, Berne, and three miles from the French frontier, we were met outside the station by a man in a grey leather

topcoat, muffled to the ears in a black wool scarf under his beret. A sign on a café window read 'Shame to the Occupiers!'.

'Your papers?'

We showed him our passport and letters of introduction.

'This way.' He led us via a back street around the square. 'We can't be too careful', he explained. 'Since the Liberation Front dynamited the tax-officer's car, the Cantonal Police are everywhere . . .'

In the coal-heated dining room of the Hotel S——, we met Phillipe F—, an ex-gendarme who had been drummed out of the force for making unpatriotic statements about the Swiss Government.

'It was the Congress of Vienna in 1815 that ceded our territory to Switzerland', he told us. 'We had no say in the matter. Until then we'd been autonomous, paying taxes to the Bishop of Basle.'

We ordered a lager while M. F---- continued. 'It's the influx of foreign capital and foreign labourers that's ruining us!' he slapped the table. 'Who ever heard of making watches on an assembly line? Every time they build a factory they put ten true craftsmen out of work. And drive the sheep off the land. That's why the activities of the Front must intensify!' His eyes flashed. 'Last month Federal troops invaded our Fatherland. Delémont is still occupied by five hundred carbineers. We have become a second Czechoslovakia! But like the Czechs we know how to fight for our freedom!'

The burly shepherd sitting next to him leaned across the table. 'Oui', he growled. 'The Front knows how to deal with these motorised *landsknechts*!'

He used the term *landsknecht* to compare Swiss troops with the German mercenary broadswordsmen hired by both Pope and Protestants during the Wars of the Reformation. And many of the views of the *Front de Libération Jurassien* have hardly progressed beyond that period.

When in 1959 the Cantonal Government allowed a plebiscite to be held in the Jura over the question of semi-autonomy, the German speaking majority defeated the French-speaking separatists by a two-thirds vote. Our bull-necked shepherd spared no invective in describing this 'treason'.

'Collaborators!' he rumbled, 'German trash! *Lutherans!*'

A black robed figure joined us. 'I said a Mass today for our heroes who languish in prison.'

'Thank you, father.'

We felt it time to go.

'Jacques will accompany you', M. F—— nodded. 'He knows the way through the road-blocks.'

We mentioned that the only uniformed official we'd seen since arriving in Delémont has been a postman.

'Oh, but the enemy are here', M. F—— assured us. 'They've just remained hidden. In strategic positions . . .'

THE DEATH OF PATERNALISM

by Hugh Shepherd

THE aspect of paternalism in government has endured well nigh a thousand years. In the English-speaking communities certainly it has that length of tenure behind it. In the future, however, the tenure is likely to be cut dramatically short and at an increasing pace.

In a series of articles arising out of a number of decided cases I was able to show how paternalism has stuck as an aspect of government and, where lacking, has with great pains been re-introduced by the state. After the American War of Independence in 1873, the new federation of states was lacking in only one thing. It had independence; it had pride; it had property; it had wide possessions; it had a great and almost illimitable future. The enemy had been defeated within its ranks; paternalism restraining the westward star had, in the old country, been destroyed. It was not at first that the lack of something vital became apparent. In the course of time, however, when states began to legislate for the exclusion of others not born in the state, for the limitation of the privileges of those entering the state, and for the fortification of local revenues with its discrimination in favour of those born in the state, the absence became not only poignant, but painful.

A series of constitutional cases indicated that what was lacking was the sense of paternalism in government. There was still a tendency to appeal through the medium of the courts to the sovereign power which had passed away: sad to relate, King George and all he represented was no longer there. The Americans would not have put it this way, and indeed in paraphrasing what I deemed to have been their basic philosophy, I invite recrimination.

Nevertheless, the Supreme Court of the U.S.A. which at first fulfilled the function of defining and upholding a narrow constitution—being as it were defenders of the faith—ventured at last into the role of the authority whose special function was to prevent unfair discrimination between citizens: between citizens and between states also.

There can be little doubt that in assuming these additional functions the Supreme Court was naturally attempting to fill the vacuum left by the disappearance of the sovereign. There will be some, students of Russian revolutionary history, who will say that the Soviets attempted to fulfil the functions formerly exercised, albeit inadequately, by the Czars. There will be some who say that in ten swift years the republics and their citizens grew up from a state of servitude to a state of dependence and thence from a state of dependence to a state of independence.

What do all these lessons mean for western Europe?

We, in Britain, have knowledge of the conduct of a republican régime such as that in France since the revolution of 1889. We know nothing of

the procedure of referendum, of appeal to the people and of the return of the people's will. We know nothing of presidents and republics. We know only of sovereign power, of delegated sovereign power, of responsible executive government, of separate judicial functions and of power somewhat inadequately conferred on local government authorities.

But the day of the soviets is at hand. One cannot live cheek-by-jowl with a sovietised system for a quarter of a century even if one is also cheek-by-jowl with the most aggressive capitalist system in history, without being affected by both one and the other. Probably in Britain alone it is possible to set up a twin system of soviets and capitalised units. It is coming; and the purpose of this article is to examine the legal implications.

Let us consider the last of the above-mentioned institutions. Local governments have, amongst other things, the delegated statutory function of providing housing; formerly, it was stated, for the working-classes; now, it is stated, merely for the provision of further housing accommodation where required. It is urged by some that the method of control, the selection of tenants, the allocation of tenancies, the rent structure, all matters connected with communal services, the maintenance of order and the provision of social welfare, are all inter-linked and the old 'big brother' attitude or, as we should say, the old paternalistic attitude is wrong. It is urged that it is out of date, anachronistic and fundamentally unacceptable in the present age. Local authorities after much turgid debate were at last given the right by section 104 of the Housing Act, 1957, subject only to the need for the consent of the Ministry of Housing and Local Government, to sell their 'Council' houses. No consent has ever been refused in a case in which application has been made and the transfer to 'co-operatives' (as the soviets destined to rule in small government provided housing-units collected in communities would presumably be called) would be a mere extension of this power. In many ways housing co-operatives are 'old hat'. In Hampstead and elsewhere some twenty or so years ago, and more recently in the great developments of Wates and Span we have seen both public and private enterprise establishing co-operatives. Much of this development in the private sector has flowed and is likely to continue to flow from a conveyancing need. By an edict of the Junta in Madrid, Spain has long since adopted the conveyancing device of lateral house ownership. This implies a lateral area, which may not be attached to the ground, conveyed to an owner with certain rights regarding the use of common parts both inside and outside the building. The use of the common parts is, of course, limited to the curtelage and both the liabilities and responsibilities attaching thereto are conveyed. An elected agent, usually a 'co-owner', is responsible for administering the scheme.

No such provision has been introduced by means of legislation in the United Kingdom; but the conveyancing device of the establishment of a company for management purposes has been in use for some years in various forms. The courts have assisted by enabling positive, not only restrictive, covenants to be conveyed. It can now be said that positive covenants run with the land.

Shifts in local government

In local government policy the establishment of co-operatives has been encouraged in certain areas and such co-operatives involve self-built and self-maintenance housing-units. Loans may be granted for development purposes but after the grant of the loan and the establishment of the mortgage the local authority ceases to take any further interest. In the co-operatives to be set up according to certain pundits in areas largely developed by public-authority building, there would be the same self-rule aspect but carried to its logical conclusion of complete independence of the housing authority except so far as finance is concerned.

There are various schemes which could be devised within this general framework and it would be idle to pretend that it would not work in law. Of course it would. The legal framework of Local Government and Housing permits of a number of different experiments in delegation. What it does not permit, however, is that local authorities should divest themselves of statutory responsibility to provide housing and their statutory duty to balance the housing revenue-account. Their statutory duty to finance housing by loans remains and is largely unaffected. What is fundamental and revolutionary is the attitude.

Industry in labour

The attitude in industry has also been deepening that control of industry in the private sector must be shared. Consultation was the theme for many years; it is now more than that. What is implied is the need for complete delegation to a co-operative, a 'soviet', call it what you will. What is implied is the complete abolition of the shareholder as an individual with any share of the direct or even indirect management of industry. His capital, though it be a 'risk' capital, is there on sufferance at most. His dividends are limited in the interests of capital re-investment; his dividends no longer represent a share of the gross product of the enterprise; his rights on the issue of fresh capital are by tradition now somewhat abbreviated to say the least, since the introduction of options, fringe-benefits and profit-sharing schemes to employees and especially to higher executives have cut right across the former complete and absolute ownership which used to represent the shareholder's position.

His limited rights are still sufficiently attractive to induce investment by pension funds, by banks, by trusts, by other companies designated 'investment trust companies', and indeed by co-operatives and trade unions themselves. These organisations are not interested in the few remaining rights of shareholders to fresh capital investment and so forth, except as counters representing money—as value, in other words. The shareholder has thus accepted a much more humble role than appeared possible fifty years ago. His is the privilege of providing risk capital. Thereafter he disappears, as an effective force, from the scene.

It is but a short step from this to the admission that trade unions not only dictate policy so far as the share of labour in the profits of industry

is concerned. They, whilst not setting up co-operatives, declare their right to dictate, together with management, the general drifts of policy. The ownership 'can go hang!'.

How all this can assist industry in Britain, ground as it is between the upper and nether millstones of American aggressive capitalism and Russian aggressive sovietism, it is impossible to tell. In claiming more participation, to some it may appear that the British soviets are claiming more and more of a share of less and less. But soviets feed on principle. They scarcely ever feed on results. If the results prove disastrous, then a blast of self-examination will set in and the whole matter will start all over again, with a possibly slight shift in approach.

Education and advancement

In education, it is evident that the revolution is likely to be just as deep-seated. It is likely to be just as fundamental though less dramatic as the same revolution being enacted in the whole of the western word. This expression does not exclude the aggressive American capitalist state; it does not even exclude the sovietised Russian states. A greater freedom of movement, however, is likely in Western Europe than elsewhere, in the direction of educational policy. Fundamentally, the causes are not so much philosophical as economic. There are not enough jobs for those at present undergoing courses of higher education. By instinct, the students appear to be aware of this; and only by seizing power now at the student stage can they hope, it would appear to them, to secure their futures. Their futures will be secured upon a dwindling asset but at least it will be something. They must act now. They must rush to the barricades. Art schools, Colleges of Advanced Technology, Colleges of Further Education and even universities themselves are all affected in greater or less degree. The soviets of students are moving in. They will not be denied.

What matters is not the direction, since this is already determined, but the pace of the movement. Where the pace can be controlled, and especially where it can be slowed down, this in Britain will be done.

The legal implications of each of these movements depends largely on the constitutions, the statutes, the articles, and so on, governing the case of the institution concerned. Traditionally, constitutions in Britain are so loose that ample freedom, plenty of room for manoeuvre is available. This may seem odd but it is true: a constitution rarely restrains but only appears to do so.

The role of the courts

The courts themselves are ever prepared to play a changing role. If ever a drift is evident, it has long been established that courts will sway in the direction of the general drift of opinion. It was evident to many observers that, before the abolition of capital punishment for murder, murder trials were being conducted in many cases as polite charades to exclude the miscreant, if convicted, from the consequences in law of his

crime. The advantage of abolition has been, though other matters have intervened which are not relevant here such as pressures and corruptions of various sorts, that trials are more fair; that juries are more precisely directed; that courts of review are more vigilant than before abolition.

The courts have a long way to go to-day (such is the pace of change) to make themselves both popular and 'with it'. That they are determined to move is evident from many devices, some emanating from the Lord Chancellor's office, such as the selection of magistrates and chairmen of tribunals from all classes of the community instead of from one alone. That this process will increase in pace is necessarily evident if the structure of the courts and universal respect for them is to remain as hitherto. Much more law will be dictated in future rather than divined from judicial authority. On the contrary, however, much more emphasis will be placed on those brakes upon arrogance and oppression such as used to be employed by the 'star chambers' than ever before. The prerogative writs will come into their own; the common law writs of misdemeanour which run in the criminal courts will come into their own, despite recent legislation, in some form. If the subject is vigilant, he will find a means to contest arrogance and imposition where it may appear. The remedies are available. What alone is in doubt is his will to use them.

YOUTH MAKES ITS DEMANDS

Youth, now a separate and distinct stratum of society for the first time in British history, is determined. What it is determined to do is to secure its claim on a dwindling stake. As inefficiency in management is reflected in inefficiency in labour control, and as the abrupt decline in a sense of responsibility increases, so the responsibility of management itself in industry increases. The result is, as never before that the higher technologies eliminate labour wherever possible. The irony, therefore, becomes evident that as the demand for labour in participation in the direction of policy increases, so its scope for the exercise of such power dwindles.

Applied to the student population, as the insistence on a higher education in all its aspects increases, so its relative need decreases. A small élite will be quite capable of controlling the whole of industry in future from whatever source it may be recruited. Only in the capitalist and the sovietised state will there be a greater demand for technologists and managers of this description: in the others there will be but labour. Faced with this situation, by instinct rather than judgment, the student population would appear to be determined now to establish its stake in the future. By yielding, authority will enable the student population temporarily to satisfy its thirst for power and at the same time postpone a need for decision on what are evidently questions of paramount importance to Britain. In which direction does she go? Does she go into the higher or the lower class of nations?

QUESTIONS TO BE ANSWERED

That these answers cannot be indefinitely delayed is quite evident; that the relatively shrinking economy of Britain is incompatible with its new

attitude of a greater share for all is equally evident. These, however, are political matters which it is not the purpose of this article to discuss.

The legal profession and the judiciary as ever is ready and willing to serve its clientèle. New attitudes are taken every day by the legal professions according to the needs of its clientèle. Be it monopolies, patents or stamp duty in the days of old; be it income tax and estate duty and the comparative rights of classes of shareholders in the modern age. Whatever it may be, the expert is ready, as always, to help his client out of trouble.

With paternalism shrinking and the 'lower orders' becoming more compact, whether they be management or labour; with the distinction between management and labour disappearing; with the social structure changing more rapidly than ever before; with a rapidly decreasing relative importance as a world unit compared with others, Britain has never before been so faced by tragic and vital but, at the same time, challenging social problems.

The thought that more legislation will cure all these ills or answer all these questions is vain. As never before has there been such a spate of legislation; so never before has there been so great a need for the closing of ranks and for the proper administration of the common law. The amiable desire for mutual adjustment and accommodation between classes and grades of society, if it exists, can be satisfied without legislation. The prophet of these things will no doubt arise as he always has done in any mobile society: especially in Britain has this been so. For the moment, the working out of the practical and the specifically legal aspects of these questions is a most exciting challenge. Lawyers beware! And be ready!

INFERENCES

1. It may be that Professor C. Northcote Parkinson's view is correct, at the present rate of progress the whole of the labour force in this country is becoming a body of civil servants. If, as he says, a half of the labour force of this country will be civil servants by the year 2145 and the whole by 2195, he still misses the point. The British have determined that this is what they want and there is nothing unlawful in their plan. So they can achieve it, if prepared to pay the cost.

2. If Parkinson's law can be expressed thus 'that work tends to expand so as to fill the available time', there is nothing unlawful in this either. The problem of the future has been rightly diagnosed as too much leisure or too little work. Most of the 'sick' humour, behaviour and manners of to-day can be attributed to 'not enough to do'.

3. There is nothing unlawful according to the British constitution in shedding paternalism as a guiding spirit. Whether it is wise or not is a matter of politics, not of law.

4. Legal sanctions can be adjusted to accommodate the new attitude. Old legal remedies remain available to prevent abuse.

5. Whether the policy survives 'there will always be a Britain' depends

upon wit and will rest upon attitudes, not upon law. The law can adjust if the wit and the will are there.

6. The British constitution is the freest and most liberal in the world. Nothing so far proposed with regard to the introduction of soviets is unlawful; all can be accommodated within the present constitution without amendment. The introduction of soviets as a method of government is much less dubious than, for instance, the introduction of legislation to prevent recrimination between races. From time immemorial, British subjects have discriminated and not been ashamed to do so. Some have dealt only with Scots or with Jews; others will on no account deal with this or the other gentry. Neither attitude, however deplorable, has even been unconstitutional or unlawful. Now for the first time it is. It is probable that if measures are sought which could be attacked for unconstitutionality the Race Discrimination Bill is one: but *not* the coming of the soviets.

THE FUTURE OF THE PAST

by J. J. McGurk

ARCHAEOLOGISTS are becoming a worried race; recent headlines in *The Times* announced, 'American-made metal detector—a threat to ancient sites'. The detector mentioned goes by the evocative name of 'Goldmaster' and can be bought for £250, a cost it is claimed that can be recouped within a few months since this ultrasonic device can detect precious metals and other objects down to a depth of six feet. Archaeologists frequently report of scheduled ancient sites raided by treasure hunters and they now fear that a sale of these devices will lead directly to the destruction of many more.

While new scientific techniques have particularly aided the professional skills of the archaeologists in detecting sites, in dating materials and have thereby opened up undreamed of possibilities in research for them, on the other hand the new age of technology threatens to eat the geese that laid those golden eggs under the ground. The population explosion and the increasing provision for motor transport is bringing in its train widespread destruction of archaeological sites at a faster rate than these can at present be recorded and excavated. Roads, houses, factories, cover up vast tracts of countryside and literally hundreds of acres of the very land on which our pre-historic and historic ancestors have left important traces of their occupation and the bodies of their dead are annually dug out. Another common feature of our age is the break-up of vast estates, which destroy many ancient sites that have for centuries lain undisturbed beneath the turf of pasture land. But archaeologists must be realistic and face the facts. While they must deplore the destruction of so much visual and concrete history, they cannot deny the need for housing the living; the erection of new towns, motorways and by-passes. Again, the layman will ask whether every pre-historic site is worth preserving. A record, nevertheless, ought to be made of them before they vanish into complete oblivion. Sites that are doomed to demolition should be excavated by competent archaeologists and the results of their findings and work promptly published to contribute to current research.

The Royal Commissions for Historical Monuments and the National Monuments Record have made a complete and detailed record of all sites of which traces remain above ground; or at least are trying to complete this ideal in view of the increasing rate of destruction of antiquities. It is a sad reflection for historians that sites which somehow have survived the upheavals of 5,000 years of our country's troubled past should in the general peace of the mid-twentieth century face a process of elimination and destruction far greater than that perpetuated by any barbarian invasion of the past. The mere scheduling of an ancient monument does not assure its future. It only means that the owner of the land on which the barrow, earthwork, or whatever stands must give the Ministry of Public Buildings and Works three months notice if 'he wishes to demolish or remove in

whole or in part, structurally alter or make an addition to the monument'. Should a site contain a unique feature or include something rather rare, a 'Preservation Order' can be issued to save it. The Ministry does carry out many such rescue operations in the course of a year and very often under immense difficulties; a bronze age site, for example, is at present under excavation near one of the main runways at London's Heathrow Airport. In most cases there is neither time nor labour to excavate the site fully. Paradoxically, too, one of the major complaints of the expert archaeologists is that much excavation is undertaken by local archaeological societies and very often improperly examined due to the lack of real direction. Excavation does mean the destruction of a site and any information wrongly interpreted or information missed is simply dug away. The earth cannot be simply put back for a more expert and trained archaeologist to come along and start again. The only justification for digging up a site is that it will divulge more information about the past and add to the sum total of knowledge and research. It it not enough to dig a site with the hope of filling a museum with bits of pottery and bones, or indeed, to gratify that extremely human instinct, to find something for nothing. The spirit of exploration is all very well but archaeological sites should be consulted in the same way in which an historian consults documents so as to elucidate problems from the past.

A number of sites known to be free from any future destruction is being deliberately left for future archaeologists; half of Stonehenge for example, is being left untouched. It is also another sad aspect of the archaeological world that many reports of a considerable number of excavated sites never get published and that, largely because many directors of sites are incompetent to interpret what they have found. It is often argued that there are too few trained excavators who are specialists in particular periods; that too many sites need rescue operations and that there is too little time and too little money to realise ideals in this work.

At the present time there is an immense backlog of material from excavated sites awaiting examination and report. Some of it waits for years in boxes in the homes of excavators or in the basements of museums. Much material needs examination by natural scientists, remains of various substances from the past need chemical analysis and a vast amount awaits carbon-dating techniques to be applied. Much of this work is voluntarily undertaken by scientists who are not in any way connected with archaeology but whose interests are very often exploited because of the new light they are able to shed on archaeological remains. What is needed is easy to indicate—a large national centre where archaeologists, historians and scientists would be employed to deal with excavated materials.

Animal bones are excavated by the thousand each year but much is buried again without examination by those best qualified to do so. The Passmore Edwards Museum in London does organise a Bone Research Scheme so that some animal remains can find a home for proper assessment, but the work is too great for a single museum. More and more local museums are taking on the responsibility for the archaeology of their

areas but too many of them (from the Victorian age) have been linked up with Art Galleries and Public Libraries to be able to have time or staff for this additional work.

Many Local Authority Departments are responsible for uncovering prehistoric remains through digging trenches for essential services such as gas, electricity, water, sewers, roads, housing foundations and areas of re-development. Some authorities are aware that they have some responsibility towards the past as well as to the present and those that have this sense arrange consultation with an archaeologist in the early planning stages. A spirit of reform is in the air; museum services are being organised by Area Councils and each Area is to have a Survey and Development Officer to make a personal inquiry into the needs of each museum in the counties with which he is concerned. It is also hoped that each area will have a Centre from which advice on modern display and technical skill for the preservation of exhibits can be available even to the smaller museums.

Monuments scheduled as *ancient* by the Ministry of Public Buildings and Works could, with area control, be visited regularly to keep an eye on their condition. Personal contact with landowners and tenants is particularly valuable if a sympathetic hearing is to be had for preserving ancient and historic remains. Area control would also be able to keep a much stricter watch on amateur digging, which is as much a menace to-day as the barrow treasure hunters of a century ago. Archaeologists a hundred years hence will probably castigate even our best methods to-day, just as roundly as we do those barrow hunters of the past. The only justification that we can offer to the undoubtedly more sophisticated archaeologist of the future is that our scrapings were undertaken in the spirit of research and preservation.

Every year a large number of sites is irreparably damaged by well-meaning school parties and local amateur archaeological societies who do little more than take pleasant exercise in the open air. This is not to say that people who are not trained archaeologists cannot assist in archaeological work; there are many ways in which they can make a valuable contribution to the study of the past if they are prepared to give up time to study it. Many are, indeed, enthusiastic members of evening classes and through these are introduced to archaeological societies. Again, it is not only in excavation that help is needed; the efforts of the volunteers are greatly appreciated 'indoors'. Obtaining the primary evidence from out of the earth—the more spectacular aspect of an archaeologist's work, needs to be followed up indoors by collection, analysis and the interpretation of the evidence of a local, national and sometimes international scale so that it can be made to yield up traces and inferences from which the pre-history of non-literate societies can be reconstructed. There will always be room for that most typical of British institutions — the amateur archaeologist. He should, nevertheless, have a background knowledge of the subject; be introduced, through evening classes to the more up-to-date books, visit sites and preferably handle ancient tools, pottery and so on, rather than just look at them in a museum. The amateur can, of course,

help in the digging, but he can also help with the records. The amateur can keep a tactful eye on building sites and gravel pits where traces of the past are liable to be destroyed forever without record.

Many argue that archaeology, unlike medicine, architecture, and the physical sciences has no practical application to man's well-being here and now. This is so obviously true that any effort to refute such an argument would be merely playing with words. Yet there is one aspect in which it could play an important role at the present time, *viz.* the world-wide development of human society. J. G. D. Clark, a leading archaeologist, clarified this *pièce justificative* in this way: 'All civilisations spring in the end from the same stem and it is precisely this stem . . . that it is a prime business of prehistorians to study. I believe that a comprehension of prehistory will prove to have been one of the most significant achievements and requisites of the world-wide society which is even now struggling for the first time into existence'.

Finally, archaeology can hardly be just defined as 'digging up the past'; in fact, like any art it includes many aspects of study; geography, chemical analysis, botany, metallurgy, the study of art forms, petrology, anthropology, geology and many other branches of knowledge. Despite the gulfs that separate prehistoric man from the peoples of the world to-day, the human race shares a common heritage. It is in this context that the study of any aspect of the past is surely relevant to the modern age of supra-national ideas. The archaeologist's limit is the earth; his time range, some millions of years; and his subject, the human race.

THE BRITISH IN BRAZILIAN HISTORY

by Henry Bacon

THE British (who are all *Ingleses* to Brazilians) have alternately figured as heroes and villains in Brazilian history. They first come on to the record after 1580, when Portugal fell under the power of Spain, thus rendering her possessions fair prize to Elizabethan sea-dogs. Five times between 1583 and 1595 Brazilian coastal settlements were attacked and plundered by expeditions under captains with the very English names of Edward Fenton, Robert Withrington, Thomas Cavendish and James Lancaster. One of Cavendish's men, Anthony Knivet, stayed ashore, and spent some years exploring the interior with the *bandeiras*, the gold-hunting excursions, which he described in his memoirs when he eventually returned home.

In 1807 Napoleon invaded Portugal, and the Prince Regent sailed for Brazil escorted by ships of the British Navy. When he returned in 1822, Brazil found it hard to revert to the status of a colony and on September 7 of the same year the new Crown Prince, who had remained in Brazil, declared her independence of Portugal; he was later crowned Emperor Pedro I. But there was a considerable Portuguese army in Brazil, the largest contingent being in the neighbourhood of Bahia. Brazilian troops advanced on Bahia by land and a squadron of ships closed in from the sea, these being under the command of the British Admiral Alexander Cochrane, called in after his successes in Chile, and assisted by Captains Jewet, Taylor, and Grenfell—all on loan from the British Navy as part of Canning's free trade campaign, to open up the Latin American ports and break the Spanish-Portuguese monopoly in them.

Cochrane dominated the ports from North to South Brazil, and shut in the Portuguese with his blockade. The other main contribution to the Brazilian victory was made by a trumpeter in the Army, Luis Lopes, in a feat comparable to that of Nelson when he put his telescope to his blind eye. The Brazilians were losing their battle, when Lopes, ordered to play *General Retreat* sounded instead *Advance the Cavalry*. The Portuguese had understood that the Brazilians had no cavalry on hand, which was the case, and they were so surprised by the signal that they fled in panic, and were easily shut up in the fortress of Bahia. The strange thing is that many Brazilians are named after Nelson, while Admiral Cochrane was made a Brazilian marquis for his part in the campaign, and has a road named after him in the suburb of Ipiranga in the city of S. Paulo, yet I have never found either a person or a street named after the humble but plucky figure of trumpeter Lopes.

The next twist of history makes Britain a villain again. She insisted on a treaty (1826) which abolished the traffic in slaves to Brazil, and then policed the seas to enforce it. Brazilian ships used all the tricks in the box to continue the traffic, and it is said that many a vessel had its cargo closely

examined, and got its clearance, whilst a load of slaves was huddled in the bilge or other impossible place. To this day, people say of any show put on to give a good impression: *'E so para o Ingles ver!'*—'It's just for the Englishman to see'.

From 1845 onwards, British interference with Brazilian ships on the high seas made relations tense between the two countries. Then, in 1861, a British ship wrecked on the desert coast of the far south of Brazil was looted by unknown persons; and in 1862, two British naval subalterns spent a night in a Rio prison for being drunk and disorderly. From these two incidents the British Ambassador, Sir William Christie, created a major crisis between the countries, delivering an ultimatum for complete submission to the demands that he personally formulated. When the Brazilian Emperor's government jibbed at such an attitude, he ordered the British warships in Rio's bay to make prizes of any Brazilian ships that entered the bay, which was done. It was classic gunboat diplomacy, but this time it didn't work. Instead Brazil broke off relations with Great Britain. In 1865, Leopold I of Belgium, whose arbitration was accepted by both sides, decided the case of the officers in Brazil's favour: and Queen Victoria, then at the height of her reign, sent out her new ambassador, Sir Edward Thornton, to offer apologies and renew relations. As the Emperor was in the midst of the successful war against the Paraguaian dictator Lopes, Sir Edward had to follow him to the furthest inland frontiers to do so.

In 1907, Brazil sent her delegate, Rui Barbosa, to the great Conference at the Hague to set up the International Court of Justice. The small nations from the outset realised that they were expected to be touchline participants. Germany and Russia had agreed to arrange for Great Power predominance in the Court, with the unwilling acquiescence of America and Britain. Rui tended to stutter when he was nervous and one or two of his interventions were unfortunate. When it came to the crucial matter of the vote-values, he got up to speak again and the Chairman, the German delegate, brusquely told him there wasn't time to listen to the delegates of the smaller countries. This was just what was needed for Rui to summon all his wide command of French and launch into an eloquent and impassioned speech, whose theme was that law was without meaning if it did not protect the interests of the weaker; they would have, not a Court, but a farce. The Conference was electrified, and its whole course changed. When he sat down, among the first of the many delegates who crowded to congratulate him were those of the United States and of Great Britain. The chill of the anti-slave measures and of Christie was finally forgotten.

The prestige which the Hague Court enjoys up to the present day we owe to the principle laid down by Rui Barbosa, the same that makes the Assembly of the United Nations functionally superior to the Security Council. One might say that Rui Barbosa imprinted on an unwilling world just a little of the qualities presented in the motto of his native land: 'Order and Progress'.

ART IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA—NOW

by Sheldon Williams

IN London Victor Srubar, the Cedok* Chief, told me that Prague was under 45 cm. of snow. Give or take 5 cm., he was not far out. The Ilyushin from Frankfurt touched down on a clear runway at Prague airport, but all around were telltale mountains of snow and the taxi-ride (after considerable haggling about what Western currency should be paid for it) was slow and careful to the Slovan Hotel, just off Wenceslas Square where I planned to stay quietly and cheaply for five days.

Accommodation is supposed to be difficult in Prague, but the Slovan—euphemistically listed as a second-grade hotel—is large and, if you are not choosy about bathroom luxuries, adequately comfortable. The rooms are in first-class barracks style. The radio is fixed. Only one station. It is warm. Outside thick flakes of snow keep Prague in fairytale condition.

This must be one of the last 'old' cities of Europe. Despite the *Am-Graben* subway that gets you across the Wenceslas Square, underground and by foot (you walk down, you go up by escalator), and a few other touches of modernism, Prague remains ancient and unbombed. The Palaces of Hradcany, Sternberck, Kinsky, Belvedere and Wallenstein are now museums, but the mediaeval churches, the Jewish Cemetery, and the frescoed walls continue to function as if the Austro-Hungarian Empire had never ceased. German is a lingua-franca for most occasions, some speak English, a few French; one is rarely up against a total Czech language barrier.

The Czechs (the Slovaks even more outspokenly) are solid in their distaste for Russian suzerainty. The firm impression is left that even resolute Party Members, if one dared to interrogate them, would return the same verdict. Detestation of Russian intervention and control is nearly a hundred per cent.

Czechoslovakia, with its firm reputation for technological prowess, wilts under the assessment of being amongst the small group of European countries with the lowest productivity rate. One cannot escape the belief that the economic failure is tied up with a cynical go-slowism. Everyone tells you: 'We are waiting. Waiting for it all to end. Waiting for a change.'

Each part of this beautiful country is subject to a moral collapse. Illicit currency negotiations and stop-press on the black market situation paralyse action and thought. Like a country under siege, Czechoslovakia recalls the spiv-era in Britain during the closing stages of the last war. Old standards crack under the pressures of immediate necessity.

Most shops boast queues. Display windows pathetically attempt to make the most of shortages. Window dressing tries to smother the gaps. As in Russia herself, the most favoured goods may only be bought—with foreign currency—in special shops. Liquor stays cheap—especially beer and rum. Tobacco prices are moderate. All cigars originate in Cuba.

*Czechoslovakian Tourist Board.

Is there no glimmer of light in the political and economic gloom?

To the eternal credit of her artists, it is the cultural life of Czechoslovakia that has managed to beat the mordant mood of irony that hangs like a pall overall.

Somehow, the painters and sculptors, the museum directors and curators, and the gallery owners have managed to keep their cool. Instead of falling back upon the soft cushion of heritage and yesterday's ideas, they show a continuing and exploratory determination towards improvement and for experiment. Not for them the isolation and inward-looking of British wartime culture. Somehow, despite the vagaries of the telephone system (wrecked by the snowfalls that preceded my visit) and five-seven day delays of the post, they have kept their end up in the fulcrum of international art. Hardly an important biennale or international exhibition passes without effective Czechoslovakian participation.

When I visited Dr. Ivo Digrín of Art Centrum, he was almost too busy with arrangements for his country's art role at Osaka in 1970 to pay me more than courteous attention. Instead of personally directing my cultural tour of the city, he passed me on to Olga Puymanová of the National Gallery (Sternberck Palace) and it was she, in turn, who made arrangements for me to meet Dr. Karol Bakulic of the Slovenská Narodná Galéria (the Slovak National Gallery) in Bratislava, simultaneously booking me in at the Devín Hotel—surely one of the most luxurious ports of call east of the Iron Curtain.

I spent the morning in the Sternberck Palace which offers the unfamiliar to anyone brought up on a fare of the masterpieces of the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square or the Palace of the Louvre. The Sternberck has a carefully chosen and high quality collection of artists like Hans Baldung Grien and Cranach. It contains possibly the greatest painting by Dürer—a 'Madonna of the Rose Garlands'. This huge work, besides containing a self-portrait, has a number of recognisable figures in its complicated composition. It is not difficult to pick out the Emperor Sigismund (a great patron of artists) and the portraits of Dürer's two principle supporters. The picture, which was acquired for his Prague collection by the Emperor Rudolf II in 1600, is inscribed *exegit quinquemestri spatio Albertus Dürer Germanus M.D.V.* and bears the famous monogram A.D. 'Madonna of the Rose Garlands' is in shocking condition. It has been roughly repaired with botched overpainting and it stands as a living reproof to the Nazis. During the time of the notorious Protectorate, Dürer's masterpiece was spirited away and dropped into the Vltava River to avoid detection. Its years of submersion have left sorry traces. Another picture of world importance in the permanent collection of the Prague National Gallery is Breughel's 'Haymaking'. Although thinly painted, 'Haymaking' is in fine condition. It is one of the best of Breughel's 'peasant' pictures. Baldung Grien's 'St. Dorothy' is a little painting. The kind of work unlikely to be seen outside the German and Austro-Hungarian areas of Europe. It is as clean as majolica and has a polish reminiscent of painting on copper.

But it is not only in the schools of Germany, Flemish and Dutch that the

museum can claim special praise. The Canaletto of 'London with the Thames' has a magnificent spread which takes in Westminster Abbey, the bridge from the south bank and a River Thames lively with small craft. It is a good Canaletto. Few can be finer. Rembrandt's 'Old Scholar Pendant' and the huge Rubens of the 'Death of St. Thomas' have the monumental importance that museum pictures ought to have, and Frans Hals' 'Portrait of Jasper Schade van Westrum' must excite the envy of any visitor from Rotterdam.

Across the courtyard is the 'French Collection'. Here, for many, the prize works are more familiar, if only from reproduction. On the easel: Douanier Rousseau's 'self-portrait' (of the artist standing on the quay, with a British ship tied up, dressed overall—including the red ensign). Gauguin's dramatic Tahitian painting 'The Escape'. Lautrec's 'Moulin Rouge' with the dancing couple in Russian fur caps. Renoir's 'Lovers'—a shimmering vertical painting of Impressionist essence. And Picasso's colossal 'Seated Female Nude' *(époque classique)*.

The meal at the art-student restaurant *U Golem* could not match such richness. In the afternoon, Olga took me to see Jiří Kolar (his exhibition at Marlborough Fine Art in London takes place later this year) where there was a hold-up. Some German publishers had brought 'sheets' for Kolar to sign. They were an hour late and there were many sheets.

Kolar, who started as a poet and then injected painting with poetry, is a working symbol of Czechoslovakia. His acrid wit and flippant attitude towards prosaic authority make him simultaneously an artist of the people and a spearhead of the avant-garde. The audacity of his imagery is never so devious that someone with little or no pretensions to culture cannot realise the artist's intention. He has recently been experimenting with collages made up of tiny re-arranged fragments of famous pictures. These are neatly glued together on a photochrome base of simulated canvas. The fragments are coaxed into the shapes of butterfly wings and then bridged with the insect's trunk. At first sight—reproductions of a lepidopterist's mounting board—then realisation dawns; the world's artists have become butterflies.

I saw many other exhibitions in Prague. Martial Raysse at the Museum of Modern Art. Jasper Johns, Tàpies, and Hartung at the Kinsky Palace. Modern Belgian Art (120-1969) at the Wallenstein Palace. New Czech and Slovak artists at the two *Mánes* (Artists' Union) galleries. Then I flew to Bratislava.

Bratislava lies on the Danube. Across the water is Austria. Vienna is close. Baroque Prague. Gothic Bratislava. The two cities are infinitely different. The flamboyant domes of Bohemia find no place in the Slovak capital, nor do Prague's dark medieval alleys, the looming university complex so easy to identify with the 'Prag-Student', the background of European Jewry and the legend of the Golem (always far from credible to me than Mary Shelley's Franckenstein-monster). Above all, Bratislava is densely Slovak. Everyone is a Slovak. Of course, they all speak Slovak. German is not so useful here. More (of the very few foreign-language

speakers) are able to converse in English.

More snow. My taxi to the *Slovenská Narodná Galéria* made a wide loop to pick up a Zigeuner, violin-player who was due to play in a Viennese restaurant that night. He lived out in the suburbs, and it would be quicker for him to drive into Bratislava and then to Vienna than to make his way from his home to central Bratislava.

I arrived late at the Slovak National Gallery, but before I could drive up the snow-laden drive, the massive figure of Záboj Kulhavy filled the window of the taxi. He and Silvia Ileckova (who works at the National Gallery and is the wife of the Slovak sculptor Ileckov) had come out into the cold to meet me. A typical Slovak gesture. Záboj speaks Slovak. I do not know whether he speaks any Czech. He certainly has no English, German, French or Spanish. All conversation with him has to go through the slow process of interpreters. Silvia, although she has never visited the U.K., speaks good fluent English. Their intention had been that, after I had visited the National Gallery, I should meet a Slovak art critic of great repute called Karà (?—I never saw his name spelt), but he was away in Paris, so the plans were switched. Instead, they would arrange for me to meet Jozef Jankovic, 1966 Paris Biennale (Young Sculptor Prize) and his wife Mira Haberernová, a painter who had recently turned to upholstering large (near life-size) puppets which she exhibited in planned 'environments'. The plan was that I would meet Mira at the National Gallery and later she would drive me to their home in the hills above Bratislava. Záboj would follow in his Volkswagen.

At the Devín (for Danube, not Divine), Silvia, Záboj and I had coffee and talked about his recent exhibition in London (at the Zola Lasson Modern Art Gallery). I had wanted to see the second triennial of International Naïve Art at the National Gallery (quaintly titled in Slovak-English as 'IInd Triennial of Insitic Art', although no one has been able to discover where the word 'Insitic' was invented), but this was closed. The current exhibition was a combine of two enormous F.I.D.E.M. displays: 'Czech and Slovak Medals from 1508-1969' and 'Contemporary International Medals'—2,366 medals in all, with pieces in the international section from Australia, Israel, Finland, the U.S.S.R, the U.S.A., the U.K., France, Sweden, Switzerland, Holland, Germany, Luxembourg — one imagines from every country where medals are struck. It was an impressive, if exhausting, tour. The F.I.D.E.M. exhibitions occupied most of the space in the museum, but two pieces of sculpture by Ileckov stood in the entry hall, and there were signs that in the normal way other contemporary work would also have been on view. The gallery of folk-art was undisturbed. This had also been one of my putative targets.

I had heard of the unique Slovak beehives *(Ul-häuser)*, and I was not disappointed. These *Ul-häuser* are wooden sculptures, sometimes as tall as a man. They are beautifully displayed, dotted among the brightly coloured *piétas* and wooden crosses. None of them is over 175 years old, although many have an air of great antiquity. Originally polychrome, wind and weather have stripped the older ones of their colours, but the newest

(there is one dating from the late 1950s) are bright and lively in reds, greens and whites. They can take almost any form. A nude lady chopped off at the thighs. A crouching brown bear. Narrow martello towers. A farmer and his wife. These beehives are peculiar to Slovakia. They are odd and beautiful.

It was already dark when he set off for the hills above Bratislava and the Jankovic home. It had spent some time in the office of Dr. Bakulic, curator of the Slovak National Gallery while he and his assistant Dr. Ludmila Peterajová discussed future plans for the museum.

The Jankovic home was a split-level building. It looked wafer-thin in all that thick snow, but inside everything was snug and warm. Everything had been arranged for comfort and the walls were adorned, rather than hung, with fragments of baroque and medieval sculpture and negro art interspersed with peasant paintings and decorations. A civilised dwelling. There was hardly a hint that this was the home of two working artists. Only a free-standing block with hands issuing from it, the whole coloured in glistening red, betrayed the presence of a resident sculptor. A child cried. Mira went upstairs to attend to it. Záboj listened respectfully to the conversation in German (between Jozef and myself) waiting with a brother-in-law for translation. We talked mostly about painting and sculpture. Mira was preparing a vast *assiette-Anglaise* in the kitchen. We drank juniper brandy.

I told him that I had been to see Laluah's exhibition of self-portraits at the *Galéria Mladych* (Bratislava)—175 portraits of an enormous bearded Slovak starting with an imaginary study of the artist-as-infant on his mother's knee and continuing through shaven adolescence to the present day. Jankovic listened politely, but we were soon back on the subject of the work of his wife and himself.

By British standards, Jozef Jankovic has been successful. Not only did he win the Young Sculptor's Prize at the Paris Biennale, but he has also worked on a number of sponsored monumental projects, the largest of which is the museum at Banskej Bystrici (1964–69), a building which recalls the Guggenheim Foundation in New York and the Opera House, Adelaide. Jankovic worked in co-operation with the chief architect Dr. Dusan Kuzma. The sculptor's main contribution was the memorial to victims of the 'Protectorate', a bundle of corpses (very much larger than life-size) lying on their sides and surmounted by the figures of three upright mourners. Although this is a supremely figurative work, the tangle of the outstretched legs of the dead is typical of Jankovic's treatment of limbs in his less formal work.

Another important project which came his way was the monument to resistance fighters he designed for a clearing in the forest. Here the motif has been further abstracted (on balance it is a finer work) so that the bare free-standing walls and floors 'grow' arms and legs as if the prisoners had somehow managed to pierce the thickness of their constricting gaols. Intensely moving in its setting of winter-naked trees.

Like so many of Czechoslovakia's front-rank artists, Jozef the Slovak is

an experimental artist. He makes much use of colour and favours an eye-shocking red and an electric blue. One of his works at the Paris Biennale, a rippling red surface was called 'A sculpture designed for walking upon'.

When Mira joined us, Jozef got out catalogues and brochures illustrating his work and hers. She, too, had exhibited at the Paris Biennale, but she was critical of French bureaucracy which laid down rules that no exhibit was to be more than 90 cm. in its greatest dimension. She had complied with this demand and had been furious to arrive in Paris and find that many other artists had sent in work far larger than the agreed limit without inhibiting their chances of exhibition. In her case, this bending of the regulations had been particularly galling as she had no small work comparable in quality with her big pieces.

Mira Haberernová began as an artist of 'assemblage'. She would build up with materials and polyester images on a flat surface which gradually evolved into personages. As time went on, she relegated these flat surfaces more and more to a background position, eventually using them as little more than screens for an 'environment' in which she placed life-sized upholstered puppets. Visitors to her exhibitions are encouraged to play with these giant dolls and the audience participation effect is quite uncanny.

It was arranged that I would visit her studio the following day and see the effects for myself. (Jankovic's atelier was out in the country, and there was no chance of seeing it before my plane left.) At nearly midnight I suggested that it was time we left, and half-an-hour later, Záboj started up the Volkswagen and we sped downhill—straight into a cul-de-sac. Even without a common language, it was easy to see that Záboj did not know the hills and that he had made a disastrous mistake. We spent a long time trying to push the car backwards up the hill. Záboj fell down in the snow twice—so did I. Late as it was, someone came out of a house and gave us a wooden box which Záboj broke up to make treads under the tyres. They proved useless.

I thought of the Devín Hotel, the most luxurious hotel I had ever stayed in. My one—expensive—night was going to be lost in the snow above Bratislava. Záboj said: 'Mister Williams! Schlafen! Taxi'. I argued with him that we would somehow be able to get the car moving. He seemed to agree and we went on trying. Then Záboj went back to the house which had produced the wooden box. After a short conversation, he came back very excited. I was not happy about this change in attitude. He danced in the snow, and I wondered if he had gone mad. He was shouting 'Kwarra! Kwarra!'. I did not know what he meant and I was even more disturbed when he set off up the hill and disappeared into the dark. I got back into the car.

A minute or two later, Záboj returned. He was coaxing a big dustbin across the snow. When he reached the car, he spilled out its contents —mostly ash—and began to lay a track up the hill. Záboj went back to his ash-supply many times. In the end he completed some thirty metres of ash track from the car and up the hill. We reversed and the wheels engaged.

We did not hurry after that. At each intersection in the hills, Záboj got out and made a careful investigation to insure egress. When we reached Bratislava, Záboj had just pointed out a gloomy block with the comment *Mi Casa* when we were stopped by a police block. It was already past 2 a.m.

One of the policemen passed Záboj a plastic mouthpiece, another gave him a balloon. It was a breath test. I thought of all that juniper brandy. Záboj was not drunk but surely he was in trouble. He tried remonstrating with the police. I suppose he told them that he was tired and out of breath from pushing the car out of a snow drift. They were polite but insistent. Then he began to blow.

Miraculously, nothing happened. Záboj seemed to be having great trouble inflating the balloon. (I found out later that, although he had never experienced a breath test before, Slovak mother-wit told him to blow from the mouth, *not* the lungs. Whether this is an effective method of evading a true alcohol count, I do not know. At all events, the police waved us on.)

In the Devín, I went up to the fourth floor to my room. In the corridor, I could hear sounds of a party from behind the door opposite my own. A girl, speaking in the German version of *tu-toi-parler*, was saying with disarming ingenuousness, '. . . und Du, Du müsst Hermann sein . . .'

My luxurious room was warm and welcoming, but I went across to the French windows and opened them. The snow was thick on the balcony. Below me was the road, and across the road the Danube and Austria. All was white. On the Slovak bank of the river two girls, dressed in white, were laughing and talking with a man. I could not hear what they were saying, but the sound of their high spirits came across the thin winter air like the tinkling of glass. A romantic moment.

Less than twenty-four hours later, I was back in London.

SEX AND STYLE IN THE LITERATURE OF THE '90s

by Derek Stanford

AN extension of the sense of style and of sex—that, taking a ranging look at the art and literature of the 'nineties, and of their reflection in the writings of the critics, would appear unavoidably as clear characteristics of the period. Is this hazardous *ad hoc* judgment able to stand up to reasonable scrutiny? I believe it is, and shall now call my first witnesses.

Style—'The one word for the one thing, the one thought amid the multitude of words'[1]: the devotion of the men of the 'nineties to this notion does not require fresh evidence. One need only think of the following masters and their emulous disciples engaged in common worship: Stevenson 'playing the sedulous ape' to a dozen dead authors to shape himself a style; Pater—'a lover of words for their own sake . . . a constant observer of their physiognomy'—looking to literature as 'a sort of cloistral refuge, from a certain vulgarity in the actual world', regularly translating as an undergraduate at Oxford a page from Flaubert, whose first great book *Madame Bovary* had but recently appeared, or manipulating as a young secluded don the language-game he so patiently perfected. 'In his sitting-room', William Gaunt tells us, 'he would settle down in the morning to write a few reluctant, anxiously weighed words from his pen. The table would be covered with small lozenges of white paper—each bearing a phrase or a word, with here and there a blue lozenge, this representing a key point. Such were his "notes".'

His artistic successors, as Max Beerbohm noticed, refused to work in 'the ordinary official way, and "wrought", as they were wont to asseverate, "for the pleasure and sake of all that is fair".' Neither did they stint themselves of the eager pains and arduous difficulties of the medium they sought to honour. We recall Wilde's jest about a hard day's labour: 'This morning I took out a comma, and this afternoon—I put it in again'. We think of Yeats agonising over his verse—

> There's something ails our cult
> That must, as if it had not holy blood
> Nor on Olympus leaped from cloud to cloud,
> Shiver under the lash, strain, sweat and jolt,
> As though it dragged road-metal.

—content if his tally showed a dozen lines for so many hours, convinced of the author's stark alternative:

> The intellect of man is forced to choose
> Perfection of the life, or of the work,
> And if it takes the second must refuse
> A heavenly mansion, raging in the dark.

We see Henry Harland, 'still in pyjamas and dressing-gown', his bath and breakfast waiting till 'the real business of the day, a page of "perfect prose", was accomplished. Not always a page, by any means—a perfect sentence or two was sometimes a good morning's work.'

Mock as Max the Incomparable might at Pater for his stringent overwriting—'bored by that sedulous ritual wherewith he laid out every sentence as in a shroud—hanging, like a widower, long over its marmoreal beauty or ever he could lay it at length in its book, its sepulchre'—or at that composite ghost Enoch Soames for the pseudo-Mallarméan errors of his syntax—style was his Penelope, his *première maîtresse*, as it was for all the élite of that era. Like them, in the manner of Hugh Selwyn Mauberley (Ezra Pound's own backward-turned *persona*):

> He flshed by obstinate isles;
> Observed the elegances of Circe's hair
> Rather than the mottoes on sundials.

Style, then, for these men of the 'nineties was a formal pursuit of beauty rather than an instrument of homiletics. It was this artistic discipline which redeemed the time, not the exactions of the moral will.

Mention of Circe serves to introduce the second notion canvassed by me as characterising 'nineties culture: a ubiquitous extension of the sense of sex.

Again, employing an ideographic approach, what are the supporting pictures, the images, the phrases which come to mind? Education for women, votes for women, the erotic rights of women . . . the cult of woman. Woman as an idol, a sacred object; a sinister beautiful love-machine stylised by Beardsley, Mucha and Munch. The literature of the orgasmic moment, presented often symbolically: Wilde's Salome, at the end of the play, addressing the severed bleeding head of John the Baptist—'I have kissed thy mouth, Jokanaan'—before the soldiers, who at Herod's word, rush forward to crush her beneath their shields (hints of the Theatre of Cruelty, re-inforced in book form by Beardsley's drawings); Ella D'Arcy's tale *The Pleasure Pilgrim*—initial sketch of a nymphomaniac to be made by a female British author.

Infatuation and obsession; the 'barren passions' of Dowson and Yeats for 'Missie' and Maud Gonne respectively; the dividend of these devotions in verse including the immortal 'Cynara' ('an experiment; the first three lines in Alexandrines, a favourite rhythm of Lionel's [Johnson]; but one in which at present my Muse is not quite at ease'). The human counterpart of these exclusive dedications: Yeats staying virgin till thirty-three; Dowson seeking oblivion in drink and women of the street ('Dowson found harlots cheaper than hotels'[2]). The literary cultivation of light love and carnal sex. Arthur Symons, the friend of Yeats—commemorating 'the Juliet of a night'—a man 'whose curiosity and emotion was roused by every pretty girl'.

Theodore Wratislaw, Symons' disciple, turned from his self-paraded orgies—'Thy breasts, thy hands, their hair upcurled'—to write about the joys of some 'divinest boy/And the dull ennui of a woman's kiss'. The first tacit outlines of a literature of camp. 'I am the love that dare not speak its name.' Wilde's prose-sonnet letter to Lord Alfred Douglas cited in Court during his case against his friend's father the Marquis of Queensberry: 'My own boy . . . it is a marvel that those rose-red lips of

yours should be made no less for the madness of music and song than for the madness of kissing'.

The imaginative literature of homosexuality was supplemented, almost for the first time in England, by a small body of critical and scientific writing. 'Unisexual love', as J. A. Symonds called it, is the key to an understanding of many of his essays and books: the title-composition to *In the Key of Blue* (1893) which contains an image of Angelo Fusato, a Venetian gondolier with whom Symonds was intimate—

> You rise, you clasp a comrade, who
> Is clothed in triple blues like you:
> Sunk in some dream voluptuously
> Circle these azures richly blent,
> Swim through the dusk, the melody;
> Languidly breathing, you, and he,
> Uplifting the environment;
> Ivory face and swart face laid
> Cheek unto cheek, like man, like maid

—the study on 'Platonic and Chivalrous Love' (contained in the same volume); the volume on Michelangelo (1892) and Walt Whitman (1896).

Symonds' theoretical writings on this theme—*A Problem in Greek Ethic* (1883), *A problem in Modern Ethics* (1891)—culminated in *Sexual Inversion*, the first volume of Havelock Ellis' *Studies in the Psychology of Sex*, to which Symonds contributed. This seminal work never appeared under joint authorship in this country. Symonds died in 1893; and, at the last minute, 'when the English edition was already bound and on the eve of publication, the Symonds family seem to have taken alarm and [the author's executor] Horatio Brown bought up the edition though numerous copies nevertheless . . . succeeded in getting into circulation'.[3] Before its publication, in 1897, with all mention of Symonds' name and nearly all of his matter removed, it had, however, appeared in original form the year before in Germany. Havelock Ellis' *Sexual Inversion* was thus the first 'scientific' work by an English author on this subject to be published in English; since Raffalovich's *Uranisme et Unisexualité*—a book-length extension of his pamphlet *L'Affaire Oscar Wilde* (1895)—appeared in French in the *Bibliothèque Criminologie*. Despite the learned credentials of the editor of this series, Dr. A. Lacassagne, Raffalovich's book had started in a fit of jealousy and not that fine impartiality from which, one is told, scientific knowledge stems. Raffalovich, friend and patron of the poet John Gray, had seen his protegé taken up by Wilde, who had paid for the publication of Grey's first volume of verse *Silverpoints* (1892).

All one may find in print, however, pales beside the revelations made by Phyllis Grosskurth in her biography *John Addington Symonds* (1964). Quoting or paraphrasing passages from his secret autobiography (causing us to think of the Roger Casement diaries), she exhumes the buried life of this ambiguous Victorian. Homosexual and humanist, Symonds felt himself to be a muffled man, unable to trumpet to the world the evangel of male love which was his own proud confession of faith. A minor but more energetic Pater, a premature and equivocating Gide, Symonds appears to us, through Mrs. Grosskurth's pages, as a half-gagged soi-disant prophet

engaged in an underground warfare with the culture of his time, trying just how far he may voice his ideals without their explicit message emerging.

Her book also demonstrates something else. One learns through Symonds' correspondence, just how fine, blurred, or non-existent was the line between the Platonic love of friends, the Socratic relationship of teacher and pupil, and often admitted and committed pederasty. A quick skim-through Mr. Rupert Croft-Cooke's uncritical but entertaining volume *Feasting with Panthers: A New Consideration of some Late Victorian Writers* (1967) will show how sexual perversion pervaded the culture of the times.

One well understands how Ruskin, reared in a Puritan and matriarchal family, should have remarked of Swinburne's *Poems and Ballads*—a lyrical pot-pourri of perversions: 'rose graftings set in dung', as that critic called them—'It sometimes seems to me the peculiar judgment-curse of modern days that all their greatest men should be plague-struck'.

Another aspect of the period was the increase in pornography—under-the-counter, as it then was, erotica. 'The view of human sexuality', Professor Steven Marcus declares, 'as it was represented in the subculture of pornography and the view of sexuality held by the official culture were reversals, mirror images, negative analogies of one another. For every warning against masturbation issued by the official voice of culture, another work of pornography was published; for every cautionary statement against the harmful effects of sexual excess uttered by medical men, pornography represented copulation *in excelsis*, endless orgies, infinite daisy chains of inexhaustibility; for every assertion about the delicacy and frigidity of respectable women made by the official culture, pornography represented legions of maenads, universes of palpitating females; for every effort made by the official culture to minimise the importance of sexuality, pornography cried out—or whispered—that it was the only thing in the world of any importance at all.'[4]

Such erotica might establish a distinct alliance with *literature as art*, a case in point being Beardsley's 'romantic novel' *Venus and Tannhauser* (1907). This fantasy of a 'polymorphous pervert', which his publisher sold in secret after his death, possessed enough of the qualities of 'fine writing' for it to appear in abbreviated, slightly changed and expurgated form, entitled *Under the Hill*, in numbers I and II[5] of *The Savoy*—the leading avant-garde periodical of the day—and for its rococo style to be acclaimed as 'surpassing the best rhythms of Wilde'.[6] Holbrook Jackson has commented how in *Venus and Tannhauser* 'there are passages which read like romanticised excerpts from the *Psychopathia* Sexualis of Krafft-Ebbing'.

Even allowing for the fact that Beardsley's romantic rococo style wears, so to speak, a mask or domino, over the features of the erotic, the impact of the novel cannot be gained. Haldane MacFall, a Scots critic whose curiously ambivalent attitude to Beardsley is 'a compound of attraction and repugnance',[7] describes the story as that of one 'bent only on satisfying every lust in a dandified way that casts but a handsome garment over the barest and most filthy licence. It contains gloatings over acts so bestial that it staggers one to think of so refined a taste as Beardsley's judged by

the exquisiteness of his line, not being nauseated by his own impulses.'[8]

In its limited fashion, *Venus and Tannhauser* is an erotic classic (only some two-thousand-odd words out of the twelve-thousand word unfinished text being of directly obscene order). Commercial or 'hard-core pornography'[9] was an increasingly flourishing business; but it was in the 'nineties or late 'eighties that England bequeathed a pornographic classic in the field of erotic autobiography—a book written with economy and power, and able to stand up against Restiff de la Bretonne's *Monsieur Nicholas*, a work whose first volume appeared in 1794, described admiringly by Wilhelm von Humboldt as the truest book ever written, and ironically by some anonymous French wit as the *Liaisons Dangèreuses* of the lower classes. Its English counterpart *My Secret Life*, appeared anonymously, each of its eleven volumes bearing the imprint *Amsterdam. Not for publication.* 'There is no date, but we can be reasonably certain that it was printed over a period of time in which 1890 can stand as a mid-point.' *My Secret Life* constitutes a unique document. These eleven volumes, as Professor Steven Marcus says, 'are the sexual memoirs of a Victorian gentleman who began to memorialise himself at a very early age and who continued to do so for more than forty years . . . At about the age of thirty-five, he met a woman with whose aid, and the aid of those to whom she introduced him, he "did, said, saw, and heard, well nigh everything a man and woman could do with their genitals". Under the impact of this experience, he "began to narrate these events when quite fresh in my memory" and shortly thereafter "set to work to describe the events of the intervening years of my youth and early middle age".'

But if Beardsley's tale could provoke so powerful a broadside of moral indignation, it could also be lightly dismissed as a mere curio of erotic escapism. This latter was not the reaction in reading the easy naturalistic prose, with its four-letter words, of *My Secret Life* or the pithy unvarnished case-histories of the first two volumes of Havelock Ellis' *Studies in the Psychology of Sex*. Here one encountered, in unambiguous terms, in clear precise details, *what people really did*. The relevance of this reading matter to the movement of Realism in the arts; the relevance, too, of its feeling-tone to the hot-house Romanticism of the 'nineties is unquestionably apparent. Not without cause and not without insight had the journalist and poet Robert Buchanan stigmatised the Pre-Raphaelites as 'The Fleshly School of Poetry'.[10]

It may, of course, be suggested that these features drawn from the social and cultural life of the time represent the largely fortuitous interchange between the erotic and the artistic which may be discovered at any time. It is my contention, however, that the connection is an intrinsic one, and that the erotic and the aesthetic, as Kirkegaard showed in *Either/Or* (1843), within the content of nineteenth century Romantic thinking, are significantly counterpart ways of life.

In the last twenty-odd years of Queen Victoria's reign, aestheticism, hedonism, and feminism came electrically together. The new *entente* between art and fashion was recorded lightly, but not unjustly, by Max

Beerbohm in his essay *1880*. After speaking of his bookish nostalgia for 'those bygone days when first society was inducted into the mystery of art, and . . . babbled of blue china and white lilies, of the painter Rossetti and the poet Swinburne', he goes on to pay his homage to the impresario of this socio-aesthetic revolution. 'Beauty had existed long before 1880. It was Mr. Oscar Wilde who managed her *début*. To study the period is to admit that to him was due no small part of the social vogue that Beauty began to enjoy. Freed by his fervid words, men and women hurled their mahogany into the streets and ransacked the curio shops for the furniture of Annish days. Dados arose upon every wall, sunflowers and the feathers of peacocks curved in every corner, tea grew quite cold while the guests were praising the Willow Pattern of its cup. A few fashionable women even dressed themselves in sinuous draperies and unheard of greens. Into whatever ballroom you went, you would surely find, among the women in tiaras and the fops and the distinguished foreigners, half a score of comely ragamuffins in velveteen, murmuring sonnets, posturing, waving their hands . . . Aestheticism (for so they named the movement) did indeed permeate, in a manner, all classes. But it was to the *haute monde* that its primary appeal was made.'

Another ten years or so, and the sense of sex in this society was to be indefinitely extended. The French novel, and all it implied for the average English reader, would become the cultivated person's contemporary fictional choice.

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1 'Style' (*Appreciations* by Walter Pater, 1889).
2 *Hugh Selwyn Mauberley*.
3 *My Life* by Havelock Ellis (1940).
4 *The Other Victorians* (1966).
5 April and July 1896.
6 *The Men of the 'Nineties* by Bernard Muddiman (1920).
7 *Under the Hill* completed by John Glassco (1959).
8 *Aubrey Beardsley* (1928).
9 *Private Case and Public Scandal* by Peter Fryer (1966).
10 *Contemporary Review*, October, 1871.

ROSES OF BULGARIA

by Leslie Gardiner

IN almost any capital city, wherever the Bulgarian State Tourist Organisation has its office or display counter, you will see a flagon or two, flat and round, wrapped in white with a decorated stopper and a ribbon of red, green and white, the national colours. The flagon may be for sale, but if you want it filled it will cost a fortune. It is made to hold the celebrated Bulgarian attar of roses, rarest and most costly of that central European republic's exports and one of the most glamorous of all national products.

To reach the source of the streams of attar, you must travel into the very heart of Bulgaria. Formerly it was a rough trip, through the gorges and forests which separate the nation's great parallel ranges of mountains, Sredna Gora in the south and Stara Planina (the Balkan Range) in the north. Nowadays an extremely good highway, reassuringly punctuated with camping sites, petrol stations and roadside telephones, runs all the way from Sofia to the Black Sea, a distance of close on 300 miles. 'Inhabited places lie at short distances from each other', the *Balkanturist* leaflet says—adding rather ominously: 'and each has a medical centre and medical staff and supplies of the necessary drugs'. From a traffic point of view, however, it is mostly like driving through a quiet part of England at three o'clock in the morning.

The month of May is the time to go in search of the attar. The blue-grey ramparts of the Stara Planina, away to the north, still have their dusting of snow, visible at forty miles. Collective workers tramp the highway, or career along it in exuberant lorry-loads, bound for mulberry fields, cherry orchards and grain meadows. Storks circle above the State farm chimneys, pair by pair, looking for somewhere to build. Farther east, nearly at the halfway point between Sofia and the sea, where narrow plateaux are protected by the converging walls of the mountains, cornfields are flowing like estuaries of gold and pale islands of beech trees, in proliferous leaf, stand among them. This countryside is a revelation to those who think of Bulgaria as a harsh, poverty-stricken mountain land.

Close to its geographical heart, a triple thread of road, torrent river and railway connect a series of plains, each of which is shut off from the next by a wall of rock or forest—put there especially, one would think, to keep the draught away—and pierced only by a narrow gully. Once inside, it is not easy to see your way out, backwards or forwards. But the gullies open dramatically on to scenes of foliage and agriculture ever more variegated and rich—and thus you come to Kalofer and Kazanluk and the Valley of Roses.

For about forty miles it is roses, roses all the way, in mile-deep plantations on both sides of the road: the pure white and pink damascus, in a harmonious Yorkist-Lancastrian co-existence. The signposts to the villages on either side of the main road proclaim the land's staple industry:

Rosino, Rosovo, Rosavec. The perfume of the flowers hangs over the valley, and a richer fragrance drifts down from most of the small factories and warehouses, for every one of them is concerned with the manufacture of rose oil or rose essence or rose concrete—or even rose face-cream, rose jelly and rose tooth-paste. They are all substantial franc, rouble, dollar and yen earners—a sign above the schoolhouse door at Rosino says 'Roses are the golden currency of Bulgaria'—but it is the attar which matters most, the perfume concentrate on which the valley's economy is based.

Three hundred years ago there were no roses in Bulgaria's Valley of Roses. The first arrival in the sunny inland region near Kazanluk (a great caravan intersection of ancient times, where the Sofia-Black Sea route crossed the Turkey-Rumania highway) was the red oil-bearing rose called *Rosa damascena Mill*—probably accidentally, probably from Persia, probably about 1690. It took hold and began to spread westwards, on the soft banks of the Tundja river—a powerful and destructive torrent which runs the full length of the Valley—and in the foothills of the Stara Planina. The white rose *(Rosa alba)* came later. They are said to be companionable plants, which twine affectionately round each other; it is claimed, in fact, that here and there you will come across a bush bearing both white and red roses at the same time.

Rose oil and attar have always been the *raisons d'être* of these plants, but for centuries they were produced on a wasteful, disconnected scale—a cottage industry. Distilleries consisted of two or three small copper stills linked together—you can still see the broken pieces lying about, or converted to other uses, in the remote hamlets of the Valley—and most of the peasants ran their own home-built stills, extracting the essence in an outhouse or the open air, next door to their own couple of acres of rose-bushes. Old-fashioned Bulgars still call the attar 'peasant rose oil', its original name.

Before the second World War, against the growers' wishes (they maintained that increased production would simply bring prices down), foreign capital and modern machinery began to transform the industry.

Under Bulgaria's present régime, ambitious programmes of modernisation and collectivisation have been carried out. Several big distilleries are in operation. Scientific cultivation, new fertilisers and new pesticides, have greatly increased the annual rose-crop; and the workers, in the manner of communist enterprises, have additional incentives to compete in 'harvest brigade' and 'shock troop' contests with each other. But the strictest standards of purity and concentration are maintained. The chemists of the new Bulgaria are continually seeking new outlets in cosmetics, soaps and medicines for the sweet scent of the damascus rose. From the partially-automated distilleries and the laboratories, with their white-uniformed attendants and spotless instruments and coloured portraits of the nation's leaders, it is a far cry to one of the derelict huts of the foothills, where a heavy juice-stained press or clumsy copper cauldron, a relic of the past, lies abandoned.

May-time is the busy season—in a good year, it stretches into the first or second week of June. The Valley of Roses is spread out in all its pink and white splendour. From Kalofer to Kazanluk the air is scented with rose perfume, but a sensitive nostril also picks up whiffs of camomile, mint and lavender. The plantations are divided by strips of herbs and by narrow orchards where peach, apricot, mulberries, cherries and grapes will shortly flourish. (The yellow, sausage-shaped grape called Bolgar is another specialty of central Bulgaria.) Travel the highway or walk the banks of the Tundja a little later in the year and you will be accosted by small boys and girls who offer baskets of fruit to passers-by. The difference between these transactions and the soft-fruit vending of Kent and Worcestershire is that a Bulgarian child would be offended at the idea of taking payment: he is merely inviting the stranger, with traditional Puritanian courtesy, to sample the gifts nature has bestowed on his country.

But motorists often travel the Valley at the right time of the year, yet complain that nothing much was happening. One must be there at the hour of peak activity, which is four o'clock in the morning. First you must advance into a sea of roses, waist-deep, and stand waiting for the sun to rise over the mountain: that is the signal for the roses themselves to awaken. For a few minutes, the landscape rustles, and you hear the gentle hiss and popping of myriads of buds as they open to the warmth. No sooner are their petals uncurled than fleets of lorries come down the roads, turning here and there off the asphalt in clouds of dust. They are full of workers—all girls—who sing their patriotic songs as gaily as though it were the end, not the beginning, of a strenuous day. 'We are always looking for more girls', a factory manager says. 'It's not that they have delicate fingers, but simply that they work harder and need less supervision.'

Near the main road, where tourists might be expected to be about, the girls pin roses into their hair and sometimes come to work in coloured woollen kerchiefs and the semblance of a regional costume; but most are in old-style black, or up-to-date blouse and jeans. They carry shallow wicker baskets at their hips, and set out along the tracks beside the bushes—tracks perhaps two or three miles long, which take them two or three days, off and on, to reach the end of. Then they turn and walk back to their starting-point, gathering the roses which have bloomed behind them. The slow dance of the rose-maidens, up, down, change baskets and begin again, goes on all month; and when the harvest is done, it seems to the onlooker that there are as many roses left as there were when they started.

It is only an eight-hour day, and by noon—by the time the foreign tourist is just setting out to have a look at the Valley, perhaps—all the rose-heads are in sacks and all the sacks on their open trucks, on their way to one of the big distilleries at Kazanluk or Karlovo.

When you see the mountains of flower-petals rising at the road's edge, even more when you inspect the vast stocks in the ante-rooms of the distilleries, you wonder how such masses of blooms can ever be disposed of. According to the 'league table' at Rosino—where the achievements

of the various 'work brigades' are listed every day, and coloured photographs of exceptionally industrious pickers displayed on a board of honour —it is not unusual for an acre of plantation to yield thirty hundredweight of rose-petals. The Valley has many thousands of acres under cultivation. And thirty hundredweight, it is estimated, represents three million blooms. But that is the quantity needed to make approximately one pint of Bulgarian attar of roses.

The tourist has no hope of buying any of this attar on the plantations, or in the villages of the Valley, at a cut price. Attar production is more carefully controlled than that of the most precious drug or liqueur. Almost as many officials as workers throng the laboratories and packing rooms, to make sure that every gram is accounted for, double-sealed and dispatched to the Government warehouse. In the capital city, only certain shops sell attar of roses. One gram costs about twenty-seven shillings—the pint flask, therefore, would retail at the astonishing sum of about £750.

Though he has missed the early-morning parade of the rose-pickers, and has not been able to afford a drop of attar, there are consolations for the traveller in the Valley. All afternoon, in the busy season, the villagers take a long siesta; then they come to life, especially in the villages of Rosino and Rosavec, and the month of May is an unbroken succession of evening merry-making and celebration. Middle-aged folk (who during the day will have travelled to and from their jobs at fabric factory or tractor works in the city of Kazanluk) tread out the solemn, serpentine measures of the old folk dances; young ones twist to Western pop music on mandoline or balalaika; the very ancient—bearded, pipe-smoking patriarchs in squashy fur caps—totter along the cobbled streets under the leaning gables and balconies of mediaeval cottages, to see what the noise is about. Everyone is supping off bread and rose-jam and drinking the *ardsordlika* or the pale muscatel wine for which the district was famous when no one knew what roses looked like. By 9 p.m. the village streets are empty, except for a drift of rose-petals against the plinth of a bronze monument to some hero of 1943. All the elements of romance are there: solitude, the ripple of the river, moonlight and the scent of roses—but none of those hot-blooded Bulgar youths and maidens are being seduced by them. Tomorrow means an early start and another hard day—and the belated tourist, rolling up just in time to miss the feast, returns to his strictly-supervised, barbed-wired camping park, persuaded that in the Valley of Roses there is little to see and nothing to do.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

BEETHOVEN AND MOZART

Beethoven, The Last Decade, 1817-1827. Martin Cooper. Oxford University Press. 90s.

The Life of Mozart. Hans Conrad Fischer and Lutz Besch. Macmillan. 63s.

'He's a strange chap, Beethoven, but he's good'. Those who read Martin Cooper's study of the composer's last decade will very probably agree with the Austrian innkeeper's judgment. Shabby, dirty, deaf and bad tempered; plagued by suspicion and setting police spies on his servants and relatives whilst he fought protracted legal battles over the custody of his nephew Karl; struggling against chronic ill health but drinking far more bad wine than was good for him, and under its influence composing many an unnumbered opus in canon form as a bad pun on a friend's name; for all this, Beethoven, when he died in 1827 had not only become a legend in his lifetime, but in those last ten years, despite virtually total deafness, had composed some of the greatest and most revolutionary works in musical literature.

Mr. Cooper's thesis is that Beethoven was a child of the Enlightenment, a provincial from Bonn, whose eighteenth century birth and temperament shaped his entire life. His most revered musical forebears were Handel and Palestrina, his most admired contemporaries Cherubini and Hummel. In the year of his death he came at last to recognize the genius of Schubert whom he had been inclined to dismiss as 'ein mystisch', and although he courted Weber when he came to dinner in 1823 it was only with great difficulty that he won himself over to Der Freischutz and Euryanthe. Though he spent most of his life in Vienna, Beethoven despised the philistine and decadent Viennese. He constantly assured his English friends that England stood high in culture. 'You in England have heads on your shoulders' he told Cipriani Potter, but the typical Viennese 'knows of nothing but food and drink, and sings and pounds away at completely trivial music.' But Mr. Cooper's book is no piece of idle hero worship. Whilst sweeping aside the myths of his syphilitic troubles (this assisted by Dr. Larkin's erudite and fascinating medical appendix), and his homosexual tendencies, and going a long way to explain his boorishness, bad temper and paranoid suspiciousness, he does not mask the composer's clumsy attempts to sell the Missa Solemnis exclusively and virtually simultaneously to three different publishers. He also shows with great clarity through the conversation books and letters how difficult a man Beethoven was to live with, but despite that, how well he was loved.

The first third of the book conveys this splendidly human portrayal of the composer as a man. The rest is made of sterner, but no less readable, stuff. Firstly Beethoven's cultural, political and religious attitudes are examined; then, starting with the two late Violoncello Sonatas, opus 102, passing to the Pianoforte music, the Missa Solemnis, opus 123, the Choral Symphony, and finally the Himalayan last String Quartets this remarkable outpouring of a stricken genius's last decade is analysed with copious musical examples and discussed in the clearest and most stimulating way. Would that the average programme note had one quarter of the value of Mr. Cooper's excellent chapters. The conclusion he reaches is that Beethoven never consciously in these last years strove to break new ground or revolutionize musical form. The ideas had been there since his early days, it was the structure, the conjunction of melodic, harmonic, rhythmic and textural features which had developed and changed. Having read this stimulating and enjoyable

book, the reader will probably agree with Beethoven when he said that 'what is new and original appears of its own accord (geblert sich selbst) without one thinking about it', but he will nonetheless be grateful to Mr. Cooper for prompting him to think.

Unfortunately *The Life of Mozart* by Hans Conrad Fischer and Lutz Besch is nowhere in the same class. Derived in part from the film of that name, and, as one would therefore expect, lavishly and beautifully illustrated, it goes little beyond a brief and sketchy account of the composer's life with a preoccupation as to the financial aspects. One boggles at the ferocious energy with which Leopold Mozart bundled his child prodigies around the capitals of Europe, dashing off concert after concert to the detriment of their health and for the reward of gold snuff boxes; but one comes no nearer to understanding what sparked Mozart's genius, what were his tastes, his beliefs or aspirations. This cinematic treatment may make for a pleasing 'coffee table' book, but advances all too little beyond that.

DAVID FINGLETON

A LIFE OF LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL

Lady Randolph Churchill: A Biography 1854-1895. Ralph G. Martin, Cassell, 45s.

The initial impression of Ralph G. Martin's biography of Lady Randolph Churchill is that it is more a domestic than a scholarly work despite the scholarly paraphernalia. One is struck by the occasional banal observation (e.g. 'England in 1870 was still in the Victorian Age . . .') as well as by the attention paid to trivia (e.g. the fact that the Vanderbilt's home at Newport had solid marble bathtubs).

The book was written originally for the American reader and the bias is evident; thus when Jennie Jerome visited her native America she was 'free from the vice of British formality' and despite her homesickness she could not ask her husband to reside there for 'Randolph was a Member of Parliament. He had no other trade or talent'.

The style of the book is 'chatty' and some pages read like selections from Queen Victoria's *Journals* combined with expurgated passages from Frank Harris' *Lives and Loves*. This approach is telling in that morally pleasing as opposed to intellectually satisfying explanations are sometimes given. This is more disturbing when complex problems, e.g. Lady Churchill's extra-marital affairs or Lord Randolph Churchill's personality are given superficial treatment. Homosexuality is hinted at in regard to the latter and referred to without the word itself ever appearing and while the author admits such might be a realistic explanation he glibly states 'but if this were the case, it was certainly not so when he married Jennie, for theirs was initially a physical love.'

Mr. Martin's political insight, especially in regard to the effect of Lord Randolph Churchill's effect on British politics, is shallow and reference to the bibliography shows a sizeable dependence on secondary textbooks. The author's brief reference to Bismarckian foreign policy is alarmingly superficial and he has fallen into the common error of over-estimating the importance of both Randolph Churchill and the 'Fourth Party' in British political development in the nineteenth century. Finally, Queen Victoria was never 'Queen of Great Britain and the Empire'.

Nevertheless, the book is a readable work, if somewhat exasperating at times (e.g. 'the heritage of Blenheim is constructed on the bones and hot blood of England'). Because the style is 'chatty' and because it contains much drawing-room history it is interesting and while often lacking in social, historical and psychological insight, it is still informative. It presents a sympathetic approach in recounting the life of a unique woman and while the author's attribution of a sizeable amount

of political power to Lady Churchill is myopic and blures the portrait, it does not distort it beyond recognition.

The book is valuable in suggesting that politics acted as a sexual substitute and as a marital bond to Randolph Churchill struggling with recurrent attacks of syphilis. This would explain, to a large extent, the motivation behind his meteoric career. Also, Winston Churchill's 'over zealous' dependence on his mother even into early manhood is more easily understood as being the natural reaction to his father's aloofness and almost pathological dislike.

That Mr. Martin's work is more domestic than scholarly does not mean necessarily that it is without value to the general reader.

J. E. B. MUNSON

WELLINGTON, THE SOLDIER

Wellington: The Years of the Sword. Elizabeth Longford. Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 50s.

It is almost forty years since Philip Guedalla's *The Duke* was published so that a new appraisal of Wellington's character and work would appear to be overdue. The Countess of Longford's book runs into some 500 pages and deals only with the military aspect of his career; a subsequent volume is in preparation which will cover the post-Waterloo period. Beginning with Wellington's early background of Irish politics, the biography carries us through his initial active service of 1794 in Holland, the eight years as 'Sepoy general' in India—the most formative period of his life—followed by his brilliant campaigns in the Spanish peninsula and the grand climax of Waterloo. A book of this length would be expected to have not a few dull patches, but it would be difficult to find any. The author has made use of every available document, many of them hitherto unpublished, which would enable her to project the real Wellington; she has given us an intimate insight into the complex personality of a man who was to remain a national hero throughout the greater part of his life.

Wellington's mother referred to him as 'my awkward son Arthur' and his eldest brother, Richard, the Marquis of Wellesley and later prominent governor-general of India, obtained a commission for him in the army, that 'last refuge of square pegs'. Wellington took to the army seriously, possessed almost superhuman balance, and was a master of detail. He stated on one occasion to Stanhope: 'The real reason why I succeeded in my own campaigns is because I was always on the spot—I saw everything; and did everything for myself'. Stanhope once asked him how he managed to write so many letters in the midst of active operations, to which the Duke gave one of his famous replies: 'My rule always was to do the business of the day in the day'.

He did not lavish praise on his soldiers; indeed, on occasions he made some offensive remarks about them, but he inspired them with unique confidence. Sir John Kincaid once said: 'We would rather see his long nose in the fight than a reinforcement of ten thousand men any day'. Wellington always showed great concern for the welfare of his men; tents were provided in place of inadequate bivouacs, and his attention to detail 'gave to the sick their cots and quilts, to the healthy an exact mixture of arrack and water, and to the bullocks a precise speed and load'.

The author defends Wellington against Sir Charles Oman's assertion that he was 'a thankless master to serve' on the grounds that Oman did not like him and allowed himself to be unduly influenced by occasional expressions of dissatisfaction in contemporary books, diaries, or letters. He never suffered fools gladly but 'whatever his officers may have lost through his cool gestures and contracted human

sympathies, they gained immeasurably from his superhuman composure and reserves of strength at a crisis'.

Lady Longford has not merely given us a new biography based upon the latest research; she has written a most readable book that will appeal to the student and the general reader alike. Her animated descriptions of the campaigns and battles are detailed and vivid; the book abounds with anecdotes and character sketches of statesmen and courtesans, of officers and of common soldiers. The account of Restoration Paris where Wellington was ambassador in 1814 is particularly graphic, and the battle of Waterloo is clearly and dramatically narrated. The value of the book is further enhanced by many attractively reproduced illustrations and a comprehensive bibliography. S. F. WOOLLEY

MONTGOMERY'S LAST CAMPAIGN

Montgomery. The Field Marshal. The Campaign in North-West Europe 1944-45. R. W. Thompson. Allen and Unwin.

The author writes with the authority both of a trained staff officer and a war correspondent—moreover, 'He was there'. He seeks to show us the Field Marshal in his role of 'Monty', the nation's hero, the bringer of success, earned from Alamein to Italy and then to be tested from Normandy to Luneburg Heath, the story owes much to the skilful blending of his impressions and observations on the ground at the time and the outcome of twenty years of careful research.

To study the man one must also study the campaign in all its aspects from planning to victory; and he has given us the material for this study, perhaps at times in almost too much detail; but, and it is a very big 'but', there is a singular lack of a good clear map which can be opened out and read at the same time as the text. The six sketch maps are made valueless by not having a scale, even an approximate one, and much of the interest of reading the book is lost by these omissions.

The story follows the Field Marshal from his appointment in December 1943 to command the ground forces for the invasion of Normandy, and skilfully describes the influence on a modern commander of logistics and complexity of equipment with its inherent problems. Perhaps even more complex were the difficulties of relationship with allied commanders; the reader is asked to consider whether the qualities which brought Montgomery to this, the highest command he held in the field, were commensurate with those required for the intensive diplomacy which the appointment entailed.

The writer evolves brilliant studies of the other commanders and staff officers, both British and American, at this time and skilfully contrasts their characters with that of his particular subject; while in his description of the Rhine crossings by American and British forces, he gives a very lucid comparison of generalship in its most varied forms.

As a war correspondent, the author gives us a fascinating sideline on how 'stories' are obtained, and he writes with knowledge and feeling about the effect that the publicity, produced by no less than 530 correspondents with the invasion forces on D-day, can have upon the conduct of operations, with the commanders as the actors on the stage and the world for audience.

The Montgomery legend is enlarged in the chapter on the three faces of the Field Marshal which is a study and a balancing of his varying characteristics and deserves careful reading, and in his epilogue the author sums up what many have said and written about Monty, by describing him as a very professional and dedicated soldier, and with this none can disagree. A. J. DANIELL

THE GOLDEN AGE OF THE GERMAN CINEMA

The Haunted Screen. Lotte H. Eisner. Thames and Hudson. 84s.

Perhaps because of the decline of the German Cinema from the thirties onwards one tends to forget how important a part it plays in the history of the cinema as a whole. Mme. Eisner, a distinguished film critic who first published this comprehensive book in France in 1952 and which is now available for the first time in this country in its revised edition, remedies this defect. It deals with the golden age of the German Cinema from the end of the first World War until approximately the coming of sound. In 1919 Robert Wiene directed one of the most famous of all German silent films 'The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari' which can be said to be the forerunner of the films to be influenced by both literary Expressionism and the innovations of the theatre directors of the period, particularly Max Reinhardt.

The dust cover claims that 'Mme. Eisner demonstrates the connection between German Romanticism and the cinema through the writings of Expressionist novelists, critics and apologists. She also discusses Reinhardt's influence—and that of Leopold Jessner and Erwin Piscator—which was by contrast essentially one of *mise en scene*: the handling of crowds; the use of different levels, and of selective lighting on a predominantly dark stage; the reliance on formalised gesture; the innovation of the intimate theatre'. All this is true and against this background she examines and explains the principal films of the period 'Nosferatu' and 'Faust' both directed by F. W. Murnau, 'M', 'Die Niebelungen', 'Dr. Mabuse the Gambler' directed by Fritz Lang and Pabst's 'Threepenny Opera', 'Pandora's Box' and 'Westfront 1918' among several dozen more. Not only does she survey the work of the great directors Lang, Murnau and Pabst but she deals with the contributions of their writers, cameramen and designers. One particularly fascinating passage deals with the special effects in the filming of 'The Golem' made in 1920 and the technical difficulties overcome in those days.

The book we now have is an edition revised in 1956 and the later chapters show how sadly the cinema in Germany has declined with the emigration of Lang, Leni, Stroheim and others.

Thames and Hudson have produced this book handsomely. Copiously illustrated with stills from the pictures described, as well as reproductions of the designs for the sets and costumes, this book has wide margins containing the sidenotes which make for much easier reading than the old style footnotes. Without doubt this is a book to be read and owned not only for its contents which are formidable but also for its typography and layout. It justifies the words 'a beautiful book'.

JAMES MORTON

THE THEATRE LABORATORY

Towards a Poor Theatre. Jerzy Grotowski. Methuen, 55s.

Not since the Russian, Stanislavsky, formulated his very personal doctrines of acting and production, rejecting the histrionic in favour of the realistic, has anyone investigated 'the nature of acting, its phenomenon, its meaning, the nature and science of its mental-physical-emotional processes' as thoroughly as Jerzy Grotowski. Grotowski was in fact reared in the Stanislavsky tradition, and the two men are at one in the key methodological questions which they pose. It is in the solutions which they reach that a wide difference has grown.

In 1959, at Opole in South-West Poland, Grotowski created his Theatre Laboratory, moving it six years later to the university town of Wroclaw where it attained its present status of Institute for Research into Acting.

What, Grotowski asked himself, *is* the theatre? What is unique about it? What can it do that the film and television cannot? And two concepts emerged—the poor theatre, and performance as an act of aggression. To understand the concept of poor theatre one must define the rich or contemporary theatre to which it stands in apposition; that rich theatre which Grotowski calls 'rich in flaws'. It is rich in superfluities. It depends on artistic kleptomania: it is a synthesis of stolen disciplines. The poor theatre dispenses with make-up with autonomic costume, with scenography, with lighting, sound effects and even the stage-and-auditorium plant. What remains, fundamental and essential, is 'the actor-spectator relationship of perceptual, direct, "live" communion'.

Grotowski considers the personal and scenic technique of the actor as the core of theatre art. 'We do not want to teach the actor a pre-determined set of skills, or give him a "bag of tricks". Ours is not a deductive method of collecting skills. Here everything is concentrated on the "ripening" of the actor which is expressed by a tension towards the extreme, by a complete stripping down . . . This is a technique of the "trance" and of the integration of all the actor's psychic and bodily powers . . . The education of an actor in our theatre is not a matter of teaching him something; we attempt to eliminate his organism's resistance to this psychic process . . . Ours then is a *via negativa*—not a collection of skills but an eradication of blocks.'

Towards a Poor Theatre is a collection of essays by, and interviews with Grotowski, together with other supplementary material designed to record the ideas and motivations of the Theatre Laboratory, and to illuminate the company's method, training and discoveries. The accumulated result is a complex philosophico-technical theatrical manifesto. In the theatre of Grotowski the *playing* is the thing.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN

RONALD FIRBANK, SOPHISTICATES' IDOL

Ronald Firbank. Miriam J. Benkovitz. Weidenfeld & Nicolson. 63s.

An American journalist once called Ronald Firbank the 'Sophisticates' Idol'—a quip that may go by default. Few novelists have led so precious, unstable and frustrated a literary life. Born in 1886, he was just in time for his youth to catch the decadence of the 'Nineties, the artificiality of the *belle epoque*. He had a doting boyhood fixation for his mother, Lady Firbank; less regard for his father, a railway constructor later knighted as a Unionist M.P.

His older brother Joseph reacted from the dominating, possessive mother in drink and dissipation that hastened his death at twenty. Ronald's reaction, via Uppingham and Cambridge, was that of the solitary, self-anointed aesthete who filled his rooms with bibelots, a grand piano, exotic flowers and scents, admired the Symbolists, and began writing prose poems and stories about 'princesses and mysteriously unhappy ladies'. Mons. Hugh Benson helped to convert him to Catholicism, though ten years later he was to mock at the Roman Church in *Valmouth*.

Sojourns in Paris and Madrid, to study languages for a diplomatic career, evidently fostered latent homosexual tendencies which prompted his friendly counsellor, Rollo St. Clair Talboys, to warn him from becoming 'a slave to the senses—an emotional *bon vivant* to the last tremolo' and to draw back from 'the cult of the purple orchid insidious and exotic poison all of it like the rank odour of dead men's sins'. It did not prevent him from cultivating a friendship with Lord Alfred Douglas, whom he was later to call 'an impossible creature', saying that if *De Profundis* were published he would 'go down the ages as a type of false and treacherous friend.'

Abandoning diplomacy for literature, he not only paid Grant Richards to publish his books from *Valnglory* onwards, he fussed over bindings and other production details, fretted at the dearth of reviews and sales. His antidote to the ferments of unrewarding creation was restless travel—to Europe, Algiers, Tunis, Cuba—and friendships, often erratic, with people like Augustus John, Vyvyan Holland, the Sitwells, Nancy Cunard, Evan Morgan (whom he later satirised in *The Flower Beneath the Foot*) and Siegfried Sassoon, to whom he once said: 'I am Pavlova, chasing butterflies. You are Tolstoy, digging for worms.'

A Cambridge friend, A. C. Landsberg, found him a little ridiculous, sometimes pathetic, calling to mind 'portraits of society women by Boldini . . . always writhing about and admiring his hands'. Playwright Philip Moeller wrote of a first meeting: 'I have never seen anyone seem to droop so in fifteen different ways and still stay standing'. He had achieved recognition here and especially in America when he died in Rome in 1926 with *The New Rhythum* uncompleted.

From access to unpublished papers—letters, MSS, notebooks—Miriam Benkovitz has written an illuminating biography detailed enough to be definitive, though one wonders at times if the subject merits such detail. With *Valmouth*, *Prancing Nigger* and *Concerning the Eccentricities of Cardinal Pirelli*, now in Penguin, he remains—and will for some time—the 'Sophisticates' Idol' whose delicate hand on literature forbids one to look for feet of clay.

TREVOR ALLEN

SHORTER REVIEWS AND NOTICES

The Rise of Enoch Powell (Penguin Books. 4s.). In this Penguin Special, Hugh Foot makes a biting attack upon Enoch Powell, seeking to show that by brilliant and dangerous opportunism and populist appeal, he seeks the leadership of the Conservative Party. The author himself is admittedly politically biassed and this shows throughout the book. Mr. Foot has done a great deal of research including examination of Mr. Powell's reported speeches since he entered politics shortly after the last war, and with the help of Mr. Powell himself, including a long talk with him. From all this material, the author has very little difficulty in detecting inconsistencies in speeches and changes in outlook. He points, for example, to the old 'imperialist' outlook of one Commonwealth and Empire with a common citizenship, to his public silence on immigration in the years before 1964, when coloured immigrants were pouring into Britain and the conversion from 'Empire to Little Englandism'. Mr. Foot's conclusions are much more controversial and disclose inevitably his personal bias. Detachment is gone. Coloured immigration fills a large part of the book. Popular opposition was Mr. Powell's opportunity: 'in dealing with race and immigration Powell had decided to throw over his reputation for intellectual independence and rigour and adopt a populist posture on a swiftly-moving bandwagon'. It is difficult to see how this book can assist the cause of racial harmony and integration. Certainly it will provide fuel for the speeches of the left wing politician. On the other hand the nature of the attack will probably attract more sympathy for Mr. Powell than dislike After all Mr. Powell represents a very large section of public opinion on race which cuts across party lines; and it is this fact, and not Mr. Powell's past or his ambitions, which gives him his great influence. The basic need is to convert his supporters and this book will fail to assist in that objective.

Urban Analysis (Cambridge University Press. 80s.). The first publication in the new series of Cambridge Geographical Studies is this important 'study of

city structure with special reference to Sunderland' by B. T. Robson. It is a highly technical analysis of the human ecology of Sunderland, with its large proportion of working class people engaged in heavy industry and with a long history, comprising both industial growth and periods of economic and social distress. Mr. Robson is particularly concerned with working class attitudes to education and confirms the widely accepted view that 'educational aspirations is correlated with social class'. There are of course exceptions partly due to personal and environmental factors. The author points to a 'fundamental difference between the middle class and working class worlds, namely that members of the former can strive for self-advancement without this representing a rejection of group standards'.

Voodoo and the Art of Haiti (Morland Lee. 14s.). The main purpose of this remarkable book by Sheldon Williams is to link 'the inspirational qualities of Voodoo' with the upsurge of art in Haiti during the last twenty-five years. The author, who has twice visited Haiti, examines the Voodoo spirit cult and its varied rites and argues that it impregnates the whole of Haitian life, including the educated classes of *elites*. From this he goes on to show how most artists also are influenced in their work and subject matter by this all pervading cult of *loa* spirits. Even Christian themes are subject to them. Sheldon Williams is obviously impressed by the standards and creative power of many Haitian artists and sculptors, whom he individually discusses. No doubt foreign visitors, particularly American, have increased enormously the demand for Haitian works of art: the author concludes that 'the big investment in Haitian art lies in the money spent upon the works of primitives and natives' rather than in sophisticated painting and sculpture. There is a large number of illustrations, including some in colour.

A Shakespeare Companion (Penguin Books. 12s.). This admirable book by F. E. Haliday was first published in 1952 and later revised for inclusion in Penguin Books in 1964. It is now reissued as part of the Penguin Shakespeare Library. It is an extremely useful and concise alphabetical guide which attempts 'to cover all aspects of Shakespeare, and the people who have been most intimately associated with his works, in whatever capacity, in the course of more than three and a half centuries.' An enormous amount of information has been compressed into some 566 pages, ranging from brief entries relating to minor characters in the plays to substantial articles as for example on Elizabethan acting and Shakespeare criticism. There is a bibliography covering twenty-two pages. The only disadvantage of the new volume is that it contains no further revision in the light of research and study since 1964.

Australia the Quiet Continent. (Cambridge University Press. 45s., cloth. 14s. paperback). The second edition of this excellent short history of Australia by Professor Douglas Pike, first published in 1962, has been revised, and covers developments in the sixties, particularly the expanding search for minerals, the growth of industry and urban development. Professor Pike is also concerned with Australia's place in South-East Asian affairs. The book contains many illustrations, but sadly lacks a bibliography.

Violence in American Society (Oxford University Press. 5s.). The British Academy has done well to publish the Sarah Tryphena Philips Lecture delivered by H. G. Nicholas in May 1969. It shows the historic and complementary interaction of American idealism and 'instrumental violence', and contrasts; the recent wave of violence, exemplified in the Chicago riots, was a reversion 'to a synthetic barbarism. It was a violence not of protest, but of self-indulgence'.

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BARE FOOTED ACROSS UNMARKED BOUNDARIES

by Thomas Land

Political unrest almost throughout Africa has created a million refugees during the past decade. The newcomers make huge material demands on the countries of asylum, but a humane approach by the host governments can turn the refugee communities into national economic assets. Our Correspondent, who recently visited Africa, analyses the continent's response to the challenge.

THEY come, bare footed across unmarked boundaries. Some come alone and others in endless columns of uprooted black misery—the men carrying the precious possessions of poverty and the infants tied to their mothers' backs, their tiny, malnourished legs sprawled just above the women's buttocks, drawing maps of urine on the vivid African cloths.

Some may eventually return to their inhospitable villages where their ancestors' spirits dwell; but they will be carrying automatic weapons sent from far away continents. Others will clear the bush and build villages in the countries of asylum which grant them peace but little more. They will live in the past to which one day they may retire, this time refugees not of political upheavals but of cultural loneliness. And a portion will stay in their new countries to become fully integrated into the poverty of the hosts.

Rural poverty in their new countries is much like rural poverty in the old. It is the economic blind alley of subsistence agriculture; the source of youngsters flooding to the cities only to contribute to urban unemployment; the inadequate pot of soft *nshima* unaffected by mass nutrition courses urgently organised far away. This mass of poverty, as yet unpenetrated by local initiative or overseas assistance, must be changed if emergent Africa is ever to attain a healthy agricultural base for its national economies.

And that change is often encouraged by the refugees.

The United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees received the first big request for help from Africa when 300,000 Angolans crossed over to

the Southern Provinces of the Congo at the dawn of the continent's war against Portuguese colonial rule back in 1961. The tragic, mass movement of harrassed people was followed almost immediately by an influx of refugees into the Kivu Province of the Congo as well as to Burundi and Uganda from the Republic of Rwanda.

These two refugee movements reflect the two major causes of the problem posed by Africa's displaced populations: villagers are forced to abandon their homes as a result of unrest in territories under colonial administration; factions of tribes migrate due to ethnic tensions in the wake of independence won by countries yet to forge their diverse peoples into single nations.

Africa's refugee population—excluding those displaced inside their own countries as a result of military action or civil wars—today numbers roughly one million. The uninvited newcomers demand provisions which the host countries can ill afford to spare. Yet generous and internationally supported schemes integrating the refugee communities into the hosts' national programmes for agricultural development often turn the sacrifice into sound long-term investment.

The countries creating the continent's major refugee movements during the past decade have been Angola (381,000), Mozambique (32,000), Portuguese Guinea (57,000), Sudan (172,000), Rwanda (160,000), the Congo (67,000), Ethiopia (31,000) and some others including South Africa (15,000). There are in addition some 50,000 Nigerians outside their country who are considered refugees.

Under the first, emergency phase of land settlement, the refugees progressing towards full integration into the economies of their adopted countries are given food, clothing, shelter, seeds and simple tools as well as essential medical and educational services often part-financed by international organisations. Angolan refugees in Zambia, Sudanese refugees in Uganda and Mozambiquan refugees in Tanzania are currently going through this phase.

In the second phase, the refugees are clearing land and planting crops. They are given governmental support by expert advice and through measures such as drainage, tsetse fly eradication and afforestation. If the area permits the raising of domestic animals, veterinary services are provided. At this stage, the supporting infrastructure of the settlement is established through the provision of roads, bridges, water supplies and permanent buildings. Several countries, such as Zambia, Tanzania, Uganda and the Central African Republic have provided examples of this process.

Next comes the long-awaited third phase, when the refugees have attained economic standards equal to those of the local population. Thus Burundi became the first African country last year to widen a refugee land settlement scheme into a regional rural development operation for the benefit of all villagers in the Mosso-Cankuso area—Rwandese refugees and indigenous farmers alike.

The country's four refugee settlements, with their total population of 34,000, had undergone long and careful preparation. The centres were

self-supporting by 1968, and more than 3,000 hectares of new land had been made ready for cultivation, 740 of them by reclaiming marshland. Improved water systems had been provided. New roads had been built.

'Experiments have been carried out', recalls a proud report of the U.N.'s refugee agency, 'to improve cash crops. The tree nursery has been expanded: trees have been planted to prevent soil erosion and the spread of the tsetse fly. Provisions have been made for the purchase of cattle at the suitable season and veterinary centres will soon be set up . . .'

Sharing four of its eight long, intermittently patrolled borders with white-controlled Southern Africa, Zambia has become a meeting place for refugees from Portuguese Angola and Mozambique, from South African dominated South West Africa and from rebel Rhodesia.

A UNHCR spokesman estimates that Zambia has a refugee population of some 13,000. But events are moving so fast that even the latest figures can be safely assumed to be outdated. The war in Portuguese Africa produces a steady stream of refugees; so does a South African military exercise aimed at the removal of the civilian population from certain areas of the strategically vital Caprivi Strip of South West Africa.

Neighbouring Tanzania's 45,000-plus refugee population is made up of some 30,000 Mozambiquans, 14,000 Rwandese and many hundreds of Malawians and Congolese. The continuing influx of new refugees from Mozambique has put a severe strain on the accommodation available in the existing settlements.

New villages have been established in both countries to accommodate the currently intensified flow of refugees. The newcomers are expected to take part in communal agricultural projects, to help build their houses, schools, and health centres. But in many cases the initiative of the new arrivals is beyond the expectation of the hosts. Thus Mozambique refugees, whose experience in metalworking goes back for generations, have established smithies in rural Zambia and Tanzania; Angolans run their carpentry workshops at some refugee settlements.

Their agricultural co-operatives, much like those of the natives of the host countries, are built along the Israeli pattern adapted to African conditions. The farmers are allocated an area of bushland, but they must clear it, often with their hands. They work the land communally and, when the co-operatives become self-sufficient, they are to share the profits in an internationally socialist and externally capitalist production system. Unlike the Israeli *kibbutz* farmers, however, they often work individual plots of land in addition to the collectively cultivated areas.

To the north, Uganda's proximity to Rwanda, the Congo and the Sudan has made President Milton Obote's refugee problem one of the worst in independent Africa. A cruel racial conflict between the black Africans and the Arabs in the south of Sudan, claiming half a million lives while ignored by the world for over 17 years, has sent some 70,000 refugees across the border to Uganda. Tribal friction in Rwanda has created an equal number; and post-independence chaos in the Congo (Kinshasa) added another 34,000

refugees to the resettlement problem which must be solved by the Kampala government.

Well over 12,000 of the refugees live scattered among the native population of the country while the rest are accommodated in 11 rural settlements. And the war in the Sudan, currently widening as a result of black African initiative, is continuing to create new refugees. They are given land a good distance away from the frontier to avoid tension leading to international incidents. Nevertheless, raiding parties from the Sudan are occasionally reported to have wandered across the ill defined border to Uganda.

The constant arrival of new Sudanese refugees has slowed down the work in Uganda's centres. Drought in the middle of last year contributed to further setbacks. However, the older refugee settlements can now at last supply their own food requirements.

The Congo emergencies scattered close to 70,000 refugees across Africa; but the same country has in turn provided a haven to 475,000 others. The most advanced among these are the Rwandese, now preparing for their integration into the national economy. The Congo's Sudanese population is still at an early stage of its settlement. The Angolans, still relying on marginal local and international assistance, can meet their own essential needs.

Another African country bearing a substantial burden of Lisbon's colonial policies is Senegal in the west which harbours close to 60,000 refugees from war-torn Portuguese Guinea. The land resettlement schemes are slowly closing up the gap between the living standards of the refugees and those of the local people. But their health and education will for some time require special attention.

Ethiopia in the east has settled some 20,000 Christian and pagan refugees from the Sudan. But the Sudan, too, has some 30,000 Moslem refugees from Ethiopia. Both communities are only beginning slowly their approach on the long road towards economic integration.

Africa's predominantly rural refugee population is thus being resettled to agriculture in all the countries of asylum across the continent. The basic approach is the same—only the degree of care, the will to help and the trust in the refugees' ability to attain ultimate success varies from country to country.

The refugees' desperate need for land to clear and cultivate and for marginal assistance coincides with developing Africa's urgent requirement to widen the rural base of its national economies. Thus the help given by the countries to the fugitives knocking on their doors can be measured as a sound long-term investment in the vital agricultural sector of their economies.

The success story of thousands of Sudanese refugees in M'boki resettlement of the Central African Republic illustrates the common direction leading from both the humanitarian approach concerned chiefly with the welfare of the fugitives and the unsentimental principles based on national economic interests.

Early in 1968, the government had to organise an exodus of some

7,000 refugees from the Babouti area near the Sudanese border to the new resettlement centre of M'Boki. The transfer was assisted by the League of Red Cross Societies which provided care and first aid for the people on the way.

A series of experiments was carried out in the resettlement area to discover the most profitable cash crops in the region. The area was divided into sectors, each containing a number of villages.

Naturally, the refugees themselves are providing labour for improving the infrastructure, including the construction of roads and bridges. The settlement is served by a hospital and eight dispensaries. There is also a leprosy treatment centre with some 200 patients.

By the beginning of 1969 more than 1,000 children were attending primary school and more than 40 had been sent to secondary school in nearby Bangui. Work has meanwhile started on the construction of a secondary school in M'boki itself.

Thus the main objectives of the rural settlement scheme for the refugees have been achieved. The newcomers are at the verge of economic independence: they will soon be able to meet their own essential needs; and the rural, medical, educational and social infrastructure is sufficient for existing requirements and provides a basis for future development.

The Central African Republic is now considering an integrated rural development project in the entire Upper M'bombu area, which includes the villages of the M'boki settlement. The wider project, which is to be implemented with considerable assistance from several United Nations organisations, is to improve the material standards of life for the refugees who have carved a living out of the virgin soil.

This, then, is the one solution Africa can give to the million people uprooted through the violent changes shaking the political jigsaw of the continent. They are welcome to resettle in peace—but they must clear the bush and force the stubborn earth to yield a future for themselves and for their adopted countries.

[Thomas Land is a London-based political journalist whose articles appear in North America, Africa and Asia as well as in Britain.]

THE KURILE ISLANDS AND KENYA

by M. Mortimer

THE Kurile Islands have lately demonstrated the ultimate in Communist doublethink: detached from Japan in the Yalta Agreements, they were divided between the U.S.S.R. and the U.S.A., Japan relinquishing all title. Lately, Japan has climbed on to the anti-colonial bandwagon and demanded the return of her old possession. Anti-colonial corridors of pressure at U.N.O. have taken note. Russia, with that reasoning peculiar to her, blandly supported the return of the American sector of the Islands, while stressing that her own share is strictly her own domestic affair. However, the logic of this view rests in the old 'ends justifying means' controversy: if communism is right, then it is correct for the Kuriles to be part of a world socialist area and incorrect for them to be part of imperial America. None of us is free from this kind of political reasoning: for those to whom apartheid is anathema, nothing South Africa does is right: for others, nothing a black African government does, is wrong.

This myopic idealism is not beneficial to Africa and nowhere is it more dangerous than in Kenya where the myth of multi-racial paradise has been propagated in face of all evidence. Africans are no less ethnically aware than ourselves and the diverse tribes of Kenya might have lived side by side as Anglo-Saxon and Celt have learnt to do, but for economic pressure and the increasing dominance of the Kikuyu—the Ibos or Jews of Kenya. Moreover, once the external scapegoat of European and Asian goes, there is little to hold the tribes together. Because the whites in Kenya have been smeared by anti-colonial dogma, their plight has never received the sympathetic publicity accorded to Kenya Asians; but there are still 30,000 there, of which about 800 are farmers, contributing their surplus to Kenya's falling economy. The worst were those encouraged to go to Kenya under the 1945 Land Settlement Scheme, by which they were promised 48 years' security of tenure, provided they took all their capital with them. Speeches and pledges by Lord Boyd, Sir Evelyn Baring and Patrick Renison in the 'fifties did nothing to undeceive them. There is now of course no natural market for land, and the only escape route lies through land purchase schemes paid for (some £18 million) by the British Government. There is now only £500,000 in the kitty to buy out the majority of the 900 farmers who would like to leave. Payment was never generous and the technique of offering a price far below equitable level, and then waiting for deterioration to set in, was not unknown. Indeed, valuation (*vide* the Cherangani sell out) led to British High Commission intervention more than once; moreover exchange control precludes the removal of capital.

Some elderly Europeans were helped by the South African government; but little has been done, to her shame, by Britain to aid immigrants of her own race to return. In the last few months this has become an urgent matter for reasons of security, for their plight is dangerous as Kenya politically deteriorates. Through the Voice of Kenya the Government was moved to condemn Kikuyu oathing ceremonies and admitted categorically that 'something terrible is going on; M.P.s, religious leaders, traders and others have all related their experience of terrible ordeals'. Moreover, unlike the Mau Mau era, there is no dominant British military force in the country to prevent chaos and offer some protection to Europeans. Whether or not the Kenya Government would let these people go is a matter of face as well as economics. Kenya, as Mr. Gichuru observed recently, owes Britain over £43 million and there is no doubt economic pressure could be exerted. But the British, particularly with Uganda uncertainties and the last attempted coup in Tanzania, regard Kenya as a bulwark in the African cold war: Zanzibar and Somalia are there as object lessons. To this extent, 30,000 Europeans may be expendable pawns. It is a pity, in a Britain so full of moral indignation, that only South Africa and Rhodesia should hold out a helping hand.

The Afrikaners

The first war to use wireless and cinematograph records was studded with famous names: Gandhi and Baden-Powell; Churchill and Ramsay MacDonald; Rudyard Kipling and Rider Haggard; Edgar Wallace and Conan Doyle; Erskine Childers and Roger Casement. Ironically it is the war we know least about, except perhaps the 1812, to American wrath. Yet we are still paying for the Boer War as John Fisher points out in his fascinating and scholarly book 'The Afrikaners'.* Britain has seen South Africa on the periphery of imperial history: the Great Trek and Piet Retief make less impact than Paul Revere and the American Wild West, though the story is grimmer and certainly more glorious. South Africa was a useful outlet for unemployed after the Napoleonic wars; seizure of her diamond fields and annexation of Transvaal were small items in an imperial African design to protect British subjects. Mr. Fisher puts the Afrikaner in the centre of the South African picture, where he belongs. In his eyes Britain was the enemy, whose lust for gold and diamonds doomed his independence; who would use any means, missionaries and Bantu alike, to achieve sordid ends. The Boer war cost Britain £250 million and 22,000 dead—and the trust of a nation. It cost the Boers 32,000 dead, including 20,000 of their children who died in our concentration camps; 30,000 of their farms were deliberately burnt and their livestock halved. Lord Milner made every attempt to crush their language in the peace that followed and to postpone self-government until English immigrants could outvote Afrikaner; his introduction of 50,000 Chinese as cheap labour was equally hated. Afrikanerdom, which might have developed into a more friendly Quebec, became another Ireland with less ancient wrongs.

Ironically, the 'freedom fighter' Boers, the darling of English socialists and progressives, have now become their anathema through their policy of apartheid. Mr. Fisher gives a factual account of the history of separate development; a British idea from Shepstones Xhosa reserves, Bantustans of the 1850s; Rhodes Glen Gray Act for separate development in 1894; the statements of Milner and Smuts to the Afrikaner manifesto of the National Party in 1914. In the recent history of separate development emphasis has been on development, and it was Verwoerd who imaginatively turned the old colonial horizontal separateness into the vertical segregation of the Bantustans. Here too, Britain looked at South Africa from her own imperial 'wind of change' angle. The distrust of Boer for Britain has not lessened, for reasons few British bother to find out; because of the bitter past, the Boer sees British Protestations of liberal humanitarianism, concern for the Bantu, as political not moral moves, and hypocritical at that. When de Wet said at the end of the war 'lay down your arms; let us enter the dark waters together', it was a darkness created by Britain.

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* *The Afrikaners*. John Fisher. (Cassell.) 30s.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE YALTA CONFERENCE

by Stefan Kleczkowski

FEBRUARY 11, 1970, marks the twenty-fifth anniversary of the abortive Yalta Conference which decided the fate of Poland, without its consent, as it was within its September 1, 1939, frontiers, duly recognised by the whole world.

Contrary to the provisions of the Anglo-Polish Treaty of Mutual Defence signed on August 25, 1939, this conference was conducted in absence of a legal representative of the allied Polish Government then officiating in London and fully recognised and honoured by the Governments of Great Britain and of the United States of America. In other words, the Fifth Partition of Poland was effected by the three Contracting Powers (Britain, U.S. and Soviet Russia) without the presence of a delegate of the legal Polish Government being invited to participate in its deliberations. Thus a breach of international law was caused, and the fate of an ancient nation and 'the first and most faithful ally' (Churchill) settled without any obligatory formality, with the result that Poland, a western and Christian nation, with a population of over 32 million, was squeezed by force into the orbit of the Soviet Communist Empire. This was done despite the efforts and sacrifices of the Polish troops then fighting under the British Command, and subsequent huge losses in manpower and treasure on all the battlefields of Europe and Africa.

At the same time, the country was deprived of 46 per cent of its national territory by the establishment of an artificial frontier running from the city of Grondo in the North, along the river Bug in the centre, to the great fortress of Przemysl in the south—i.e. the so-called 'Curzon Line' which was suggested as a demarcation line for an armistice between Poland and the Soviet Union then at war in 1919. This partition and subjugation of Poland was never recognised by the lawful London Polish Government and by the Polish nation because, after the Russian troops occupied it, it never had been a free agent to express its will.

The partitioning powers took no notice of Poland's stand on this vital question, contrary to the international law, and only informed its London Representatives when their wartime ally was of no further use to them. The final blow came on July 5, 1945, when the Governments of Great Britain and America jointly decided to 'withdraw their recognition' from the London Polish Government, and sent it packing into the wilderness, in which it still remains to this day.

Thus, five years of Poland's tremendous losses and sacrifices (nearly 6 million dead and 2 million deported to the Soviet concentration camps) were cynically sacrificed by the western allies in order to appease a notoriously insatiable and treacherous Communist partner. It was in fact 'more than a crime—a mistake' as Talleyrand would put it, as the subsequent events had shown.

From the point of view of international law, this tragic transaction was, of course, null and void, but in the prevailing circumstances, and in view of the unwillingness of the western allies to defend its wartime partner, it was an operation of doubtful moral standards and far less political wisdom and foresight.

To-day Great Britain is paying dearly for this 'mistake' by facing the threat of Soviet aggression right in the centre of Europe, within only 400 miles of the British coast, a threat which is daily growing stronger and more menacing, as Soviet Russia is building up its conventional forces and nuclear power in Europe, and acquiring new advance bases in the Middle East and the Mediterranean.

For the record, it should be stated that the Anglo-Polish Treaty of Mutual Defence of August 25, 1939, was a freely concluded agreement in which Britain undertook to resort to arms in defence of Poland's independence in the event of an unprovoked German attack.

It was preceded by a one-sided declaration made by Mr. Neville Chamberlain on March 31, 1939, in the House of Commons, a declaration soon to be converted into a 'reciprocal mutual defence agreement'. So strengthened, Poland was ready to oppose Hitler's demands for a free passage across the Polish Corridor and for the incorporation of the Free City of Danzig into the Third Reich. The subsequent inclusion of the Polish forces under British command further strengthened this agreement in the name of Anglo-Polish brotherhood-in-arms.

The existence of a formal British undertaking to defend Poland was made public by Mr. M. Petheric, MP, on February 28, 1945, during the Yalta debate. The secret protocol attached to it specified that it became applicable only in case of German aggression, while section 1, paragraph 5, provided for reciprocal help in the event of such an aggression. Clause 3 further stated that 'any new undertaking which the Contracting Parties undertook under the present agreement shall neither limit nor indirectly create new obligations between the Contracting Parties not participating in these undertakings and the third State concerned'. In a further paragraph it was stated that 'should such an agreement be entered into by the Contracting Parties neither the sovereignty nor territorial inviobility of the other Contracting Party should be affected'. Sir Anthony Eden's declaration fully confirms this interpretation of the said treaty of defence.

In connection with the signature of the Polish-Soviet pact of July 30, 1941, Sir Anthony Eden wrote to the late General W. Sikorski, wartime Polish Premier and C. in C., as follows: 'I avail myself of this opportunity to inform you that in accordance with the Anglo-Polish Treaty of Mutual Defence of August 25, 1939, the British Government has not given the Soviet Government any undertaking which could affect its relationship between Poland and the U.S.S.R. I wish to assure you at the same time that the British Government does not recognise any territorial changes effected in Poland from August, 1939.' This was an undertaking to defend Poland's independence and the integrity of its territory, and was in accord with the Atlantic Charter, signed by all the wartime allies on August 14, 1941.

It is, therefore, unfortunate to recall that during the Yalta debate in the House of Commons on February 28, 1945, Sir Anthony Eden should have interpreted the treaty of defence in a narrower sense, that is, by stating that it referred only to Germany, not to Soviet Russia. This new interpretation was contrary to the text of the treaty of defence, together with its secret protocol, as well as Sir Anthony's personal declaration.

Count Edward Raczynski, wartime Polish Ambassador, commenting on this in his book entitled: *The Anglo-Polish Alliance,* concludes that 'this treaty included a reciprocal undertaking of mutual help understood very widely, although it does not specify the guarantee interests in Latvia, Esthonia and Rumania which tie to Poland's eastern territories.' This is an undeniable proof that both parties to the treaty of defence took these matters under their consideration which were based on the existing territorial status in the then prevailing political systems of which the Polish Republic was an essential member within the boundaries of the Riga Treaty, recognised by Great Britain in 1923. Moreover, the Atlantic Charter signed in London on May 26, 1942, between Britain and Soviet Russia as well as other states, guaranteed that these powers would not seek territorial aggrandisement, should recognise the right of all nations for self-determination and refuse to interfere in the affairs of other nations.

In the circumstances, the Polish Government could never agree to any changes of its national territory except after consultation with the legally elected Polish Parliament sitting in Warsaw. Since that government stayed in the U.K. throughout the war, it could not possibly condone such changes. In the absence of a parliamentary mandate, the whole transaction had no chance of being put into effect and could not, therefore, be binding on Poland.

So much for the legal aspect of the Yalta Agreement. Apart from the above-mentioned treaty obligations, the Polish relied throughout the war on Mr. Churchill's promises made in the House of Commons and elsewhere. In one of such speeches he said 'It is the earnest desire of the British Government that Poland should be mistress in her own house and captain of her soul.' Speaking in the House on February 8, 1945, he again stated that 'to break altogether with the lawful Government of Poland, which had been recognised during all the five years of war, would be an act subject to the most severe criticism in England. Great Britain would be charged with forsaking the cause of Poland.'

These declarations left no doubt in the hearts and minds of the Poles fighting under the British Command and of the London Polish Government as to how Britain stood towards Poland's independence, and they were therefore hopelessly disappointed when they found out, after the conclusion of the Yalta Agreement, that everything they fought for was scrapped on the altar of political expediency, contrary to international law, and to Great Britain's real interests. They remembered that Britain went to war to defend Poland on the clear understanding that by so doing she was defending herself, at least temporarily, from the threat of the German attack. Although promises were made of loans and war materials, none was kept,

but Poland had stood its ground for as long as possible, until the 'Soviet stab in the back', when further resistance was useless.

Although some military commentators to-day question the wisdom of Poland's stand in 1939, it is now clear that it gave Britain breathing space and saved her from the German air attacks for at least a year. That Poland played its rôle successfully, was admitted obliquely by Herr Alfred Speer, Hitler's wartime minister of munitions, in a *Sunday Telegraph* statement that his chief 'made a mistake in attacking Poland. It should have been a military demonstration on the Austrian and Czechoslovak model.' Unfortunately for Hitler, it misfired and Germany lost at least a year before she attacked Britain.

President Roosevelt's attitude towards Poland was always ambiguous. All he was interested in at Yalta was that 'Poland will be thoroughly friendly to the Soviet for years to come', which in fact meant complete domination by Soviet Russia. All he really wanted was to find a tool with which to rope in the votes of American Poles in the forthcoming Presidential Elections. An ill and dying man in Yalta, he was no match for the cunning and treacherous tyrant who faced him across the conference table, and who twisted him around his little finger.

The result was that the Yalta Conference opened the door for Soviet Russia not only for the domination of Eastern Europe, but of the whole European Continent, with a clear threat of further aggression following the ruthless incorporation of Czechoslovakia in 1968. Furthermore, it dealt a mortal blow to the whole structure of the British Empire because it undermined the confidence of its members in Britain's real strength, of which the failure of the 'Suez affair' was but a link in the chain-reaction which it set off.

The conclusion is that the hope of a peaceful co-existence with Soviet Russia is a myth, because she is not interested in such a pipedream but in the domination of the world.

[Stephen Kleczkowski was formerly a foreign correspondent of the *Daily Mail*.]

THE CRISIS IN FRENCH CANADA

by W. E. Greening

AT the present time the Province of Quebec is confronted with one of the gravest crises in her long history. Montreal as well as other cities of this region of Eastern Canada has been the scene of serious riots and public disturbances mostly provoked by extremist French Canadian nationalists. Some thoughtful observers, on both English- and French-speaking sides in Canada, are becoming pessimistic about the survival as a political entity of this huge and thinly populated nation which covers the whole northern half of the North American continent.

It is impossible in the course of a brief study to go into the manifold complexities of the present situation in Quebec. Its roots go back at least two centuries to the era of Wolfe, Pitt the Elder, and Louis XV. But even today the English- and the French-speaking groups in the Province of Quebec, and in English-speaking Canada, are separated by barriers of religion, language and outlook, which are almost as strong as they were a century ago at the time of the creation of the Canadian nation.

The survival of this French-speaking group in Canada, a Latin island in an Anglo Saxon and Protestant sea, has been a remarkable phenomenon of modern history. Not only have the French Canadians succeeded in preserving their language and culture in Quebec, but they have gradually spread eastwards into the Province of New Brunswick on the Atlantic coast, southwards across the boundary into the New England States, and westwards into the Province of Ontario in central Canada. They have created a culture in the valley of the Saint Lawrence River, which is a unique blend of European and North American elements.

Their great influence in Canadian national politics in Ottawa is shown by the fact that, during the past century, two of the most distinguished Prime Ministers, Laurier and Saint Laurent, were of French Canadian origin. The present gifted Prime Minister Trudeau, born in Montreal, is a mixture of French and Scottish origin typical of Canada. For over two centuries the great majority of French Canadians lived in the rural regions of their native province, in an environment far removed from the influences and the movements of the modern world, under the protection of an all powerful Roman Catholic Church. During the past two decades, however, since the end of the Second World War, these barriers have been rapidly crumbling. This has been particularly true since the beginning of the so-called Quiet Revolution in Quebec, with the accession to power of the Lesage Liberal administration in 1960. There has been a large scale migration of the French-speaking rural population from the small isolated villages to the fast growing industrial cities.

Quebec, today, is no longer a land of deeply pious peasants living under the guidance of the Church. It is a region of mighty industrial and economic enterprises, such as the huge new Churchill Falls electrical power develop-

ment, one of the largest of its type in the world, in the wilds of the far north of the province. During the past fifteen years, even in remote rural areas of the province, the power and influence of the Roman Catholic Church has suffered a decided decline, especially in the field of education.

There has also been a remarkable cultural renaissance in this area of Canada. In recent years French Canada has produced many writers, painters and musicians who have received recognition far beyond the boundaries of their native province.

There are many shadows in this picture, however. One is the fact that, in the fields of business and industry, the majority of French Canadians have positions markedly inferior to those of English-speaking origin, largely because of the peculiar French Canadian educational system, which, in the past, has trained young French Canadians to be priests, lawyers and doctors rather than technicians, scientists and businessmen. The result is that a very large percentage of the industries and financial houses of the province have always been in non-French Canadian hands. For a long time now, this situation has made the great mass of French Canadians intensely resentful and frustrated. They feel that they have never been masters in their own house because the exploitation and development of the great natural resources of their province—the water power, mineral and forest wealth—are mostly in alien hands.

This is especially true at present, when many lower class French Canadians are striving to attain a much higher standard of living. At the same time, during the past two decades, due to the influences of urbanization and industrialization which we have already mentioned, the once fabulously high French Canadian birth rate has been declining rapidly. This situation has been made worse, from the French Canadian standpoint, by the fact that the great majority of European immigrants to Canada in recent years have adapted themselves to the English Canadian cultural milieu rather than that of the French. Furthermore, since 1763 there has been comparatively little immigration from France to Quebec. The growth of the French Canadian population over the past two centuries has been almost entirely the result of natural increase.

Even in the Province of Quebec, where there is a considerable European immigrant population, these newcomers have tended to send their children to schools where English, rather than French, is the primary language of instruction, the reason being that these children would have greater economic opportunities.

During the past few years there has been an intensive American cultural penetration of the Province of Quebec through such media as television, films and radio, which threatens the survival of the French language. In these circumstances many French Canadians feel that the survival of their own distinctive culture in North America is menaced as never before. The result has been the revival, since 1960, of the more extreme and xenophobic types of French Canadian nationalism. A group of intellectuals and professional people has come to the fore who believe that the survival of French Canadian culture in North America can only be ensured by the political

separation of the Province of Quebec from the rest of Canada, and the establishment of an independent French speaking republic in the valley of the Saint Lawrence River.

This movement has aroused a vast amount of controversy both in English- and French-speaking Canada during the past few years, and space does not permit exploitation of all the pros and cons of this complex question. But critics of the movement have concentrated their attacks on its economic implications. They claim that the continued existence of a politically independent French Canadian state in North America would not be economically viable. They further claim that the institution of the new state would result in a mass exodus of American, European and other foreign capital from Quebec, that the result would be economic chaos, and that in the long run the living standaards of the majority of the French in Quebec would be substantially lowered.

Nevertheless, this movement has experienced considerable growth in the province during the past few years, due, in part, to its having the adherence of one of the most brilliant politicians in the province—René Lévesque. Lévesque first won fame as a very popular television broadcaster on the French language network of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. He then entered Quebec politics and became a member of the Liberal Cabinet administration of Lesage, which governed the province between 1960 and 1966. A year ago Lévesque deserted the Liberals and created a new political party of his own—*Le Parti Canadien*, with its field of action limited to Quebec politics. The chief policy of this party is the creation of an independent French Canadian state in the Province of Quebec. Lévesque, a brilliant orator, has a good deal of charisma, and managed to attract strong support among young French Canadian professional men, provincial civil servants and trade union members. It will be impossible to assess the real strength of his movement until the next provincial election.

The administration in power in Quebec, the Union Nationale, during the past few years has been making certain moves in a separatist direction which have been very disturbing to both the Federal Government in Ottawa, and to many English-speaking Canadians. Both Daniel Johnson, Premier of the province between 1966 and 1968, and Jean Jacques Bertrand, his successor, have been making far-reaching claims for the autonomy of their province in many fields, and its freedom from the jurisdiction and control of the Federal Government. A particularly sore point has been the recent relations between the Province of Quebec and France. Both Johnson and Bertrand have tried to carry on cultural relations with France and the former French territories in Africa in a manner completely independent of the Government in Ottawa, which caused much friction between the Governments of Canada, Quebec and France.

But the most significant factor in the recent relations between the Province of Quebec and the Federal Government was the victory of the brilliant French Canadian legal scholar and former member of the Federal Liberal Cabinet as Prime Minister and leader of the national Liberal party in the last Federal elections in June, 1968—Pierre Elliot Trudeau. Not

since the era of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, in the early years of the present century, has a French Canadian Prime Minister enjoyed so much popular support both in English-speaking and French Canada.

There is no doubt that a large majority of English-speaking Canadians voted Liberal in this Federal election because they thought that Trudeau might be able to resolve the present crisis in English-French relations in Canada and preserve national unity. Mr. Trudeau, himself is a sworn enemy of the whole separatist movement in his native province. He believes almost passionately in the necessity of the preservation of the national unity of Canada, and in the creation of better understanding between English and French Canadians. As Prime Minister, he has to move warily with regard to direct intervention in the affairs of Quebec. If he takes too strong a stand against the extreme nationalists and separatists, he will be denounced by some groups in the province as having sold out to the English Canadians, and as striving to destroy the autonomy of the province.

At the present time some of the most serious controversies in the Province of Quebec are over the vexed question of reform of the antiquated educational system. In reality, there are two separate educational systems in Quebec. One is designed for the English-speaking population, mostly concentrated in the Montreal area, and the other for the overwhelmingly dominant French-speaking population. In the past these two systems have functioned along profoundly different lines. Today some, though not all, separatists and extreme nationalists are agitating for the abolition of the English educational rights of the English-speaking Canadian populace in the province. In future, according to the ideas of this group, both the English-speaking and the children of European immigrants should be compelled to attend schools in which French is the primary language of instruction. It should be said in parenthesis that only a small fraction of the English-speaking people of the province has a working knowledge of French. Some of these extremists want to go even further and have legislation passed which would make French the only working language in industry and business firms of the province. These groups are putting pressure on Bertrand and the *Union Nationale* administration in Quebec City to pass legislation to that end.

During the year that he has been in office in Ottawa, Trudeau has been sponsoring a comprehensive programme which aims at guaranteeing to the fairly numerous groups of French Canadian residents in English-speaking Canada their full language and educational rights. The success of this campaign will be endangered in the English-speaking provinces if the campaign of the xenophobes in the Province of Quebec is successful. Mr. Trudeau is indeed faced with some of the greatest problems of any Canadian Prime Minister since Confederation, and his handling of this particular explosive one will determine his rôle in history.

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* In January, 1970, Bertrand, the Premier of Quebec, announced that a provincial election will be held some time in the coming year. This should clarify the present confused political situation.

THE USES OF MATHEMATICS

by Gordon V. Axon

A SENSE of mathematical probability is one of the most valuable abilities that anyone can possess. Particularly is it useful to statesmen.

A person who stated he had found half-a-crown in Trafalgar Square would not be regarded as a liar. If he stated he went into Trafalgar Square ten times a day, and always found half-a-crown, every time, day in, day out, he would be called a liar.

Those who argue that Shakespeare did not write his plays, on the grounds that he was not sufficiently educated, are mathematically ludicrous. For they argue that there is a relationship between education and Shakespeare. If such relationship existed, the hundreds of universities would have produced other Shakespeares. None has yet come along. Even if only one college graduate in a million were a Shakespeare, we should have had many Shakespeares in one country or another. None exists. So Shakespeare wrote his own plays. Or could have. Education plays no part.

Before the United States became involved in Vietnam, it was mathematically obvious that she could never win, unless the other side voluntarily stopped fighting. Guerrilla warfare requires a minimum of ten regulars to one guerrilla. The United States never could have supplied enough troops. A knowledge of mathematical probability would have kept the United States out of Vietnam.

In case this example is regarded as hindsight, Israel may be taken as a current example. The argument that Israel is similar to the American colonies is mathematically ridiculous. White Americans finally overcame the American Indians only after becoming numerically superior, and it took over two centuries at that. Israel will never become more populous than the Arabs. If the Arabs keep on fighting, they are bound to win eventually. Day by day, the Israeli position will get worse.

At one time, the United States argued that an economic blockade would quickly topple Castro in Cuba. Mathematically, this was ludicrous as long as the Soviet Union supplied Cuba. The addition of Cuba to the Soviet economy was so small that Castro had nothing to fear. Yet this false hope dominated American thinking for years.

Believers in astrology are likewise duping themselves. Every day we hear of freak accidents that could happen to anyone. Indeed, car accidents in the United States take a steady toll of 150 people a day. Clearly, many of these must have been expecting happy lives, or could have been, based on their horoscopes. Anyone who claims to foretell the future must explain why thousands have died in plane crashes in remote places. Could all these crashes have been predicted? Would any astrologer have predicted the same fate for all the passengers, a week or a month before the accident? When disaster strikes, as in a coal-mine explosion, or earthquake, what

mathematical chance is there that all the victims had the same astrological forecast?

Flying saucers similarly can't exist, based on the usual arguments. We are told that since man has come so far so fast in the last ten years, nothing is inherently unreasonable about believing the existence of men from outer space. But where are they? Already, the moon is littered with earth debris. Where is the debris from the men from space? Finding the earth in space is as difficult as finding one particular grain of sand in Africa. Why would men from space, so clever we are told, and so brave in braving space, be terrified of meeting earth-men? Clearly, they would not be, any more than Americans were terrified of landing on the moon.

Consider also another argument: that flying saucers have been reported since Biblical times. If that is so, surely one or more would have broken down and fallen to earth. Every day, hundreds of cars are rendered useless from malfunctions. Why not flying saucers?

Of course, what are mathematically ridiculous are the arguments. The United States could have won in Vietnam had a miracle happened. The fallacy was the argument that American troops could defeat a guerrilla army limitless in number, or almost for all practical purposes. President Johnson realised the jig was up after 500,000 American soldiers took one beating after another, and never came close to winning.

Israel can win in the Middle East—if the Arabs stop fighting. Otherwise she is doomed. Clearly, a sound Israeli policy would be directed to stopping the fighting, not making matters worse. Any increase in fighting, the current Israeli reaction, is bound to worsen the Israeli position eventually. The euphoria of 1967 has long since vanished—in Israel and the United States. Likewise, the current Israeli reaction of teaching the Arabs a lesson will prove unprofitable.

Mathematical probability is not always apposite for dogmatism. Thus the first sputnik evoked many jeers in the United States and Britain. A hoax, many cried. *The Guardian* of Manchester carried a contributed article proving conclusively the sputnik was a hoax, At least, that was the impression created. The chances against a hoax were impressive. Yet the grounds of mathematical probability could *not* be evoked here. After all, it *could* have been a hoax.

The stock market, however, is one field where mathematical probability solves many problems. Thus the belief that a sound knowledge of economics, finance and balance sheets will improve investment results is mathematically ludicrous. This is proved in practice by the poor financial results obtained by so many unit trusts. If any rational relationship existed between financial knowledge and investment achievements, the unit trusts would do much better than the market averages. They do not.

Yet practical results are not necessary to prove this financial hoax. Mathematical probability does the same. Existing financial knowledge is already reflected in stock market prices. A greater understanding or study of this knowledge will *not* help investment results for it already is fully reflected.

A DIPLOMATIC 'INCIDENT' OF 1865

by John P. Fox

MEMBERS of the Diplomatic Corps have a doubly onerous task thrust upon them when representing their countries abroad: to ensure that they perform their official duties satisfactorily; and secondly, to make sure that their 'private' behaviour is above reproach. The latter is equally important nowadays when more junior members of a legation can be 'got at' in various ways by members of a 'foreign' power. *Femmes fatales*, drugs, public or private indiscretions about the host country, incriminating tape-recordings or photographs about his private life, all these the diplomat has to guard against. At all times the diplomat has to avoid being the cause of any diplomatic 'incident' which could cause direct embarrassment to his own country.

However, as the following example illustrates, it sometimes happens that a diplomatic 'incident' will arise less from an indiscretion committed by the diplomat than from the direct actions of a representative of the host country. In this particular case it was obvious that the assault which took place in 1865 against Mr. Charles Heneage, a member of the British Legation at Copenhagen, arose less out of a specific desire to attack a member of that legation and thus cause embarrassment or humiliation to a member of Queen Victoria's diplomatic body, than from a feeling of anger and humiliation directed towards Germany arising from Denmark's defeat the previous year at the hands of Prussia and Austria over the Schleswig-Holstein affair. Mr. Heneage had the misfortune to be mistaken for a German, and was therefore assaulted.

While not diminishing in any way the seriousness of the event of which Mr. Heneage was the victim, at the same time it must be admitted that his own report of the incident to the British Envoy at Copenhagen, Sir Augustus Paget, was rather vivid, if not melodramatic. The full flavour of a diplomatist's account of a nineteenth-century version of a 'punch-up' is best tasted if his own words are used.

'Charles Heneage to Sir Augustus Paget, Copenhagen, August 21, 1865.

'I beg to acquaint you with the circumstances of an outrage which was committed on my person last Saturday (19 August) between 3 and 4 o'clock, whilst riding home from Bellevue to Copenhagen.

'I was passing a waggon with two men at a very gentle canter, when just as I passed the waggon, the driver struck my horse a heavy blow with his whip causing him to plunge, and immediately afterwards I was struck across the face, which was followed up by another blow which struck my hat. I turned round and called to the men to stop, and rode after them demanding their names, but they only drove faster. I then passed them and placed myself in the middle of the road, awaiting their approach—upon this the two men seeing that I barred their passage stopped, and the driver gave the reins to his companion. He then seized the reins of my horse, and shook

them violently, twisting them completely together, and brandishing his whip. He called me an "infamer Tysk" (infernal German) and dared me to come off my horse and fight him. The other man likewise insulted me by language and gesture from his seat on the waggon. I asked a man who had the appearance of a groom, and who happened to be riding by, to hold my horse whilst I settled the affair with the men.

'Several people began to congregate around us. On alighting from my horse I proceeded straight to the two men, the other having in the meantime got off the waggon.

'The fight then commenced, and the driver, who still held his whip in his hand, seized me by the throat and tore my shirt collar off. The other attacked me from behind.

'I shook them both off, and speedily administered very severe chastisement to both, and should evidently have come off the best of the encounter, when a number of persons who had come up and amongst whom I recognised several sailors, joined in and all attacked me at once.

'I succeeded, however, in carrying on this unequal contest for a short time during which my coat was torn off my back. At last overpowered by numbers I was hardly able to defend myself, when the driver struck me several times whilst the others held my arms. I kicked him off upon which they all set upon me with renewed violence, and the companion of the driver seized hold of my neck-tie, and pressing my head nearly down to the ground, endeavoured with his entire strength to strangle me whilst the others held me.

'My neck-tie which was tied in a sailor's knot would have run up like a noose against my neck, and with the force which this man brought to bear upon it, would have caused death in a few seconds, had it not been for a pin, with which I secure my tie from below, and which catching in the sailor's knot prevented it from tightening further round the neck. Such was the violence that this man brought to bear in his attempts to strangle me that his own companions aided by one or two women had to tear him off to make him leave go his hold.

'I then picked up my clothes, and took my own horse by the bridle, as the man who held it declared he would hold it no longer.

'I then offered five dollars to any man who would go to Bellevue, and fetch Mr. Petre (Secretary of the British Legation), but none would do it. I asked several apparently respectable persons driving by to do me the favour to let Mr. Petre know, that he might come at once, but for a long time no one would listen to me. At last three gentlemen undertook to let him know, and after some interval returned with him.

'In the meantime I prevented the men from driving away, and on Mr. Petre's arrival, gave the waggon in charge of Mr. Petre's coachman to drive back to Copenhagen, making the driver accompany it on foot. The man who tried to strangle me absconded.

'I returned on horseback accompanying the waggon and taking with me a man who saw the first blow struck, and whom I induced to come with me to the Police Station as a witness.

'I regret to be obliged to state that at the Police Station I did not meet with the attention that I consider my private position as a Gentleman, and my public capacity as one of the Queen's Servants demanded.

'Difficulties were placed in my way on every side, and I was hardly treated with becoming courtesy.

'I made my deposition before the Chief Officer of the Police Station, and insisted that the witness's statement should be taken in corroboration of what I had said.

'I handed the driver and waggon in charge of the Police, and consider them responsible for his safe custody.

'I demanded that immediate measures should be taken to secure not only the driver's companion but all such as had taken part in the outrage, but the very lukewarm reception which I met with at the Police Station, not inspiring me with such confidence as should induce me to believe that a decisive course of action would be adopted, I ventured to call on the Minister of Justice, and to explain to His Excellency what had taken place.

'His Excellency having listened to my statement was kind enough to refer me to M. Kroner, the Director of Police, but said at the same time that he would personally write to him on the subject. I called at M. Kroner's house, but the Gentleman was out of town.

'It now, therefore, only remains to me to bring the facts of the case before you.

'I am, Sir, Your obedient humble servant, Charles Heneage.'

Sir Augustus Paget was as much disturbed in spirit by this news as Mr. Heneage had been in body, and wrote immediately that same day, August 21, to the Danish Prime and Foreign Minister, M. Bluhme. Sir Augustus Paget, while emphasising the details of the outrage, also made plain his anger at the discourtesy of the police agent and whose 'manner was in no way improved on learning Mr. Heneage's position at the British Legation'. Furthermore, and despite the fact that the case had been placed in the hands of the Minister of Justice, he felt the case of so 'grave a description' that he felt it necessary to bring it to the Prime Minister's attention for settlement of all the complaints at the highest level possible.

The matter did not rest there, however. Sir Augustus Paget's complaints to M. Bluhme led to assurances being given by the King of Denmark himself, both in M. Bluhme's reply of August 22 and in person to Sir Augustus Paget on August 28, about the matter and at the same time expressing his 'deep regret at what had occurred'. Furthermore, the whole incident was condemned by the Danish press and public opinion. Not only were there the facts of the case, with Mr. Heneage being the obvious victim of an unprovoked attack, but English confidence in Denmark had quickly to be restored. At the same time, as Sir Augustus Paget reported to Lord Russell, British Foreign Secretary, the Danish Minister in London would be making a full report of the case there.

Sir Augustus Paget defended Mr. Heneage's behaviour, particularly as he had given no provocation, while he felt that the latter had 'behaved

with considerable courage and determination in what afterwards took place'.

The matter was then left in the hands of the Danish authorities with justice being allowed to take its course. The course it finally took was more probably influenced by the powerful personages who had, of necessity, become involved in the case. Yet in all this one person appeared to come out of it with honour: Mr. Charles Heneage. He must have been a pretty remarkable fellow, for not only was he good at the art of self-defence, according to his own account, but afterwards he was able to write down a clear and lucid account of what must have been a most upsetting experience.

[Material quoted is from: Public Record Office, London, F.O.22/328.]

WHERE VOYAGES END

by Cecily Lambert

FROM the soft verdure of the Ionian Island of Zante—or Zakynthos—(its ancient name) one cannot sail directly to its sister isle of Cephalonia which can be seen alluringly on the horizon. In fact, one must go all the way to the Port of Patras, and embark on a large ferryboat, for a pleasant voyage of three-and-a-half hours on the Aegean. As the boat skims over these Odyssean waters, voyagers may observe the outline of the Morea and the mud-flats of Missolonghi, where Lord Byron died, a martyr to the cause of Greek Liberation.

We dock at the unassuming little port of Sami, cupped on the shore, with the mountains towering behind. From here, a twenty-two kilometre drive leads over steep, twisting roads, past magnificently wild views of Argostolion, capital of Cephalonia, a completely untouristic town going its own aloof way. We found the inhabitants more reserved than those of Zante, but equally kind and hospitable.

There is one recently-built Xenia Hotel, with a friendly manager and delightful maids, like the handmaids of classic stories, who rush forward to anticipate the slightest whim and give charming and courteous service. The hotel meals were abundant, well-served and inexpensive. From the clean, comfortable bedrooms, balconies overlook groves of pine and eucalyptus and bowers of roses and oleander. The island is full of flowers and delicious fragrances.

Its austere mountain scenery delighted Edward Lear, whose exquisite draughtsmanship revealed its structure, and the appearance of Cephalonia has changed little since his day.

A short distance from Argostolion is the small town of Metaxata, where Lord Byron lived during the autumn of 1823, before his fatal journey to Missolonghi. He stayed in a small private house and often wandered on the heights above the sea. He wrote in his Journal:

> Standing at the window of my apartment in this beautiful village, the calm though cool serenity of a beautiful and transparent moonlight showing the islands, the mountains, the sea, with a distant outline of the Morea traced between the double azure of the waves and skies, has quieted me enough to be able to write.

Here he felt even more strongly the call to champion liberty:

> The dead have been awakened—shall I sleep?
> The world's at war with tyrants—shall I crouch?

I think the spell of the great poet lingers over the island; although the devastating earthquake of 1953 destroyed many buildings, including the old stone house where Byron stayed. Of it nothing remains, but some fragments of wall, a well in the garden and a decrepit wooden door.

Grateful for our small knowledge of Modern Greek, we talked for a while with the present occupant of the house on the site. She appeared much gratified by our interest in Lord Byron, for she suddenly darted over to a

heap of marble fragments discarded in the garden, and from these she selected a good-sized slab. 'As you are so interested in Lord Byron,' she said, 'I want you to have this.' To our delight and wonder it was the marble plaque formerly affixed to the original house, and on it was inscribed in characteristic lettering of the early nineteenth century: 'In this house lived Lord Byron in the year of our Lord 1823.' Naturally we regard this as one of our greatest treasures, bringing us even closer to the poet and leader we admire.

The Metaxatans are proud of Lord Byron's sojourn among them: a voluble old peasant leading a laden donkey directed us to the Rock that stares out to sea. On it Byron sat, to meditate and to enjoy the splendid sea-scape. On the rock remain some almost indecipherable markings, which, the old man told us sadly, were practically obliterated by the earthquake. But he informed us, as if it happened yesterday: 'On this stone, the Lord Byron wrote some lines of poetry.'

Below the rock are the remains of some Mycenaean-type tombs. Jewelry, weapons and utensils found in them can be seen in the fine new Museum at Argostolion. The surroundings of Metaxata abound with trees and luxuriant flowers. In a walled garden near the house in which he stayed, a sign indicates 'The Byron Ivy'.

In a valley below Metaxata is the model village built by Vergottis, a wealthy ship-owner, to replace one destroyed by the earthquake. It is a tranquil, unbelievably quiet place of charming villas and flower-filled gardens. There is an imposing church, a magnificent library. But the mansion, Belvedere, built by the philanthropist for himself, stands empty in its park. He never lived there, for he died in England where he spent most of his life.

The island houses have been rebuilt in cement, and in a rectangular, simple, one-story style. Only the enormously thick walls of the extensive Venetian Castle of St. George—one of the largest in Greece—withstood the disaster. Frowning stone towers, arsenals and dungeons stand on a mountain-top, overlooking a varied panorama of peaks, valleys and scattered villages.

The Castle took 150 years to complete and was finished in 1570. From its ramparts, the neighbouring Island of Zante seems to be imperceptibly approaching, like a huge, slow-moving ship. It is believable that the Zantiote poet, Dionysus Solomos, could distinguish the outline of the castle from his retreat near the castle on Zante. The country people tell a delightful tale that the Zantiotes can even hear the cocks crowing on Cephalonia. This is quite possible, for their clamourous announcements sound at any time of night or day.

Cephalonia is the largest of the Ionian group, and the island's magnificent pine forests are characteristic of its sublime mountain scenery. In deep valleys and fertile plains grow the principal crops of cotton and currants. The ancient name of the island was *Tetrapolis*, 'the Four Cities', whose remains have been discovered. Cranaea, the best-preserved, lies a short distance from Argostolion. Lixourion, another picturesque place, can

be reached by boat across the Gulf of Livadi, which extends its seven-mile-long arm into the island from the south.

One of the most interesting sights of Cephalonia are the two unique water-mills on the shore not far from Argostolion. An inrush of the sea down a tunnel more than a hundred feet long appears to make the wheels spin. The mills are five feet below sea level, and the mystery is what happens to the sea-water after it has vanished into the ground beyond the mills, whose site is now being landscaped into a charming garden with an attractive tourist pavilion being built nearby.

During the British occupation of the Ionian Islands, the Cephalonians were constantly agitating for union with Greece. There was much brutality during the revolt of 1848. An anecdote describes the murder of a Captain Parker, who was married to a Greek woman. A small party of Greek insurgents shot at the captain from their ambush behind some rocks. He fell wounded and bleeding, and the murderers came out into the open and despatched him, after which they hurriedly escaped.

The captain's little dog was found whining beside its master's body which it would not leave, and it is said to have died shortly after. In the English cemetery stands the crumbling monument to Captain Parker, over which broods the pathetic, headless stone figure of the faithful dog. The sexton explained sadly that the headlessness was due to depredations of the Italian soldiers during the last war.

We visited also the remote Convent of St. Gerasimos, with its tall, imposing bell tower. As in Italy, the campaniles are all separate from the churches. In the church of the convent the body of its Saint is preserved in a sarcophagus of carved silver. We had a picnic lunch among the remains of Cyclopean walls under the spread of a huge olive tree from where we had views to the castle-crowned mountain on one side, and the glitter of the sea at Sami, a little beyond us on the other side.

From Cephalonia, it is possible to reach Ithaca in an hour by ferry-boat. At sunset we arrived, slowly approaching the mythical isle through the Gulf of Molo that almost divides the island into two mountainous masses. Connecting them is a narrow peninsula, dominated by the thousand-foot-high Mount Aetos. The small port of Vathi is well-concealed behind this mountain gateway of gods and heroes. The white 'ferryboat' looks enormous as it towers above the small crescent-shaped capital of the Kingdom of Odysseus.

From Cephalonia, Byron visited Ithaca, which he had once longed to purchase. Count Gamba, who accompanied him, wrote: 'Lord Byron ascended to the grotto but fell asleep. I awoke him on my return, and he said I had interrupted dreams more pleasant than ever he had before in his life.' The mountain cave or grotto referred to was the Cave of the Nymphs or *Marmarospaella.*

We had also realised a dream and arrived at Ithaca, of whom Constantin Cavafy, one of Greece's most celebrated poets, had written: 'When you are going to Ithaca, wish that the way be long. Do not expect it to give you wealth—Ithaca gave you the journey.'

THE LEGENDS OF THE MARYS

by Florence E. Pettit

THE ancient town of Arles, centre of the Camargue, is only four hours away, by train, from the sophisticated Riviera. I stayed in an hotel close beside the wonderfully preserved Roman amphitheatre which seats twenty-five thousand spectators when the *courses libres* (the bull-wrestling tournaments), take place during the summer months. The wild black bulls are not killed, as they are at nearby Nîmes, for the Spanish-type *corridas* are held there. The Arlesienne fighter struggles with his four-legged opponent in much the same way as did his forbears in Mithraic times.

Mithras, the Persian god of sun and fire, whose creed is strongly linked with Zoroastrianism, represented the power of good over evil. The cult was introduced into the Roman Empire about the year 68 BC. It was received enthusiastically by the Roman soldiers. It persisted for five hundred years, long after the beginning of Christianity. The bull was held to be a sacred source of life. A bath in the blood of a sacrificed bull formed part of initiation ceremonies. Linked with fertility rites, it was thought that an initiate obtained communion with his god by feeding on his flesh and blood. This probably symbolically influenced early Christianity. The sacrifice of the bull was known as the *taurobolia*.

In the Bordeaux area of France the Minoan type of sport, where men spring over the backs of charging bulls, is still practised.

The man who conquered the bull by overcoming his horned opponent, without necessarily slaying him, was hailed for his courage and virility. But some of the bulls were also venerated. One such was Lou Vovo who died accidentally by striking his head against a barrier in the arena. His head has been mounted. It now glares at all comers from the mantelpiece of the bird museum at Saintes Maries-de-la-Mer.

I was thrilled to see hundreds of small black bulls feeding quietly on the marshes of the Camargue. There they are as much at home as are the rose-white flamingoes, the snowy little egrets and the wild white horses with their tossing manes and tails. It was strange, however, to see the horns of the bulls moving about amid waving reedbeds. I never quite became accustomed to seeing them graze in water.

Blood and water have always had a mystical significance. One of the many Holy Grail legends is that of the Virgin Mary who cupped the blood of her crucified son in a wooden vessel and took it to her Palestine home. Fearing for the safety of The Cup she decided to flee the country. (Some say she was expelled from it.) Together with Mary Magdalene and Sarah, a little black servant girl, she set sail for Provence where her relative, Joseph of Arimathea, had previously traded in tin.

The small barque landed on the beach. There they built a simple church so that the precious cup—the grail—could be safely housed. The little town of Stes Maries-de-la-Mer now has a vast cathedral-like church

of golden sandstone. When I was there penitents were lighting tall white candles in the dark, damp crypt. High on a wall, in a niche, stand the wooden effigies of two Marys, in a painted boat. The 'grail' is held in the hands of one. A decorative grille protects the model from eager fingers. The bones of the Marys have been taken elsewhere but pilgrimages are made twice a year to the great church. They are pilgrimages of gypsy people, and they come, not so much to worship Mary, the mother of Jesus, but to venerate Sarah, the little black servant! In May and again in October the Camargue is made colourful by the presence of the gypsies of Europe. The market-place is gay with stall-holders selling wares, and with music and song and much dancing. For Sarah, while accompanying the other women in the boat, became afraid, and leapt into the sea. Angels, however, who had charge over the pilgrims, caused one of the women to throw her cloak into the sea. It thereupon turned into a raft onto which Sarah was able to scramble, and return to the boat none the worse for her experience. It is this small miracle that the gypsies remember with awe.

The story goes that Mary Magdalene took the news of the arisen Christ to La Saint-Baume. She spent thirty-three years in a grotto there, praying and meditating. No one was able to visit her during that time because, if any attempted to do so, their legs were paralysed.

The gypsies believe that there were others in the boat that came from the Holy Land. Mary-Jacobe, sister of the Virgin, and Mary-Salome, mother of James and John with Martha, Maximin and Sidoine, the blind healer, and also the risen Lazarus. This could well be so, for Lazarus took The Message to Marseilles; Maximin and Sidoine went to Aix-en-Provence, and Martha took the Christian story to Tarascon. She was instrumental in ridding the town of Tarascon of its dragon, the Tarasque. This fearsome creature lived in the river Rhône, coming out only when it was hungry, when it usually made a meal of some harmless citizen. Martha, however, sprinkled it with holy water and led it through the streets tethered to her own girdle. The unappreciative people stoned it to death, much to her dismay! Arles museum — La Museon Arlaten — has a huge model of the big green dragon.

The Camargue is still a strange area of land. It is said that the planting of rice fields has rid it of its mosquitoes. (There were more than enough for me.) I visited the nearby Crau, a stony desert that inspired Dante to write his *Inferno*. Deep, unexplored caverns where underground waters flow are still 'measureless to man'. Those strange birds, the little bustards, crept about between the great round boulders that Zeus was supposed to have rained down upon the Ligurians at Hercules' request. Where I thought the earth was bare and barren, pretty lizards darted, cicadas flashed their orange wings and butterflies rose from the sweet-smelling, but insignificant herbage.

No story intrigued me more, however, than the one about the Marys who founded the church and little town on the edge of the Mediterranean shore, so very far from home.

BROWNING IN OUR ERA

by S. Whitcomb Hess

SEVERAL years ago, in his introduction to a collection of critical essays on Browning, of which a word later, Philip Drew complained that no great critic was coming to his defence in our era. Not that the poet ever had lacked devoted and subtle interpreters as Drew shows in the various critiques he edited in 1966; but the striking neglect of Browning among critics called forth this comment by Drew: 'Modern criticism is most at home in matters of technique; it makes no provision for assessing the importance of an artist's subject or a poet's theme. Browning, however, is a prime example of the man who treats words as a medium in which something meaningful can be made. To him *what* he is saying is necessarily of supreme importance. . . . The power to speak the truth . . . was to him one vitally important touchstone of a poet.'

His four corner-stone truths, in the words of the astute critic, Edwin Muir, are: 'The uniqueness of personality, the imperfection of human life, the desire of the imperfect being for perfection, and the presence of God'—truths that depend on and follow from each other and that appear in some sense or other throughout his poetry. Muir said in this connection that it is 'as absurd to call him an optimist as to call Dante an optimist because the *Divine Comedy* begins in Hell and ends in Heaven'.

But if no reading can make Browning other than a great Christian humanist in the whole of his poetry, the past two decades of criticism have been vitiated by an attempt to give him a schizoid personality. Not only have lay Freudians been having a field day with him but a good many others have represented him as a man whose outward face was calm and cheerful but whose inward face was contorted with doubts and fears. Richard D. Altick in an article titled *The Private Life of Robert Browning* (The Yale Review, December, 1951) said: 'His "healthiness" seems actually unhealthy; a feverish flush on the cheeks, a fantastic cheerfulness of view, may betray a serious malady within.' Altick cites Henry James's notion that Browning's public life and his private life were wholly at odds with one another, that the poet had 'literally mastered the secret of dividing the personal consciousness into a pair of independent compartments'.

In company with his brother, William James, Henry delved in psychological matters; yet he never intended by his words about Browning to suggest that this man had any type of psychosis. But James, Browning's younger contemporary (whose glowing tributes to Browning in his memorial address at Westminster Abbey, May 7, 1912, on the centenary of the poet's birth, and in his essay shortly after Browning's funeral in the same Abbey on December 31, 1889, are unmatched among Browning's eulogies) was doubtless indulging his bent for the cryptic in fictionalising him as dual: 'One is the genius, the other is the bourgeois, and it's only the bourgeois whom we personally know,' as he said in his playful caricature

The Private Life. He could hardly have called him 'a tremendous and incomparable modern' or referred to his 'great generous wings' as continuing to shake down on us their blessing almost a quarter of a century after his death, if he had ever thought of him as a Jekyll-Hyde in any degree whatever. Henry James recognised with that other contemporary brilliant critic, Stopford Brooke, that Browning followed his art with undeviating truthfulness (*The Century Magazine, December*, 1892). But it was James who all unwittingly gave our mid-century analysts their shibboleth of a double identity for Browning—a stock-in-trade libel for all too many critics. Even Maisie Ward sub-titles Volume II of her biography: *Two Robert Brownings*?

In *The Browning Critics* (University of Kentucky Press, 1965) we are told in the Introduction that Browning's fame has passed its nadir. In the group of twenty-two essays Altick's study referred to above has been included as well as various essays more favourable to Browning. In another volume of Browning criticism edited by Philip Drew (Methuen & Co. Ltd., London, 1966) he is overtly treated as 'a serious poet of some stature'. The book starts with the 1890 essay by James, *Browning in Westminster Abbey*, where he was described as one of England's greatest poets, even though there was none other living or dead from whose poetic head ('crowned and recrowned with almost importunate hands') so many persons would 'withhold the distinctive wreath'. That Browning has been an enigma to many interpreters from the first is certainly evident. The varieties of interpretation in each volume of essays—from London and from the University of Kentucky Press—illustrate how widely different have been the methods of attack or appreciation. Mr. Drew in his own collection of critiques did not find much 'contrary' criticism cogent. He reprinted studies that are favourable in the main; but, though certain analyses stand in diametric opposition to others in both collections of articles, the Browning critics agree that he is well worth careful study.

Careful study indeed! The literary world is now in a period of reappraisal of Browning; his own analytic spirit (which James felt so keenly during the funeral service at Westminster Abbey) may rejoice from its 'further shore' at the extremes of interpretation accorded him. ('So we are made; (Browning's Pompilia notes in *The Ring and the Book*) such difference in minds, such difference too in eyes that see the minds!') The ironic humour that characterised him (precisely as it characterised his Danish contemporary, Kierkegaard) could even find the novelist's, Mrs. Betty Miller's, *Robert Browning: A Portrait* (John Murray, London, 1952) largely laughable. The credibility given the Miller 'biography' by serious critics during its nearly two decades would only add to the humorous aspect of what purports to be straight biography but is about as far from the truth of his life as any selected bits of 'evidence', according to a captious viewpoint, can be. Here, in Maisie Ward's phrasing, Mrs. Miller shows Browning 'failing in all the great relations of his life: his integrity to his ideals, his behaviour as son, husband, father.' Admitting that the work was brilliantly written, Maisie Ward adds that it was given 'the

reviews usually accorded a best-selling novel, which indeed it notably resembles'. The poet's role is definitely that of anti-hero throughout the portrayal.

Assuredly, only a novelist has the right to create character. But the honest biographer must make so fair a selection of material from the enormous mass of it, as in Browning's case, that the portrait is a just one. The task Maisie Ward set herself was to write a comprehensive life of the poet based on such a selection. The first volume of her *Robert Browning and His World* appeared in 1967; the second, concluding volume was published in 1969 (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, New York). The feeling the biographer had was that she should answer the Miller book, detail by detail, which she decided would mean nothing prior to an overall view of her subject; for *Robert Browning: A Portrait* had been the first full-length study to appear for fifty years, and the last before Maisie Ward's own carefully prepared work dealing so ably with the great genius named Robert Browning. Her biography in fact ushers in a new Browning era for those yet to discover Browning for themselves as well as for those already convinced of his greatness both as a poet and as a man. The author says in the Introduction to Volume I that in dealing with genius, analysis is often baffled, but adds 'Mystery need not be a fog; it may be a piercing clarity to which our fogbound sight must be adjusted.'

Whatever may have been Browning's status during the past fifty years, as we enter the 1970's the academic scene fairly bristles with admiring researchers. Stopford Brooke's prophecy made less than two months after the poet's death is seemingly being realised in part:

> Among the whole of the English-speaking peoples, and in proportion as they grow in thought, in spirituality, and in love of men and women, the recognition and the praise of Browning's poetry will also grow, and grow into a power the reach of which we cannot yet conceive.
>
> (*Contemporary Review*, February 1, 1890)

Even though so many of the recent critics are attracted to Browning because of the excellence of his technique as such, his power (the reach of which Brooke said truly could not be conceived) may be similar to that of St. Ambrose. As it is remembered, St. Augustine first sought out the Milan preacher for the perfection of his rhetoric and ended by leaving pagenism for Christianity. The English Kierkegaard as I portrayed him in an article of that title (*Christian Century*, May 2, 1962) was explicit about his belief in Christ's Incarnation as a matter of historical record no less than 'an eternal truth verified in his inner and personal experience, and made the subject of deep and individual reflection,' to quote William O. Raymond, one of the noted modern Browning scholars. Browning, to be sure, has been the subject of as much debate on his actual Christianity as Kierkegaard himself; for both taught by means of the dramatic monologue as they showed soul-development or soul-degeneration. Yet in each, Christ's centrality as life's great Reality is undeniable when looked at by that same Light both fought so valiantly as true 'knights of faith' to defend. In such defence Browning wrote poetry, as he said, to save his soul.

Among dominant Browning scholars stands Dr. Roma A. King, Jr., recently named Distinguished Professor of English at Ohio University. King is Editor-in-Chief of the first variorum edition of Browning's *Complete Poems* and is being assisted in what is a gargantuan literary labour of love by Professor Park Honan of Brown University, author of *Browning's Characters: A Study of Poetic Technique;* also on the board of Editors are Professor Morse Peckham of the University of South Carolina, and Professor Gordon Pitts, University of Maryland, both of whom are authorities on this poet.

The large complete annotated variorum edition of the works of Robert Browning, which will run to thirteen volumes with the writings in chronological order, made its bow in August, 1969, with Volume One containing the early long poems, *Pauline,* and *Paracelsus* (Ohio University Press). The remaining books in the edition are to appear at the rate of one each year, extending this publication-project into the 1980's. A portrait of the poet at or about the time of composition of various works will accompany each book. For instance, the silver-copper daguerreotype used as frontispiece of Volume One by permission of the Baylor Collection shows Browning at twenty-three. It is apt enough for the youth who states at the close of Pauline, *'I believe in God and truth and love'*, or cries in *Paracelsus,* 'I go to prove my soul!', two of the poet's lifelong themes to be illustrated in a great brilliant gallery of men and women widely varying characters. Some of the speakers are conceded to be Browning's mouthpieces, notably the Pope of *The Ring and the Book* and St. John in *A Death in the Desert,* Christianly speaking. In the Third Speaker in the *Epilogue to Dramatic Personae,* Robert Browning sums up his relation to Christ:

> That one Face, far from vanish, rather grows,
> Or decomposes but to recompose,
> Becomes my universe that feels and knows!

The General Editor of the Browning volumes, Roma A. King, is now, in addition to his professorial title, the Reverend King. His ordination to the priesthood of the Episcopal Church on August 24, 1969, is significant. It was an event, he told this writer, to which his whole life had led him; my reply was, in Pompilia's words, 'God plants us where we grow', and was received in the same spirit in which it was quoted, as a tribute to Browning's own Christian witness. Dr. King's most recent Browning book (for he has written on this poet earlier in articles and books that have given him acclaim among British and American critics alike) is appropriately titled, *The Focusing Artifice: The Poetry of Robert Browning* (Ohio University Press, 1968). William Lyon Phelps, whom one of the current academic critics has termed a bit patronisingly 'the best of the nonscholars', once stated that the poet of Dr. King's intensive study is Christianity's greatest ally among the poets. As he wrote in *A Death in the Desert* (and proclaimed in varied other ways throughout his works):

> The acknowledgement of God in Christ,
> Accepted by thy reason, solves for thee
> All questions in the earth and out of it.

Browning's special acknowledgement of Christ, states Dr. King, 'goes a

long way toward defining the values and techniques that inform and structure his best poetry' (*The Focusing Artifice*, p. 127).

In Book X of *The Ring and the Book*, the speaker (Innocent III) refers to God's

> transcendent act
> Beside which even the creation fades
> Into a puny exercise of power.

The wonder of the Incarnation is further stressed in poems like *Saul* where David sings prophetically of Him in the famed lines closing, 'See the Christ stand!'—lines sung at the Browning centennial service in Westminster Abbey; always it is the 'contemporaneous Christ', to use S. K.'s term, of Whom the poet speaks—as in St. John's reference in *A Death in the Desert* to

> . . . that Life and Death
> Of which I wrote 'it was'—to me, it is:
> —Is here and now: I apprehend naught else.

Just how contemporaneous Browning felt Christ to be is shown above all in his long twin poems, *Christmas Eve and Easter Day*, where he describes, in the first person, two epochal visions of, in first-hand encounters with, the actual Presence superior to any knowing. *Christmas Eve* is concerned with the poet's visits to three different religious assemblies. He details his experiences, first, in the little chapel that resembles the one he attended in childhood with his mother; second, at the High Mass at St. Peter's; and third, at the lecture hall of a German professor. The Presence that led him at last back to the little chapel would not even bid him enter the second or the third group, that of 'the exhausted air-bell of the Critic'. However, Browning did recognise (beyond St. Peter's Square with its fountains 'growing up eternally, each to a musical watertree') the power of the Mass, and depicted it, in Maisie Wood's words, 'with an intensity no Catholic poet has ever approached.' As he views the scene from outside the door, he finds

> Earth breaks up, time drops away,
> In flows heaven with its new day
> Of endless life, when He who trod,
> Very Man and very God,
> This earth in weakness, shame and pain . . .
> Shall come again . . .
> King of kings, and Lord of lords,
> As His servant John received the words,
> 'I died, and live forever more!'
> Earth breaks up, time drops away.

The magnificent *Easter Day*, one of his greatest poems, deals with different ways of approach to God through, in, and with Christ. It is so full of Kierkegaardian truth that, had the great Danish seer been a poet too, he might have written what a contemporary British churchman named 'the most Christian poem of the century'. It should be read slowly; for the words came from the deepest wells of Browning's life.

A SCIENCE OF THE SPIRIT

by Deborah Dodd

THE word Anthroposophy is derived from two Greek words meaning 'the wisdom of man', and this science is the very essence of the advice of all great teachers since time immemorial: 'Man, know thyself'. It successfully reconciles the conflict which exists today between religion and science, for it claims that spirituality and materiality combine in man to integrate his being. Therefore spirit does not transcend matter, nor matter annihilate spirit.

The science of anthroposophy was created by Rudolf Steiner at the beginning of this century, shortly after Darwin's theory of evolution had gained recognition. Naturally it met with great opposition at the time, for it was in direct contradiction to Darwinism. Steiner claimed that man has a spiritual, not a material origin; and that he is constantly influenced both by the spirit world round him and by the spirit-forces in the physical world. He believed in the evolution of the spirit: that—at a given time in history—spirit descended into man, and since then it has gradually evolved him into a higher state of being. So re-incarnation and *karma* necessarily form important factors in his philosophy. 'Man bears within him a soul-centre belonging to the spirit-world,' he writes. 'This is the permanent human entity, which passes through repeated earthly lives in such a way that in one earthly life it is trained in normal consciousness as a being independent of that consciousness, then experiences itself in a purely spiritual world after human physical death, and in due time realises in a new earthly life the results of the preceding one.'

Although Steiner was convinced of the reality of the spirit world from his early childhood, he was a scientist at heart and he never made a statement without proving it scientifically, both by direct experience and by relating it to other known facts. 'My thought,' he said, 'will never solve for me the riddles of my spirit perception until it has reached the level at which it can penetrate the laws of nature. . . . To-day one who sets out to tell of the spirit world in imagination cannot really be content with such pictorial descriptions. He would be foisting on to the civilisation of our time the outcome of a state of knowledge quite unrelated to existing forms of knowledge.'

Because of this conviction that he must corroborate every statement that he made, Steiner took over forty years to develop his own philosophy. In *Occult Science*, an outline of the eventual result of his scientific experiments, he writes: 'At every stage—both in details and in broad review—I have subjected myself to stringent tests making sure that wideawake control accompanies each further step in spiritual vision and research. Just as the mathematician proceeds from thought to thought—where the unconscious mind, auto-suggestion and the like can play no part at all—so must the consciousness of the seer move on from one objective imagination to another.'

Rudolf Steiner was born in 1861 as the child of an Austrian village station-master, and throughout his childhood, like Wordsworth, he felt that the world was 'apparelled in celestial light'. Unlike Wordsworth, however, his vision did not fade, and he spent his childhood in a constant attempt to reconcile his own experience of the spirit world to the physical world around him. As he grew older, maths, science and the arts began to build a bridge between these two worlds, but he still felt that 'nature would not pass over into the spirit-world of my experience'. Then, when he was about sixteen, he read Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason*, and this created an important stepping-stone for him. From it he formed several conclusions on thought: namely that each thought must aim at complete accuracy; that there must be a harmony between the conclusions of thought and those of reason; and that nothing can be excluded from the realms of thought. These conclusions, together with some of Goethe's ideas, were later to form the basis of anthroposophy.

By the time he left school Steiner was firm in his conviction of the absolute reality of the spirit world: he had found a link between spirit and thought in his own personal experience. He had also come to the conclusion that the only sound manner of arriving at any truth is the scientific method of the careful observation of facts. But it still remained for him to prove the existence of the spirit world to others: as yet there was a gulf between his own experience and proven facts. He studied philosophy but found nothing there to bridge this gulf, so he began to fashion his own philosophy based on a totally new approach to thought. He felt that, through thought, it is possible to reach a higher level of consciousness in which the spirit world can be perceived. 'Human cognition,' he writes, 'can be strengthened and enhanced, just as the range of vision of the eye can be.' If thinking becomes an activity in itself, he reasoned, if we regard thoughts as concrete things, as concrete as the material world around us, then it will be possible to pass into direct experience of thought-reality of the spirit world. But Steiner believed that this realm of consciousness could only be reached through concentrated effort, so he devised a system of meditation through which the reality of the spirit world could be discovered by anyone. He was convinced that man should truly know himself and understand his own nature, both spiritual and material, for only then would he discover the key to the mystery of human existence.

In 1900 Steiner started lecturing to Theosophists, the only body of people whom he found were truly interested in his experience of the spirit world. He was asked to take the position of leader of the German section of the Theosophical Society in Berlin, and he agreed to do this although he found that many of the Theosophical beliefs were at variance to his own. Of these Theosophical lectures Edouard Schuré, a French authority on the ancient mysteries, wrote: 'When Steiner was describing the events and realities of the spirit world he seemed to be absolutely at home with them. He was not describing, he was actually seeing the objects and scenes of the unknown regions, and he made them so visible to others that cosmic phenomena appeared actual. Listening to him, one could not doubt the

reality of his spiritual vision which appeared as clear as sight but with a far more extended range.'

However, Steiner gradually drifted away from the Theosophical Society, and in 1913 the first general assemply of the Anthroposophical Society took place. A site was found for its headquarters near Basle, and here, until his death in 1925, Steiner attempted to apply his knowledge of the spiritual world in a practical way to the physical world around him. It was his aim to make the spirit world manifest in every branch of human life. 'Anthroposophy,' he said, 'wishes knowledge everywhere to flow into life, to give knowledge in a form which can help wherever help is needed in the affairs of life.'

To-day Steiner's ideas are probably most widely accepted in the field of agriculture, and his 'bio-dynamic' approach to farming is practised in many agricultural centres as well as in laboratories which test the validity of Steiner's claims. He believed that the earth is not merely a dead substance, but a living organism which must be nurtured. Therefore any mineral substance put into the earth must be transformed into life-force. This is possible through the formation of an organic compost heap which is then fed back into the soil to form a perfect humus and to restore life to the earth. In *A Scientist of the Invisible* A. P. Shepherd writes: 'In short, Steiner showed that in agriculture the farm is an organism in which man, animal and plant should live in relationship to each other and to the cosmos that can make this organism self-supplying.'

The rhythm of nature is taken into account by all farmers, but Steiner also applied this rhythm to human beings, thus inventing his own type of healing. He held that the body has two basic forces: integration and disintegration, and there must be a balance between these two as there is between sleeping and waking. Illness, he claimed, is a disturbance of this balance, and it can be prevented by following the rhythm of nature. If, however, the body should become diseased, Steiner developed remedies to restore the balance with appropriate vegetable and mineral substances. To-day many highly-qualified medical men are firm followers of anthroposophy, and have found Steiner's ideas both practical and helpful.

Perhaps his greatest achievement in the application of spiritual science towards the problems of human life lay in Steiner's approach to education. He claimed that the child goes through three phases: in the first seven years of his life he is developing his will, so at this stage it is the duty of the teacher to build a firm foundation by setting him a good example. The next seven years is a period of feeling, and the teacher should then take into consideration the child's intense emotions, his ability to appreciate art in all its forms. Education should then take on a rhythm and beauty, and even Geometry should be taught as an artistic subject with an emphasis on line and form. The third and last phase is the phase of thought, and at this time the teacher has two duties: to awaken abstract thought in the child, and to help him to realise the necessity of individual judgement or 'standing on his own feet'. This method of teaching has gained considerable acclaim, and many Steiner schools exist all over Europe.

Steiner's education also stretched over into the teaching of the mentally handicapped. When he was a young man he had become tutor to a handicapped boy of ten and he had realised that the presence of the spirit exists no less in these people than in the mentally normal, that they are in no way sub-human. He set up various homes and villages where the mentally handicapped live a communistic existence, each one playing an essential part in the growth and preservation of the community. They live in small families with two house-parents, growing their own food, making their own bread and looking after their own animals. In this way, each one—according to his ability—helps the community as a whole.

No philosophic or scientific discovery is of any real value unless it can be put to some practical use. It is clear that anthroposophy can. As A. P. Shepherd says, 'It extends the horizons of knowledge, it integrates the material with the spiritual, . . . it supplies the answer to the present human dilemma.'

ONE THOUSAND YEARS OF ART IN POLAND

by Alan Bird

IN recent months we have experienced something of a cultural bombardment from Poland. We have had Polish music played by Polish orchestras and *ensembles*, an exhibition of contemporary Polish painting, and performances by the Polish Mime Theatre, inspired perhaps by Martha Graham and Maurice Béjart and incorporating elements from classical ballet and gymnastics, showed us the theatricality which seems innate to the Polish character. There was an element of baroque splendour in the Mime Theatre's startling eroticism, imaginative use of properties and costumes, specially commissioned scores and in the precise athleticism of the dancers. On the other hand, Grotowski's company exhibited a form of dramatic spectacle which came near to the bull-ring and the hospital operating theatre, in which all that was superfluous was stripped away, in which the very muscles and sinews of both play and players were agonisingly and publicly flayed with no consideration for our emotions and without any of the usual trappings of the theatre. In this drama we glimpsed the soul of a nation which has suffered both from its own unhappy internal dissensions and from the brutality of the other European nations. And now we have this fine exhibition of *1000 Years of Art in Poland*.

Polish museums, galleries and private owners have sent an enormous amount of material—almost five hundred exhibits—and our own British Museum and the Bodleian have each contributed priceless illustrated missals. There is immense generosity in this exhibition, particularly at a time when private owners and state museums are becoming more and more reluctant to allow their treasures to undergo the hazards of travel and exhibition in foreign galleries with degrees of air-conditioning and lighting perhaps hostile to the well-being of the exhibits. Burlington House has become a treasure cave crammed to overflowing with pictures from the fifteenth century down to the present day, textiles, carvings, books, maps, pottery, prints, saddles, carpets, ornaments and tapestries. Almost every facet of Polish art and craft is represented here.

It is only by the merest chance that many of the exhibits have remained in Poland or even in existence. Poland has suffered by its position in central Europe; more, maybe, from the ravages and greed of Germany than from its other neighbours. At the end of the eighteenth century when the Prussian armies invaded Poland they seized the Polish crown jewels and dispersed, destroyed or melted down the greater part of them. It is moving to read that the sword of King Sigismund I The Old, made in Cracow in the first quarter of the sixteenth century and stolen by the Prussians in 1795, was recently found in London, bought by a group of patriotic Poles and presented to the State collection in Wawel Castle, the superb treasure-chest in Cracow. Other precious objects and many architectural gems were wantonly destroyed by the Nazis during and after their invasion in 1939.

Yet other treasures suffered an almost equally perilous fate in friendly hands. For instance, between 1548 and 1567 King Sigismund Augustus commissioned 350 tapestries, of which 136 still remain, to be made in the manufactories of Brussels. During the last war they were kept in Canada and only reluctantly released to the present Polish government. Without doubt they are the largest and finest group of tapestries still in existence. On the other hand, we should remember that our own Dulwich collection was originally intended for Poland. Stanislas Augustus Poniatowski (1764-1795), who had stayed in English which he much admired, ordered a gallery of paintings to be bought for him here. His agents in London were Noel Desenfans and Francis Bourgeois who bought avidly from the collections dispersed by the French Revolution and the Revolutionary Wars. In the event, however, the collection never left England and was eventually bequeathed to the nation and forms the heart of the Dulwich Gallery. Remembering the partitions of Poland and its sufferings at the hands of other European nations we may well marvel at the wealth of treasures offered in this exhibition.

Poland has never been isolated from the main trends of European art nor, in general, is its art noticeably national in spirit. In the middle ages Poland shared the spirit of the Romanesque, deriving much from French architectural sculpture although the influence of the Rhineland can be seen in the fourteenth century figures of Christ Crucified from Starogard in East Pomerania. Some of the most beautiful pieces such as the winsome *Virgin and Child* from Kruzlowa (illustrated on the poster of the exhibition) were carved in the spirit of the anonymous Master of the Beautiful Madonnas who seems to have come from the Slav areas of Central Europe. One of the most glorious of the exhibits is a cross formed from two crowns, both made in Venice towards the middle of the thirteenth century, which probably belonged to Prince Boleslas V the Chaste and his wife, the Beatified Cunegunda. This masterpiece of glittering glory enriched with diamonds, rubies, sapphires, pearls and other precious stones serves to remind us of Poland's many links with the centres of art and craft in Europe. On the other hand, the oldest Polish book dating from 1473, the illustrated missals and the many fine examples of printing and book-binding demonstrate that Poland did not lack craftsmen of her own. One of the most delightful items is the silver-gilt cock made in Cracow in 1565 for King Sigismund II Augustus for presentation to the guild of archers known as the Marksmen's Brotherhood. An extremely rare object is the fourteenth century figure of Christ riding an ass which retains its original simple carriage and which was used in the Palm Sunday processions at the church in Szydlowiec. Such pieces connected with the ritual and ceremony of the medieval church are rare in the extreme. Polish painting of the middle ages of which we have several lovely examples such as the panel of *Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane* from the main altar of St. Catherine's in Cracow has marked affinities with the Italian trecento and none at all with icon painting as practised in neighbouring Russia: its angular and expressive style has been claimed for the Cracow-Little Poland school. Even here, of course, there

are relationships with the angular style of the late Gothic as seen all over Europe during the fifteenth century.

The artistic capital Cracow seems to have experienced a period of renewed vigour during the sixteenth century when a spirit of humanism influenced many aspects of life. King Sigismund the Old rebuilt the Royal castle on Wawel Hill, employing Italian craftsmen who between 1507 and 1536 transformed it into a Renaissance palace (now the principal state museum), containing in its chapel some of the finest funeral sculpture to be seen outside Italy. Bartholomeo Berecci and Giovanni Maria Padovano who were responsible for this work inspired later generations of Polish sculptors and were themselves the predecessors of many Italian artists who were to work in Poland. The humanist sympathies of this period are demonstrated in the exhibition by six limewood, painted heads from the coffered ceiling of the Ambassador's Chamber in Wawel castle. Originally the ceiling was decorated with 194 heads intended to form a kind of gallery illustrative of the rules and famous men of contemporary Europe but of these carvings only 30 remain. The early seventeenth century was a golden period when the Italian baroque was in the ascendancy. Inevitably in a country so zealously Catholic as Poland, the forces of the Counter-Reformation were experienced and resulted in the construction of many churches modelled on the *Il Gesù* at Rome. A new capital arose in Warsaw, the city of Sigismund III. Great collections of paintings and *objets d'art* were formed by the crown and by noblemen, works from the Low Countries and Italy being especially sought after. Here again Poland mirrored the tendencies of other European countries. It was at this period, for instance, that Charles I created the finest collection in Europe, unfortunately lost to England when it was sold and dispersed by the Commonwealth. These European contacts remained strong until the middle of the seventeenth century when the Swedish wars and, probably, the decay of trade with the East weakened Polish power and prosperity.

With the reign of John Sobieski (1674-1697), a new era opens in the artistic history of Poland. The mature Baroque style made itself felt not only in the large towns but also in the outlying provinces. But a new element enters Polish life, that of the Near East. There had always been trade with the East from where carpets, tents and arms had been imported, but the period of the Turkish wars, ending with the famous victory of King John Sobieski at Vienna in 1683, brought about a direct confrontation which had a vital impact on Poland. When in the first half of the eighteenth century the crown fell to Saxony it was Dresden which gained the palaces, galleries and collections of art which remain its principal glory. Somewhat neglected, Poland formed a style of its own, deriving much from the Orient especially in the dress, arms, equipment and manners of the nobility. This new style, termed Sarmatic, which amalgamated elements of the baroque, the rococo and the Oriental, was adopted nationally and justified by the widely held belief that the Polish nobility were descended from the ancient rulers of Eastern Europe, the Sarmatii. All that was unusual and theatrical now found fertile soil in Poland and was absorbed in the Sarmatic manner.

Hence the many portraits in this exhibition, for nowhere did the style manifest itself more fully than in the love of portraiture. No Polish house of the time was complete without its rows of portraits of ancestors, many of them apocryphal. Not only the costumes of the sitters but also the linear, near calligraphic style of the portraiture proclaims Oriental influences. This Sarmatic style is also to be seen in the minor arts of the period, particularly in the late seventeenth century tent roof decorated in the Persian style and the many superb rugs, as beautiful as any woven in the east. In the Sarmatian spirt Poland seems to have found a national identity.

By the end of the eigthteenth century Poland had regained her confidence. As early as 1773 she instituted a Commission for National Education, the first of its kind in Europe. Poles travelled widely, not least in England where the last king of Poland Stanislas Augustus stayed for a time, his nephew Stanislas Poniatowski enrolling at Cambridge as a student. There was an appreciation of English landscape gardening and of the simple dignity of English furniture. The neo-classical style, popular all over Europe and even in America, was adopted with alacrity. This is the period of elegant country houses tastefully decorated and furnished, the period of which the aristocratic and poetic melancholy of Chopin seems so representative. The principal painter was, however the Italian Marcello Bacciarelli (1731-1818) who worked in an eclectic late baroque style. After working for Augustus III in Dresden and Maria Theresa in Vienna, he was invited to Warsaw in 1766 and stayed there for the rest of his life. A confident, almost flamboyant painter he was principally interested in portraiture but executed religious, historical and allegorical compositions as well as directing academies, training artists and generally advising the king on artistic matters; Bacciarelli's self-portrait in the exhibition shows him in a modified Polish national costume leaving the viewer in no doubt as to his sympathies with his adopted country. Bacciarelli's role was similar to that of Raphael Mengs in Spain and there are considerable resemblances between the two international artists. The Italian Giuseppe Grassi (1758-1838), also invited from Vienna, allied himself with the nationalist cause in Poland. After the partition of 1795 he worked in Vienna and Dresden. His *Portrait of Prince Joseph Poniatowski beside his horse* has something of the easy elegance of the English painters such as Romney and Hoppner whom he admired but also owes much to Pompeo Batoni. Another artist of the time, Jean-Pierre Norblin de la Gourdaine (1745-1830), came from Paris and brought with him a delicate gift for rococo decoration partly derived from Watteau and Lancret although he also showed a remarkable ability in topographical scenes of Polish life. The greatest of all the foreign artists working in Poland was surely Bernardo Bellotto (1720-1780), who came to Warsaw in 1767 and remained there for the rest of his life. King Stanislas Augustus commissioned from him a series of 26 views of Warsaw which, because of their meticulous clarity and accuracy, constitute an invaluable source of information on the architecture, costumes, topography and ceremonies of the period. These were the last of a line of foreign artists who had influenced painting and art in Poland from the middle ages

onwards and the exhibition wisely and carefully records their achievement.

Naturally, there had always been artists of Polish nationality, some of whom had studied abroad. But during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries it is hard to isolate a style which might be described as specifically Polish. There is, however, a form of painting which does not seem to have been derived from Foreign sources, unless one goes back to Alexandrian tomb portraits: this is the so-called coffin portrait, a most intriguing phenomenon in the history of Polish baroque painting. A portrait painted on wood, lead or copper in the shape of an octagon or hexagon was placed on the coffin and afterwards hung on the tomb or the walls of the church. The exhibition contains nineteen of these coffin-portraits, painted for the most part by itinerant and unknown artists. As well as a kind of 'primitive' quality not unlike the paintings to be found on English platters and chargers of the seventeenth century, they betray a slightly Eastern or Sarmatic quality.

In terms of easel painting it was not until the nineteenth century that Poland came into her own, when the talents of Piotr Michalowsky (1800-1855) emerged. Descended from a rich land-owning family, he associated himself with the cause of Polish nationalism. Fairly late in life he went to study in Paris where he became acquainted with the work of Géricault. His genius was quickly recognised in both France and Poland and he travelled with familiarity all over Europe. Michalowsky is well represented by his *bravura* equestrian paintings and portraits, also sharing with Géricault and Delacroix an interest in national types although he had developed a personal style in which greys, browns and subtle white highlights predominated. Maksymilian and Alexander Giermyski and Josef Chelmonski bear witness to the vigorous strength of Polish painting in the middle of the century. One of the most interesting painters is Jacek Malczewski (1854-1929) whose dry touch and extraordinary vision anticipated surrealism. The only European artist with whom he can be compared is the Hungarian Csontvary (1853-1919) whose extraordinary genius is now receiving European recognition. Towards the end of the century we find the links with France confirmed in the work of Slewinski (1854-1918) who was close to Gauguin and the Pont Aven group. His *Woman Combing her Hair* has affinities with Degas but also with the hysterical impressionism of Munich. The Art Nouveau movement is exemplified in *The Strange Garden* of Jozef Mehoffer (1869-1946), a remarkable work in which a monstrous gold-winged insect hovers over a strange sun-soaked garden in which three humans pursue their fantastic and individual ways. Streminski (1893-1952) has an honourable place in the history of modern art, partly because of his association with the Russian Malevitch at Vitebsk, partly because of his influential teaching at Lodz and partly because of his own excellent paintings. Yet another fine artist is Stazewski, already well-known in England, who has maintained a purely abstract style and who is still working at the age of seventy-four.

Evidently there are other talented painters and sculptors but it must be regretted that this exhibition contains too few contemporary works for us

to judge their quality. Both in the graphic work and painting exhibited there is an unfortunate tendency to the whimsical and fey. These qualities are to be seen in the work of Markowski (born 1912) who appears to reflect the influence of Dubuffet and *l'art brut* in an unhappy degree. Obviously a selection of contemporary art always presents difficulties for political, personal and artistic reasons. It is, perhaps, carping to suggest that we might have done with fewer modern paintings if this would have allowed more space for Bellotto's views in Warsaw. These are undisputed masterpieces and deserve a better setting. The music which is occasionally relayed in various rooms is too often distracting and cacophonous rather than soothing or inspiring. Perhaps something from Chopin, that suffering and sensitive son of Poland, might have sufficed; or if the recent agonies of Poland needed emphasis, music by Penderecki might have been played.

It should be recognised that *1000 Years of Art in Poland* is a very important exhibition on a scale which must prove more and more difficult to emulate. We owe a debt of gratitude to the various museums which have loaned their treasures for our education and delight. Here, for our enjoyment are the artistic achievements and possessions of a proud and gallant member of the European community of nations.

SADLER'S WELLS OPERA

by David Fingleton

IN my article on Sadler's Wells Opera at the London Coliseum a year ago, I said in conclusion that it would be interesting to see how Stephen Arlen and his colleagues made use of their chances to build up a strong tradition of performance at their new home. Last season, Sadler's Wells' first at the Coliseum, the reader may recall was at best patchy; and, aside from a really memorable transfer of the Blatchley/Byam Shaw/Goodall *Mastersingers* from Rosebery Avenue it had little of outstanding quality. Beyond the period of last year's review came a splendid new production (again with double orchestra and chorus) of Verdi's *Force of Destiny*, and a most satisfying and distinguished revival, in Italian, of Monteverdi's *Orfeo*. Thus for their second season at the Coliseum, Charles Mackerras' first as musical director, the auguries looked rather more promising than they had at the disastrous opening production of *Don Giovanni* in September, 1968.

Those auguries were not false. It is pleasant to be able to report that the second season has by and large attained a level of distinction that was all too rarely achieved last year. There are still some endemic horrors. The ballet is now renamed the Sadler's Wells Opera Movement Group and is none the better for it. The lighting and stage management are still generally slovenly and sometimes abysmal. There are still those quirks of Sadler's Wells 'with-it' production such as the compulsive donning of joke sun glasses in *Don Giovanni* and *Count Ory*, and the abuse of 'ice cream' Anglo-Italian for some character parts. The audience too needs discipline: too often music is drowned by the clapping of a set or a favourite singer; there is indiscriminate applause during acts, and sometimes even during arias; there is far too much chit-chat and rushing away before the final curtain. The programmes now come at a flat rate of 2s. without the option of a free cast list, which seems to prejudice the regular opera-goer. Another disturbing development has been the recent decision to cut down on the company's touring function, limiting that to when the Coliseum itself is closed, and thus abandoning the twin company system altogether. Although two companies will be touring simultaneously for larger and smaller productions, this surely risks an attenuation in the development of young singers. At the same time it could be argued that to have the company's full resources available throughout the London season will make for more satisfying performances at the Coliseum.

Musically, however, this has been a far more distinguished season, and if new productions have not invariably received universal acclaim, there has certainly been no lack of enterprise. Charles Mackerras has undoubtedly taken orchestra and singers well in hand, and the four productions under his baton all produced distinguished playing in the pit. He was ably supported by Reginald Goodall, Bryan Balkwill and Maurits Sillim, whose *Count Ory* was one of the most musically sensitive offerings of the season.

One is perhaps too ready to criticise Sadler's Wells' failures of detail, their lack of polish and absence of star talent. To offset that, it is well to bear in mind that since September they have to date this season staged no less than eighteen operas, including a new Christmas opera by Malcolm Williamson, a revolutionary Michael Geliot production of Berlioz' *Damnation of Faust*, a most memorable production of *The Valkyrie* with a new English translation, and a charming new production of Gilbert and Sullivan's *Patience*. What is more, there are still five or six more operas to come, including a new production of Beethoven's *Leonora*—the original of *Fidelio*—before the season ends in May. It is remarkable that there is now in central London the opportunity to enjoy so great a range of opera in English, and that we have a company in the first week of February able to stage two performances of *The Valkyrie* in amongst *La Traviata, Rigoletto, Patience* and *Lucky Peter's Journey*. The sheer organisation this must entail makes for stupefaction.

It would obviously be less than stimulating for the reader if I produced a detailed analysis of each of the fifteen productions I attended this season, but I shall, however, attempt to give an impression of the outstanding characteristics of each, and place an emphasis on those productions which were entirely new. The first of those this season was the centenary commemoration of Berlioz with his *Damnation of Faust*. This was in the hands of Michael Geliot and proved a stimulating, if not totally satisfying experience. Mr. Geliot had the idea of using projections on vast mirrors to frame the naturalistic action unfolding within the framework of a carved Gothic set designed by Wilfried Minks. At times the mirrors merely bore multiple reflections of the performers and at other times bore projections as various as Cranach paintings, flower photography (a full then overblown rose for *D'Amour l'Ardente Flamme*) nude underwater swimmers for the *Dance of the Sylphs*, and so on. At the same time on stage there was an endlessly unwinding pseudo Bayeux Tapestry for the battle image evoked by the *Hungarian March* and a tasteless and vilely danced enactment of the Crucifixion to accompany the Easter sequence. The result of all this perhaps inevitably was to make this 'unstageable' opera visually so distracting that I simply could not concentrate on the sheer beauty and potent meaning of the music. What is more, for a concept of this kind to succeed there must be consummate stage management and lighting techniques along with a first rate Corps de Ballet; and the Sadler's Wells company possesses none of these. Musically *Faust* was much more satisfying. Charles Mackerras produced some splendidly sensitive playing from the pit—it is remarkable how the orchestra can play quite beside itself on certain occasions for certain conductors—and on stage Margaret Curphey's Marguerite and Alberto Remedios' Faust were both well sung if self-consciously acted, and Raimund Herincx's Mefistofele was a ringing, cynical and memorable interpretation. It was not that this production contained flaws that should be remembered, however, so much as that it was conceived and mounted to provide stimulation and argument for London's music-loving public.

Lucky Peter's Journey, for me at any rate, was a substantial disappoint-

ment. One gathers that the original Strindberg fairy tale had a magic ring or some such talisman which shaped Peter's destiny. This had entirely disappeared in Edmund Tracey's cumbersome and rather patronising libretto which was full of 'witty' asides about nationalising Peter and other topicalities. We were thus presented with a cynical and charmless story for and about children, stolidly presented by, and I suspect in reality for, adults. I did not find the score enchanting, or even particularly attractive; it seemed to crave a likeness either to Vaughan Williams or Richard Rodgers as the mood took it. The sets were gloomy, and, I felt, for adult delectation, and once again group scenes were let down by scruffy dancing from the Movement Group. It seemed absurd that the boy and girl protagonists should have been written for a baritone and a mezzo, and although Geoffrey Chard was his usual stylish self as Peter, it did upset me that he should have had to perform the entire part at half knees-bend. April Cantelo and Jennifer Vyvyan added some much needed gaiety to the proceedings which were produced by John Cox, designed by Dacre Punt and conducted by John Barker.

A much happier new production by John Cox was *Patience*. Here one of Gilbert and Sullivan's less immediately attractive works was lifted right into the front rank by a lively, unfussy production and some exquisite designs by John Stoddart. From an initial drop curtain of pure William Morris we travelled the gamut of nineteenth century English art. Few productions at the Coliseum can be pleasanter to look at. All the main parts were well taken with Derek Hammond Stroud giving a predictably well sung and acted and impeccably enunciated Bunthorne. Heather Begg was a majestic and endearing Lady Jane, her double bass solo a tour de force, and Wendy Baldwin provided a clearly sung Patience. Eric Shilling's Colonel was rather unfunny on the first night, but may well have filled out in subsequent performances. The frock-coated Kenneth Montgomery conducted with style. In this range of operettas, the revivals of Offenbach's *Bluebeard and his Six Wives*, and Johann Strauss's *Die Fledermaus* were both enjoyable. I felt that this Offenbach was more successful than last year's *Orpheus* or *Belle Helène*. It had real pace, a charming Gordon Fraserish collection of sets, and some splendid touches of humour of which Bluebeard's four 'skinhead' henchmen must surely top the list. Julian Orchard's Count Oscar and Ann Howard's Boulotte both had the wit and sparkle of operetta well in hand, the former through high camp, and the latter through high spirits. Roderick Brydon conducted this uneven score with judgement and drew the most possible from John Brecknock and Ann Howard in the admirable death duet at the beginning of the third act. *Die Fledermaus* was amiable entertainment but rather lacked the sheer style that characterises Viennese or even Parisian productions of operetta. For all that Catherine Wilson was a ravishing Rosalinda and Heather Begg a polished Orlofsky, and Glen Byam Shaw's production showed its customary regard for the music which was conducted with vigour, if imprecisely by John Matheson.

Last season's new production of Verdi's *Force of Destiny* came too late for notice in our article, so it was well that the present season opened with

it. Like the *Mastersingers* and *Valkyrie* it is designed to use the joint orchestral and choral forces of both companies, and thus makes me wonder whether Sadler's Wells' policy, in view of their large new home, will be to concentrate on larger scale operas. It would be a great pity to neglect the more intimate repertoire, but no harm will be done if the general standard of 'big' productions remains as high as this one by Colin Graham. *Force of Destiny* is a somewhat unwieldy opera, but all possible fire and intensity were extracted from it in this performance under Bryan Balkwill who inspired orchestra and chorus to a high level of competence. The cast was dominated vocally by Pauline Tinsley's Leonora; for, although she did not look ideal for the part, particularly not when masquerading as a boy, her singing was most exciting and had class. Joyce Blackham was a vivid Preziosilla and her patriotic war song was one of the evening's peaks. This was one of those productions where highly audible scene shifting detracted from my enjoyment of the music. Another Verdi offering was the revival of *La Traviata* in William Royston's Manchester production of 1960. This showed what talent and potential Margaret Curphey and Geoffrey Chard both have in their encouraging portrayals of Violetta and Père Germont. Miss Curphey was not a *grande dame* Violetta, rather a touching one in Mirella Freni mould, and Geoffrey Chard brought style to the action and music whenever he was on stage. Unfortunately the orchestra, under Kenneth Montgomery, seemed temporarily to have relapsed into mediocrity. Perhaps the less said about the performance I saw of *Madame Butterfly* the better; it lacked Maria Pellegrini in the title role that evening, which was a pity, but I do not think that even she could have rescued this disenchanting and stilted production. It is alarming that Sadler's Wells still seem able to present evenings as undistinguished as this one.

There were revivals of two Mozart and two Rossini operas, with *Idomeneo, Cosi fan Tutte* and the *Barber of Seville* still to come. I did not see the *Magic Flute*, which does not appear to have been a distinguished affair, but in the hands of Charles Mackerras, who must surely now be one of this country's most accomplished and versatile operatic conductors, *Don Giovanni* for all its hideous sets, irritating production and clumsy libretto, bore little resemblance to the shambles of last year. Musically it was of a very high level with orchestra in splendid form, and Geoffrey Chard, Stafford Dean, Elizabeth Harwood, a superb Elvira, and Margaret Neville all showing what powerful performers they are. Geoffrey Chard's Don has already toured for Glyndebourne, and he must surely be one of Britain's most promising young singers. In the *Italian Girl in Algiers* Gillian Knight had the unenviable task of replacing Patricia Kern as this year's Isabella. It was a different, less polished portrayal, but an agreeable and interesting one nonetheless. The music in Bryan Balkwill's hands was far better played than last year. The revival of the 1963 Islington production of *Count Ory* was for me one of the highlights of this season. Peter Rice's sets and costumes are a joy to behold, the shaping of the music by Maurits Sillem was of the highest order—*echt* Rossini, and a strong cast headed by Catherine Wilson's delectable Countess produced also an outstandingly

promising bass in Anthony Raffell's Tutor. If Sadler's Wells could keep consistently to this high standard there would be few European repertory companies to beat them. Two other revivals were of Richard Strauss's *Ariadne auf Naxos* and of Stravinsky's *Rake's Progress*, both conducted by Mackerras. The *Ariadne* was disappointing; the *Prologue* was adequately done with a strong performance by Margreta Elkins as the Composer—her singing had distinction—but the *Opera* was really rather a poor affair with much sloppy singing and production. *The Rake's Progress* was tidily enough done with excellent performances from Raimund Herincx as Nick Shadow and Ann Howard as Baba the Turk, but its cartoon sets were dwarfed by the vast Coliseum stage, and the atmosphere consequently evaporated. There was also an exciting and successful revival of Prokofiev's *Love of Three Oranges* which showed yet another extension of the Sadler's Wells range.

The last production I saw was the new *Valkyrie*, the first instalment one hopes of the English Ring Cycle of the seventies. What a memorable performance it was from every respect. Andrew Porter's new translation was clear and uncluttered; Ralph Koltai's lunar designs were exciting, if eccentric, and the wisdom of a reflecting backcloth is debatable. The Blatchley/Byam Shaw production was lucid to a degree and entirely faithful to the music. Once again Reginald Goodall revealed himself as one of the great Wagnerians of our time with his resplendently architectural interpretation of the score, and the double orchestra gave its all for him. Norman Bailey's Wotan proved that he is truly a world class Wagner singer, and Rita Hunter's Brunnhilde if unusually youthful and bright in concept was a satisfying portrayal, quite admirably sung. Alberto Remedios and Ava June were a competent, and at times moving, Siegmund and Sieglinde, and Clifford Grant an exceedingly well sung Hunding. The enunciation throughout was impeccable, and Wotan's second act narration in Norman Bailey's hands was of the highest quality. This was an evening to look back on with unalloyed pleasure, and makes the whole *raison d'être* of Sadler's Wells worthwhile. Opera in English of a standard as high as this really does contribute to our cultural heritage.

The signs are present that this standard may become a general one. This season has shown a refreshing advance from last, and it was interesting to see the Cologne Opera's *Fidelio* at the old Sadler's Wells in Rosebery Avenue and not to feel that we are outclassed. Nevertheless the company does still lack a homogeneity of production and an inherent and recognisable Sadler's Wells 'style' of performance, and it is hoped, in the light of this season with some confidence, that as time goes on at the Coliseum the style will emerge, the more obvious faults be eradicated, and mediocrity become firmly a thing of the past.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

TWO EDWARDIAN GIANTS

Shaw—'The Chucker-Out'. Allan Chappelow. Allen & Unwin, 75s.

H. G. Wells: His Turbulent Life and Times. Lovat Dickinson. Macmillan, 63s.

Mr. Chappelow's book is a weighty one in all senses: a generous and varied compendium of biographical information, and, physically, weighing three-and-a-half pounds. *Shaw—'The Chucker-Out'* is a companion volume to *Shaw the Villager* (1962) which this monthly reviewed, and it exhibits not only the author's vast enthusiasm for his subject but a remarkable ability for collecting and sifting an enormous mass of both trivial and significant material about G.B.S. Thus the reader is given in thirty pages a full account of Shaw's Printed Postcards and Stock Letter replies, which range from rebuffs to writers of begging-letters to terms and conditions for public performances of his plays and statements of his views on vegetarianism and on the use of Shorthand, Simplified Spelling, and a Revised British Alphabet. I received a treasurable hand-written postcard myself (unfortunately lost) during the First World War. Shaw was a tireless expositor of ideas and opinions, his own and other people's, a born debater; and as the world knows, his diligence as a key-figure in the Fabian Society and as (for seven years) a Vestryman of St. Pancras resulted in many sociological reforms of varying degrees of magnitude. His Irish voice was challenging, golden and compelling. With half-a-dozen others I once, in the early 'Twenties' sat at his feet in a first-floor room in Long Acre when he positively rippled with wit and kindly interest for an hour after already lecturing for more than an hour. I remember also one glorious evening in the old Queen's Hall when Shaw debated with G. K. Chesterton and dilated on Anti-Vivisection.

A book such as Mr. Chappelow's is too full of interest to be summarised; it is one to be referred to and consulted for light on Shaw and his multifarious contributions to the intellectual, creative, political and sociological life of the first half of the 20th century. As Miss Vera Brittain says in her Foreword, 'this is a book which no present or future student of Shaw and his time will be able to do without'.

Because they were avowed socialists, Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells came inevitably into conjunction, not only in the Fabian Society but in the Leftist Movement which developed so rapidly in the early years of the century. But because they were startlingly individualistic they ranged themselves frequently in opposition. Shaw's early transition from a middle-class cultured background in Dublin to ten intense years of journalistic struggle in London was matched—but with what a difference—by Wells's origins as a child of domestic servants who failed in their one venture into shop-keeping. Before he was fourteen he was put to work in a draper's shop in Windsor, but after two months was sent home as inattentive, uncivil and dreamy. Also, he had a cough which pursued him, with lung trouble, into young manhood. 'Home', however, by that time meant the great house of Up Park in Sussex whither Bertie's mother had retreated to her former mistress as lady's maid-cum-housekeeper. There he was taken in and given the run of the library and the parklands. The story after that is familiar to readers of H.G.'s early fiction: some weeks as a chemist's apprentice at Midhurst, a brief

boarding period at a local grammar school, followed by being articled to drapers at Southsea. This job he endured for two years before, at seventeen, breaking his articles and becoming an under-master at the two-roomed grammar school which faced the great gates of Cowdray Park. These formative years are vividly described in Mr. Lovat Dickinson's wise biographical and critical assessment in *H. G. Wells: His Turbulent Life and Times*, and the opportunity he had wrested from adverse circumstances was used by the young teacher to such effect that the Department of Education offered him a studentship at the Normal School of Science in South Kensington with a bursary of a guinea a week. The year was 1884 and Wells was just eighteen, a slender good-looking youth who was one of three in Professor Huxley's class to get a first-class pass at the end of the year and his scholarship renewed.

What followed after this—illness, near starvation in London, failure in his degree course, another period of schoolteaching, more illness, and then at twenty-two his second assault on London. Seven to ten years later he was accredited as the author of seven of the scientific romances which made his name famous. Merely to think of 'The Time Machine', 'The Island of Dr. Moreau', 'The Invisible Man' and 'The War of the Worlds' is to realise the importance of his advent as an author of promise and distinction.

Mr. Lovat Dickinson traces Wells's personal and literary career in the six decades that followed until his death in 1946; his serious novels, his conflicts with press and public and publishers, his role as prophet and planner, his 'Outline of History' and other vast essays in ethical, political and social reconstruction. Also the reader is piloted through the shoals and currents of H.G.'s wayward personal relationships; and one of Lovat Dickinson's notable achievements in this book is the record he gives of H.G.'s dealings with Macmillans and Sir Frederick Macmillan, who published so many of his books.

A notice of this length is bound to be cursory and incomplete where giants like Shaw and Wells are concerned. My recollection of that upper room in Long Acre, when, with Henry Williamson and three or four others, we sat on the floor listening to Shaw talking, is one supremely of an unassuming warm-hearted man. And my one disagreement with Mr. Lovat Dickinson is when he says of Wells that 'he was all brains and very little heart'. I remember him warmly dispensing tea and chat to P.E.N. committee members in his Baker Street flat, or chuckling outside a Barcelona Congress of the P.E.N. in 1935 when someone produced a Spanish morning paper which had blacked out parts of his previous day's Address as International President. The Civil War had not begun but the spirit of freedom had long been stirring in Catalonia.

WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR

A NEW PROSE ANTHOLOGY

Modern Writers and Other Essays. Stuart Hampshire. Chatto & Windus, 35s. Paperback, 12s.

Although they are mainly literary and biographical, it is as philosopher rather than as literary critic that Professor Hampshire offers the twenty-two essays, collected from the various periodicals in which they have appeared over a period of fifteen years, reprinted here. The authors considered include Auden, Joyce, Virginia Woolf, E. M. Forster, Sade, Wilde, Freud, Henry and William James, Bertrand Russell, Wittgenstein, Pasternak, Proust, Edmund Burke and George Eliot. A wide spectrum of writers superficially very diverse. The connection is supplied by Professor Hampshire's idiosyncratic unity of approach.

His governing interest has been first philosophical, and then psychological—'I have looked for the origin of a peculiar use of a literary form, which can be interpreted as expressing philosophical ideas, and I have expected to find the origin of the ideas in the history of a temperament.' The bias of the book is that there exist a set of needs which only philosophical argument is capable of satisfying; needs which sometimes act as incitements to imagination. And Professor Hampshire is concerned to translate the variant fictive forms and methods back into the initial philosophical ideas which prescribed them.

His main unifying theme is the opposition between nature and artificiality. All these writers have been involved with the laying bare of the bedrock of human nature as they envisaged it. Sade conceived it in terms of physical constitution, counting moral tradition and social custom as artificial, and regarding erotic and aggressive drives as natural. Joyce, Woolf, Forster, Proust and Eliot were all at ease with theories of reality and illusion, and tried, through an awakening of self-awareness, to distinguish between the trivialities of experience and its original substance. As a result, they re-arranged in their novels the conventional pattern of the natural and artificial in human behaviour. James, Russell and Wittgenstein, philosophers, alert to the emotional needs of their own philosophies, were explicit concerning, or at least did not conceal, the temperamental and imaginative sources of their philosophical interests. Burke's conception of what is natural and what artificial, runs absolutely counter to Sade's—in that it accepts precedent and tradition as natural, and, indeed, regards any philosophical questioning of them as artificial.

Once familiar with the guide lines laid down in the introductory chapter, the remainder of the book provides the reader who is not primarily a philosopher with a most rewarding insight into the—often unconscious—motivation and indirectly expressed inner conflict which dictated the style and form employed, and offers a tentative philosophical explanation as to why the works of these artists continue to command most serious literary attention.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN

ROBERT BROWNING: A GREAT BIOGRAPHY COMPLETED

Robert Browning and His World: Two Robert Brownings? Maisie Ward. Cassell & Co., 45s.

Seldom have I enjoyed a literary biography so much, and with such critical satisfaction, as the two-volumes of Miss Maisie Ward's *Robert Browning and His World.* The first part, 'The Private Face' (reviewed here in December 1968 issue) took the reader from the poet's beginnings (b.1812) up to his wife's death in 1861. Despite the remarkable range of his native poetic power he had never equalled E.B.B.'s standing in the public estimation and had indeed only found belated favour with the critics when 'Men and Women' appeared in 1855. Without protest against the critical rebuffs he had pressed on with his work—the most completely individual poetic utterance of the 19th century—while bearing uncomplainingly Elizabeth's drug-addiction and immersion in spiritualism. One son had been born to them, Robert Wiedemann Barrett Browning (their adored 'Pen') in 1849.

In this second volume, 'Two Robert Brownings?', Miss Ward takes up the story from the poet's bereavement and bewildered loneliness in Italy and traces his return to life in England and his subsequent development not only as the mighty creator of 'The Ring and the Book' but also as a darling of the aristocratic world and a tireless diner-out. Browning societies sprang up in Britain and America;

the element of verbal obscurity in so much of his work was eagerly parsed and analysed by countless devotees, and there is no doubt that Browning enjoyed the attention he received on all hands. Henry James wrote in 1880, 'One of the latest sensations was going one day to Lady Airlie's to hear Browning read his own poems —with the comfort of finding that, at least, if you don't understand them, he himself apparently understands them even less. He reads them as if he hated them and would like to bite them to pieces'. This was only one of James's impressions, however, for later he averred that Browning was no bard like Tennyson but a thousand times more a poet. Another acute observation by James about Browning's conversation was, 'a sort of shrill interruptingness. It is altogether gossip and personality, and is not very beautifully worded. But evidently there are two Brownings—an esoteric and an exoteric. The former never peeps out in society and the latter has not a ray of suggestion of "Men and Women".' James's biographer Leon Edel, according to Miss Ward, 'believes that Henry James's theory of the two Brownings originated in his uneasy awareness that there were two of Henry James'.

Browning's friendships with Lady Ashburton, Isa Blagden, Julia Wedgwood and other high-minded women provide fascinating glimpses of the emotional complexities he experienced during his autumnal years in London society. His chief constant concern was the welfare and advancement of his son Pen, artist and eccentric. Whenever he could he contrived opportunities for Pen to exhibit and sell his large but not distinguished canvasses; and Pen, for his part, acquired one property after another in Asolo. When he died, at the age of sixty-three in the centenary year of his father's birth, his debts in English money amounted to £21,000, but when these were paid an estate remained of about £27,000. How surprised his devoted and so often disappointed father would have been! A strange offspring of the union of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Pen is scarcely mentioned by most biographers of Browning, but Miss Ward answers many of the questions that come to mind, and this is part of the large humanity of her treatment of the whole Browning story. She sees Browning plain, outwardly the conventional middle-class bob-tailed conformist (someone asked of him, 'Who is that too exuberant financier?'), but also she sees him as the inspired creator of 'The Ring and the Book' and (in the words of Edmund Gosse) as 'The subtlest of writers he was the simplest of men'.

WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR

THE BACKBONE OF ORIENTAL CERAMICS

Celadon Wares. G. St. G. Gompertz, Faber and Faber, 42s.

Celadon is a decorative rather than a scientific term and covers a range of pieces of blue-green or grey-green glaze which have been made for a considerable period in various parts of the Far East. They are probably the most beautiful and delicate selection of ceramic ware ever to have been created and have been described by a leading Japanese expert, Mr. Fujio Koyama, as the backbone of oriental ceramics. Mr. Gompertz, who has already written two extremely scholarly monographs on particular features of this subject, now provides an admirable general guide to it as a whole, covering not only the Chinese celadons, which are the most celebrated, but also the very beautiful Korean examples and those made in Japan and what is now Thailand.

The Chinese made Ju celadons from the northern part of the empire the official imperial ware as early as somewhere about the tenth century and they remained

so until the capture of Peking by the Tartars in 1127. The extraordinarily delicate and subtle pieces produced by both the southern and the northern craftsmen in this era are among the most remarkable works of art created in the whole period of the Sung Dynasty. Many of the earliest examples, which are known by the generic name of Yueh ware, were exported to various parts of the Far East from the T'ang period onwards and the Lung-ch'uan wares were shipped as far as Egypt and Turkey in considerable quantities. The Topkapu Palace in Istanbul has still today no less than thirteen hundred specimens preserved there. The extreme elegance and fineness of the glaze gave rise to a widely-held belief that celadon ware contained magic properties and would disclose the presence of poison in food. The large number of examples which have been retrieved from tombs shows the esteem which was placed on this ware in a particularly ancestor conscious civilisation. It first came to be known in the west in the second half of the seventeenth century, probably as a result of imports by the various European East India companies. During the eighteenth century they were much prized there for their decorative appeal and larger specimens were frequently mounted in ormolu or even in gold. It is only in the present century, however, that the increase of scholarly knowledge of oriental art and the archaeological activities in China between the wars, often in themselves of a haphazard and destructive nature but producing a wide yield, have enabled the majority of examples to be placed in their proper historical perspective.

Mr. Gompertz gives a concise, clear and well-written account of the origin, manufacture and development of these pieces and he has a lively feeling for their special attraction. It is an unhappy outcome of the present remoteness of China from the western world that, as Mr. Gompertz points out, not only have very few westerners been able to study recent discoveries but the quality of the available photographs of these is extremely poor. He has, however, been present himself at a number of important finds of Koryo period wares in Korea and has an active personal knowledge both of present day Japanese collections and publications and of of the process of manufacture that is still carried on by the Thai Celadon Company of Bangkok. He has a number of interesting points to make about the technical achievements involved and includes a useful chapter on modern celadon, copies and fakes. There is a good selection of photographs provided, including four sensationally beautiful ones in colour.

This is not intended as a definitive book for the expert but as an intelligible guide for the intelligent collector. It is remarkably good value for the price at which it is sold and the presentation has all the advantages which one has come to look for in the Faber ceramic publications. Once the collector has formed a taste for celadons it is probably likely to remain a standard by which he will judge all other porcelain as well as a life-long attraction. To quote from Mr. Gompertz:

'To the connoisseur celadon wares are among the chief glories of oriental ceramics: he never tires of examining each piece and noting the subtleties of tone and shade, the beauty of the carved or impressed decoration; but those without previous experience are often bewildered by the quiet, subdued coloration, which at first seems dull and monotonous . . . ; however, . . . the eye soon accommodates to a new experience and begins to take note of features which were not at first apparent; and finally, after a period of self-tuition, it will often be found that one's appreciation has grown beyond expectation and that a new realm of beauty has unfolded. There are, indeed, few more lovely sights in the whole field of ceramics than a well-selected group of celadons, with their smooth, soft glaze texture and restful tones ranging from an ethereal bluish green to olive or dove-grey'.

ERNLE MONEY

MARTYR TO A CAUSE

My Life with Martin Luther King, Jr. Coretta Scott King. Hodder & Stoughton, 35s.

It was tragically ironic that Martin Luther King, dedicated to non-violence, should have died violently from an assassin's gun at 39. There had been threats, warnings, a stabbing by a demented black woman. When he received the Nobel Peace Prize in Oslo in 1964 his father said: 'You don't know how it feels when some stranger calls you on the phone and tells you that he wants to kill you, or your son'. His widow states that he always talked of his readiness to give his life for a cause he believed in, feeling that it would serve as a redemptive force inspiring others; so when she was told of the Memphis shooting 'the call I seemed subconsciously to have been waiting for all our lives had come'. This fatalism doubtless accounts for the restraint—remarkable in a race so emotional in religion and Freedom Movement ideals—with which she records the tragedy.

Both were from the south—she of rural, he of urban parentage; both met colour prejudice from childhood. Daughter of a sawmill haulier and truck farmer, she worked as cotton-picker at ten, though later went to good schools and studied music. He was the son of a pastor, already prominent in local movements for the advancement of coloured people, who would say of race discrimination in buses 'Even though the law may force me to ride in the back my mind is always up front' and tell his son 'Nobody can make a slave of you if you don't think like a slave'. He played a part in an Operation Breadbasket campaign to get shopkeepers to employ Negroes proportionate to the amount Negroes spent in the shops, or be boycotted—and they were duly installed. The vividly portrayed 'Daddy' Martin was a portent.

So when Martin became in turn a minister at 25 he was well primed to use his eloquence to further his people's emancipation. And the marriage, devotedly described here, was undoubtedly an ideal partnership for the purpose. It began with a wedding night spent at the home of an undertaker friend, and in later years Martin would say: 'Do you know, we spent our honeymoon at a funeral parlour'.

For twelve years he worked courageously for the Cause—through mass demonstrations, freedom rides, lunch counter sit-ins, resistance to fines, jailings, agitation that pressured Government policy on the Civil Rights Act and Voting Rights Bill. Through it all Mrs. King stood staunchly by him, wishing no other life though it meant abandoning her dream of a musical career. She has written this book to share with others the fulfilment she found in their life together, and feels that she must re-dedicate herself to the completion of his task, the realisation of his dream. Her plain, honest narrative, ardent in tone, rarely overstrained, is itself a big step forward to that end.

TREVOR ALLEN

LILLIAN HELLMAN'S MEMOIRS

An Unfinished Woman. Lillian Hellman. Macmillan. 50s.

The trouble with most autobiographies is their tendency to fall into such a similar pattern. 'And then I was privileged to ride Excalibur in the Gold Cup for His Grace . . .' 'and then I defended what became known as the triple farmhouse murder . . .' etc. One is led through a boring chronological sequence of a hard childhood, early struggles and culminating triumphs. Fortunately Miss Hellman's book is in no way like this. She describes the book as a memoir and this may well be the key. Most of the book is of fragmentary recollections the parts of which

so readily make up the whole. It is fair to say the book can roughly be divided into three sections. The first deals with her childhood in New Orleans and her early years in publishing houses in New York but nowhere are we burdened with dates; the pictures she draws do flit past us as memories. The middle part of her book deals with her visit to Spain at the time of the civil war and later visits to Russia. This is more or less in diary form but itself is interspersed with contemporary comments and recollection.

By the final section she has abandoned any form of sequence. Whereas the second centre portion is the least interesting of the three, this, the third, is without doubt quite fascinating not the least because of her description of her memories and life with Dashiel Hammett, author of 'The Thin Man' and 'The Maltese Falcon'. She lived with this immensely proud and morally strong man on and off for thirty years and it is in this section that we begin to see her inadequacies. She also tells us of her relationship with Dorothy Parker and with her negro maid Helen, and her negro nurse as a child. Perhaps these four people were the ones, in different ways, she loved.

Throughout this memoir flit the years of thirties, forties and fifties in kaleidoscopic fashion shifting page by page, the sad death of George Gershwin, Hammett's quarrels with Hemingway, Hammett's championship of Scott Fitzgerald. Lost friends, lost opportunities, lost decades beautifully recalled.

JAMES MORTON

THE COLLABORATIVE EXCHANGE

English Literature in Our Time and The University, by F. R. Leavis. Chatto and Windus, 30s.

The Clark Lectures given by F. R. Leavis at Cambridge in 1967 form this book, together with a long introductory essay in which the author makes a vigorous defence of the importance of an English School in the life of a contemporary university. Indeed, it is more than a defence; it is an affirmation of its centrality. Dr. Leavis is passionately concerned with 'keeping alive, potent and developing the full human consciousness of ends and values and human nature that comes to us out of the long creative continuity of our culture'. And 'value' in his connotation is not a simple analogue for carrying a price tag, although to disregard it may well mean paying an excessively high price in the end. An English School in a university, defined as a collaborative community of students and teachers, carries for him the chief responsibility for maintaining the vital continuity of humane creative values at their most pervasive.

In our rapidly changing civilisation—basically industrial, and here referred to as 'technologico-Benthamite'—the utilitarian criteria are not so much attacked as shown to be too poverty stricken for emotional and cultural health. The political economist's faith in a harmony of competing interests in which maximum individual profit leads to the fullest social well-being, would imply that any aspect of life that escapes the calculus appears secondary and accidental. The university, Dr. Leavis maintains, contains one of the spiritual communities a country needs as its mind and conscience. The English School within it has a decisive role to play in affecting the climate of society. A testing and crucial feature of critical activity is that it is only partly the occupation of isolated individuals. It is always exercised within some academic tradition which is the culture of a specific society. Its continuance presupposes rebuilding a particular kind of community, a university where ephemeral wants, tastes and prejudices are not the prime movers. 'A collaborative exchange, a corrective and creative interplay of judgement' are

characteristic of criticism and, since language 'is very largely the essential life of a culture', literature as a mode of language possesses that life in distillation. That literature is one of the distinctive forms of knowledge, meeting all epistemological tests, is Dr. Leavis's strong contention. Equally clear is his commitment to the belief that it is to the moral consciousness amongst man's faculties that literature addresses itself.

Dr. Leavis is no latterday Matthew Arnold, however, for he does not appeal to formal touchstones, precedents for literary judgements. Certainly the Arnoldian view of literature as 'a criticism of life' accords with his. But the blazing purity of his close and accurate study of T. S. Eliot or D. H. Lawrence owes nothing to preconceptions of what poetry or novels should be. 'The discussion', he says, 'is an effort to establish the poem as something standing in a common world between those discussing'. And the essays collected in this book provide an embodiment of the methods by which Dr. Leavis has, in our time, brought about a major reversal of the values by which not only literature but education itself is currently judged.

BETTY ABEL

SHORTER REVIEWS

Measure for Measure (Chatto & Windus. 25s.). 'Reforming the trade unions' is the theme of this vigorous and provocative book by Stephen Fay, Labour Correspondent of the *Sunday Times*. In concentrating upon union reform he is not exempting management from some responsibility for the present disastrous state of industrial relations. From a brief historical analysis of labour disputes and trade union organisation and policy, he concludes that 'only locally have the unions been strong', and that to give the appearance of national strength some larger unions have lent their support to local and irresponsible power groups. 'The greatest single problem confronting the British industrial relations system is the absence of a general method of getting higher pay, equitably distributed, justified by higher productivity and with some kind of peace obligation on the unions which would not interfere with their basic right to strike'. With this object in view, he is greatly impressed by the long term all-embracing contracts entered into by the large American unions, including in particular the U.A.W. Under his own proposals he would require managements to negotiate long term contracts with recognised unions, within standards prescribed by a strengthened Commission on Industrial Relations. The contract would become legally binding, but with a built-in contractual right by the unions to declare a strike in specified circumstances. 'The major purpose of the contract is to impose a greater degree of control in return for higher wages and better working conditions'. The author is not in favour of a cooling off period, as being largely ineffective in this country. He is obviously in favour of fewer unions on the West German pattern introduced during the British occupation after the war, upon British recommendations; but he also recognises that here it will be a slow process fostered by voluntary fusions. Under his proposals, the unofficial striker would become liable to summary dismissal. He concedes that the introduction of such contracts would lead initially to higher wage levels and 'our balance of payments might relapse briefly'. These proposals will no doubt attract much opposition from unions and the T.U.C., but for the author at least 'it shows me a light at the end of the tunnel, and I cannot see one now'.

This is certainly a book which will stimulate thought in an approaching period of union change.

The Age Between (Hutchinson. 35s. hardboard: 10s. paperback.). This study of 'adolescents in a disturbed society' is by Dr. Derek Miller, formerly chairman of the Adolescent Unit, The Tavistock Clinic, London, and now a clinical professor of psychiatry at Michigan University. It is an important book which discusses very briefly the pressures and emotions which surround the adolescent and the need for expert trained help from teachers, doctors, youth officers and all concerned with the welfare of the growing child. Training by itself is not enough. One of the difficulties in Britain, for example, and not dealt with by the author, in dealing with juvenile delinquents is to find the right probation officer with the suitable personality to influence the particular offender. Discussing drugs, Dr. Miller sees no easy solution. 'Ultimately adolescents must decide for themselves on the basis of the knowledge they are given'. The threat of criminal proceedings is no real deterrent. It is the environmental influences which are so important, in importing knowledge of the risks of drug taking and providing social conditions in which it is not practised. On permissiveness, Dr. Miller writes: 'this is probably desirable if it allows young people to make emotional contact with each other and the world. Permissiveness becomes destructive license only when individuals are exposed to intolerable stress and conflict'. Dr. Miller is hardly right about this in relation, at least, to drug taking.

Coleridge on Shakespeare (Penguin Books. 12s.). This volume, which was first published in 1959 as *Coleridge's Writings on Shakespeare*, is now included in the Penguin Shakespeare Library. In this edition, the editor Terence Hawkes has expanded and brought up to date the bibliography. The text is substantially the same. The object has been to include everything significant written about Shakespeare's works. The Introduction by Alfred Harbage, of course, is included, with only slight emendations. Another well-known work of Shakespeare criticism, on a different level, namely *Shaw on Shakespeare*, has been added to this series. It was first published in 1961 and includes Edwin Wilson's Introduction. He is also editor and has collected all Shaw's scattered comments on the plays. He seeks to show that Shaw is a valid critic in spite of his supercilious vanity and often absurd comments on Shakespeare as a writer whom he, in his own words 'so entirely' despised.

The Pelican Book of English Prose (Pelican Books Vol. 1, 12s.: Vol. 2, 10s.). Roger Sharrock has edited the first volume, which starts with the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle of about 780 and continues down to the French Revolution and the Romantic Movement. This is a representative selection which includes more than 100 pieces in about 700 pages, with a short Introduction by the Editor, who 'has provided a body of material which could be used for the study of prose methods and the temper and characteristics of various periods.' Mr. Raymond Williams has edited and written an Introduction to the second volume which continues the anthology to the present day, in rather fewer pages. 'In general', he writes, 'I have chosen extracts which, taken as a whole, seem to me to give ways of understanding the period, in its major literary and social developments'. Perhaps the main value of these volumes is that they may be enjoyed for occasional reading or provide a basis for serious discussion.

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BRITAIN'S INTERNATIONAL FUTURE

by Grant Hugo

Lies, damned lies and statistics.
Attrib. Disraeli.

SUPERNATURAL intervention is no longer required 'to see ourselves as others see us'. This is one 'giftie' that the mass media of the modern world thrust upon us without respite or mercy. What Moscow Radio omits will soon be supplied by candid friends: 'lost an Empire and has yet to find a role'; 'toothless bulldog'; 'the sick man of Europe'. The insults and the epigrams are so unremitting that it is all too easy to find solace in the comfortable words of Gibbon and to believe that we 'may, perhaps, a hundred years hence still continue to be abused'.

But anyone mixing with foreign scholars and reading their sober, careful, dispassionate writings soon becomes aware of a critical undercurrent that cannot be so lightly dismissed. It is widely held abroad that British ability to influence events will continue to decline, not merely in relation to the Super-Powers, but by comparison with China, Germany and Japan, even with Canada, France and Italy. These predictions rest on three assumptions: that the hierarchy of nations depends on their relative economic resources, that these may be predicted by extrapolation of the rate of change in their gross production per capita and that simple calculation shows Britain to be falling behind her potential rivals. Kahn and Wiener[1], for instance, see Britain as destined to be surpassed by all these countries except Canada and Italy, who will be running neck and neck in the year 2000. And even this place Britain will owe to the size of her population alone: qualitatively she will be in the second, or 'early post-industrial', class of nations, whereas Canada, Scandinavia, Switzerland, France, West Germany and the Benelux countries will have joined the United States and Japan in the first division. Calleo spells out the

implications:

> if a purely national Britain would be a viable economic proposition, it seems far less likely that it could continue for long many of the cultural and institutional attributes of the great past. In the new world, Britain would be left alone on the sidelines. She would doubtless continue to enjoy the world, but not have much to say about running it.[2]

The temptation to dismiss statistical projections or to recall the notorious fallibility in prophecy of the economists may, for the purpose of this article, be rejected. If the experts are agreed, then, as Lord Russell has plausibly argued, the opposite view is at least uncertain. What matters is the nature and truth of the first assumption: that economic growth determines national stature. Economic, of course, is a misleading adjective. Power stations, even computers, neither breed nor proliferate of themselves. Somebody has to design and construct them: to *will* them. However significant the statistics, these only indicate the outcome of more complex and less purely economic processes. This does not worry the pessimists, who easily shift their arguments from the economic to the moral plane: 'the whole society seems immersed in self-indulgence... British management and labour can be expected to continue indefinitely their amiable partnership in decline'.

These words—and they are widely echoed—bring us nearer to the core of the charge. British attitudes, whether these are called moral, political or social, are somehow inimical to economic growth and hence to international influence. The clue lies in the pejorative phrase: 'amiable partnership'. Growth must be nourished by sterner stuff, by men determined that they—and everyone about them—shall 'get on or get out', by ruthless, thrusting, competitive characters whom the *Economist* once compared to motorists eager to beat the lights, to jump the queue, to cut in and out of the crawling traffic. Their relative scarcity in Britain (off the roads, that is) has been variously attributed to the class system, to inadequate education, to over-careful potty-training and to the wrong kind of stories for children. The causes do not matter: there is a deficiency in the average Briton of what may be termed, with all the neutrality of the psychologist, individual aggressiveness.

The importance of this quality, whether in economic growth or in Empire-building, needs no argument. India could only have been conquered, America opened up, Russia industrialised by ruthless and resolute men. The question is whether, in the world before us, nations will continue to derive unqualified advantage from the prevalence among their citizens of this individual *Wille zur Macht*. Vital, in his thoughtful and stimulating 'Inequality of States',[3] offers an intriguing yardstick for measuring 'the strength and weakness of states and their long-term viability':

> the capacity of the state to withstand stress, on the one hand, and its ability to pursue a policy of its own devising, on the other.

Now the qualities of the successful entrepreneur, of the Captain of Industry, are obviously important to the second objective. Palmerston could have built a business as easily as he imposed the will of Britain and the industrial wheel of the Victorian juggernaut moved as smoothly,

and over the bodies of as many victims, as the imperialist. The ability of Britain, as of other countries, 'to pursue a policy of its own devising' depended on the initiative and drive of quite a small minority: the secondary efforts of the masses could be taken for granted. In a period of unprecedented innovation, of extraordinary expansion, the state was exposed to remarkably little stress.

In the modern world the compatibility of Vital's two criteria may be less easily achieved. Nuclear missiles, admittedly, can be discharged and, to some extent, even produced, by an élite. But these weapons are, in more senses than one, the last resort of the states which possess them. For long-term viability nations must rely on their armies, their industrial labour force, their citizenry, on millions of human beings who are necessarily not an élite, but who are no longer the mindless and unquestioning servants of the élite. The basis of leadership is changing. In 1797 Admiral Adam Duncan suppressed a mutiny by seizing the ringleader by his collar and dangling him at arm's length over the side of the ship. This was an extreme instance of the traditional tendency of leaders, when born of better fed mothers, to be physically bigger (Duncan was six feet four inches tall), stronger, braver and more versed in the use of arms than the led, who were thus easily intimidated. The increasing diffusion of food, literacy, knowledge, aspirations to equality and arms, explosives and the power of combination has undermined the force of the old precept that soldiers should fear their officers more than the enemy. The drive of the élite is nowadays apt to encounter resistance when directly applied to the masses, who must increasingly be persuaded, rather than compelled, to contribute their indispensable efforts to the expansion of production or the defence of the state.

How this might best be done is very much a matter of controversy. On the one hand there is the ideal of the thrusting élite, whose uninhibited ambition drags the masses after them; on the other, there is the 'amiable partnership', in which the ungoaded inertia of the masses may slow the wheels of progress. It is much too early to offer any assured diagnosis, let alone a firm prediction—even the developed countries are only beginning to appreciate the full impact of industrialisation—but some emerging trends may be tentatively distinguished. First of all, there does seem to be a certain correlation between the ruthlessness of the élite and the rate of economic growth, whether in capitalist or in communist countries. Secondly there is a tendency for rapid growth to generate internal disunity and to impair the ability of the most advanced states to withstand external stress. In the early stages, of course, when the masses are still socially and culturally pre-industrial, this can be—and is—met by repression, but this expedient may become more difficult once the people begin to catch up with their economy. The advanced countries which have most conspicuously out-distanced Britain in economic development have also done so in the violence and frequency of their internal strife. Britain's amiable partnership may permit too many unofficial strikes, but Downing Street, unlike more potent executive mansions, has not yet needed the protection

of an armoured division.

Of course, Britain is not going to be immune from internal strife. Northern Ireland has been a foretaste and the dire predictions of Mr. Powell are at least pointers to problems that still await a solution. There are many reasons for expecting internal disputes to find less violent expression in Britain than elsewhere, but only one of them is immediately relevant. If there is any truth in the progression—ruthless drive—economic growth—accelerated change—social discord, may there not be a factor missing in the equations of Dr. Kahn? He offers such a remarkable range of variations in his survey of mankind's progress towards the twenty-first century that two omissions seem a trifle surprising: the possibilities of a civil war in the United States or of a revolution in Russia. These are perhaps improbable contingencies, but both have happened before. A less startling variable would be to assume that the Super-Powers (for the Russian people will surely follow their economy into the mass-consumption phase) and other advanced countries will experience political and social dissension proportional to their rate of economic growth; that this will, on the one hand, set up a negative feed-back retarding further growth and, on the other, divert the product of their growth from the exertion of external influence to the containment of internal unrest. The fastest growing countries might thus proceed by fits and starts which, even if they did not allow the British tortoise to catch up, might nevertheless prevent their international influence from rising in proportion to their gross national product.

It is thus at least conceivable that political factors will distort the economic curves and produce an international hierarchy rather different from that suggested by today's projections. But suppose the economists are right—that growth possesses a momentum capable of over-riding all but the most overwhelming political convulsions, that a fevered Japan will nevertheless far outstrip a tranquil Britain—is it certain that economic strength equals international influence? Even in the extreme case of war this seems a little doubtful. Professor Deutsch,[4] for instance, uses the statistics of munitions production to argue that:

> the Axis powers produced far more munitions than the Allies in 1938, 1939, 1940 and 1941, but that their lead diminished in 1942 and was decisively lost in 1943, the year Winston Churchill aptly dubbed 'the hinge of fate'.

No doubt the Allies did win when their production was decisively superior, but Britain survived alone from the summer of 1940 to the summer of 1941 with an output of munitions that was half Germany's.[5] She did so for non-economic reasons and, if she had not, 1943 would never have been 'the hinge of fate'. No comparably reliable figures are available for the North Vietnamese output of munitions (and their imports) in recent years, but the disproportion between their economic resources and those of the United States must be far greater. Neither Britain nor North Vietnam was fully able to pursue policies of its own devising during these periods, but they did withstand stress.

In less abnormal circumstances, too, we may observe states withstanding

stress and pursuing their own policies without much of an economic foundation for these achievements. Cambodia has survived the wreck of Indo-China with a fraction of the resources lavished on Vietnam and still maintains a foreign policy as idiosyncratic as it is occasionally irritating to the rich and powerful. If Egyptian influence could be expressed as a proportion of her gross national product, the Egyptian ratio would greatly exceed the American. If economic strength is the true international measure, why did Finland secure concessions from the Soviet Union denied to Japan?

The modern world offers so many of these examples that to explain them all as the product of special circumstances can only end by discrediting a rule that requires such numerous exceptions. It may thus be better to regard gross national production as one of many factors (which obviously include geographical situation, area, size of population, natural resources etc.) which combine, not to determine the international influence of a state, but to circumscribe a zone of probability for the exertion of such influence. By every one of these yardsticks Israel and the Lebanon, for instance, are each too small ever to enter the same zone as France and Germany, let alone the Soviet Union and the United States. Very roughly, these rather similar neighbours have gross national products which are, for Israel, 0.6 per cent of that of the United States, and for the Lebanon, 0.2 per cent. An American economist might reasonably regard the difference as insignificant and assign both to the same narrow zone of less than centimetric states. Only by invoking non-economic concepts would it be possible to explain to him the order of magnitude by which, even as seen from Washington, Israel exceeds the Lebanon in international influence and stature.

The obvious importance of such factors as leadership, political unity, social cohesiveness, a sense of national identity does not mean that these, or other innumerate concepts, can simply be substituted, singly or in combination, for the statistics of gross national production as an infallable guide to the likely evolution within the international hierarchy of any particular state. The very idea of a single touchstone ought to be as outmoded in the study of international relations as the Brunonian Theory of medicine, whose originator perished from the too faithful application to his own person of that alternating régime of stimulants and sedatives demanded by the notion that all disease was to be explained in terms of the relative excitability of the tissues. To predict even a zone of probability for the future of a nation demands the plotting of as many factors as there are pellets in the pattern of a shot-gun, but with the difference that each of these pellets is independently targeted. People—the basic stuff of nations—have the pedestrian's ability to stop, start or change direction in a smaller space than the fastest of vehicles.

The extent to which other factors can enlarge the zones of probability indicated by statistical projection may be further illustrated by a fleeting glance at Britain's past experience in transcending the bounds set by her economic resources. At the time of the Armada, for instance, the

population of England was less than half that of the much richer Spanish Empire. A century later, on the eve of the long wars with France (whose government had recently been subsidising the English King) the French had three times as many people and more than twice the national income. By 1789 British manufactures had surpassed those of France, but French production of pig-iron was twice the British, her national income was higher and she had 25 million people to Britain's 10. Only during the Victorian era, that amazing exception which nostalgic illusion has erected into a misleading norm, did Britain's industrial production outweigh her numerical inferiority and match her international influence and achievements. And that brief blaze of economic glory (when Mr. Calleo's compatriot Emerson nevertheless described England as 'an old and exhausted island' and as 'pressed upon by transitions of trade and competing populations') was already fading by the 1880s, when British steel production was overtaken by both Germany and the United States.

Ninety further years have seen a more consistent decline in the relative economic position of Britain than in her international status and influence. Very roughly the United States had twice the economic strength of Britain in 1914, four times in 1939 and eight today. Yet, whereas Britain is now not even in the same international league as the United States, British influence exceeded American in 1914 and, in 1939, could at least be measured in the same scales. Similar comparisons could be made with other countries to support the proposition that the international system still permits wide disparities between its economic and its political hierarchies, even if, as the Anglo-American relationship demonstrates, there are orders of magnitude which cannot be bridged by the mere exertion of national unity and resolve.

Whether, in the years to come, these qualities will be forthcoming in sufficient measure to redress the handicap which statistical projections seem likely to impose on Britain's performance in the race of nations is, as Kipling used to say, another story.

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1 Herman Kahn and Anthony J. Wiener, *The Year 2000*, Hudson Institute (Macmillan, 1967).
2 David Calleo, *Britain's Future* (Hodder & Stoughton, 1968).
3 David Vital, *The Inequality of States* (Clarendon Press, 1967).
4 Karl W. Deutsch, 'On the Concepts of Politics and Power' in *Theory and Reality in International Relations* (Columbia, 1967).
5 Imports from the U.S. were then roughly balanced by Italian output and did not affect this ratio.

[Mr. Grant Hugo's book on the theoretical principles of British foreign policy, *Britain in Tomorrow's World*, was published in 1969 by Chatto and Windus who will shortly be publishing his *Appearance and Reality in International Relations*.]

JAPAN'S 21ST CENTURY: SOME POSSIBLE TRENDS

by Raymond Lamont Brown

THAT Japan has emerged as a major industrial power among the nations of the world has now become an internationally accepted reality. She has passed all the conventional tests for modern living with flying colours and, with her dynamic society, vibrant and promising, she is a full member of the family of nations.

By now even the most introspective government realises all this for the Japanese businessman-tourist appears in places once the habitat only of German and American. The scene is set, Japan appears ready, uniquely prepared by a thousand years of rumbullious history in the Far East, to act as mediating agent for international peace. Only the curious myopic vision of the Western powers hinders her from assuming that role.

Even now the spectre of emergent Japan is taking up a preliminary stance to overshadow China as the dominant power in Asia.

China and Russia both still claim to be dominant in the van of international revolutionary movements and it is probable that China will begin to take the lead. As she does so, acquiring confidence that brings a third world war an ever nearer probability, Japan's role will be to pick up what pieces of Asia are left when the U.S.A. and Russia have decimated the truculent Chinese dragon.

From the first years of the twenty-first century, Japan's population will be climbing steadily towards the 120 million mark. As this happens the imperialist cry for *liebensraum* of Japan's military political groups of the 1930s will be heard again; this time, however, Japan's place in the world will assure that she need not go to war with the West. Instead, population overflow could be initially absorbed by the Tokyo-Osaka strip Megalopolis of two-tier towns, and afterwards through the development of the Okinawan island group (which America is preparing to hand over to Japan), the Amami, Tokara and Osumi Guntó of the Ryukyu Islands. Negotiations, too, may be undertaken with Australia for landspace. At present Japan has little hope of regaining the Kuril Islands now under the control of Russia.

For many years to come, however, the idea that the Government is the 'head of the entire Japanese family' may very well be present. Only a few years ago the Japan Central Education Council (which advises the Education Minister) presented a report, *The Image of the Ideal Japanese*, in which certain standards for the future were laid down.

The fact that the report was produced at all is an indication of what future trends might be. The report heavily stressed that loyalty to the State requires that citizens show love for it in the right way. Indifference to the existence of one's own nation, and disregard for its values, amounts to hatred of one's own nation, underlined the report. Again 'worthy aims' were itemised: the family as the focus for leisure and education, hard work,

contributions to social welfare, creative ability, adherence to basic rules: in industry, company before self and company before Union. The report, however, did arouse widespread controversy and was heavily criticised by the leftist 'radical and reformist opinion': The long-term trend of success and boom in Japan has been treated as temporary boosted growth rates, but this trend will continue throughout the early part of the twenty-first century at least, as undoubtedly will the alliance with the U.S.A. when the present treaty expires in 1971.

Even in 1967 Japan was still the 'invisible' nation in Asia. Like West Germany, Japan, the other major loser in World War II, was still characterised by great economic strength and relative political passivity, although there are increased signs that this is beginning to end. Japan, however, is a much bigger country than West Germany in population, and has probably much surpassed Germany in industrial production ratios, and is growing much more rapidly without the retardation process applied by the apprehensive allies particularly frightened by the reunification problem.

Thus Japan is likely to emerge in the 1970s as the true colossus of Asia to be a further check, along with Soviet and U.S. power on China's ambitions. Yet there will no longer be either the temptation or easy opportunity for imperial expansion exhausted the country's resources in the 1930s and 1940s, when Japan totally outclassed her neighbours in industrial and political organisation.

Partly because of the intense Japanese desire for prestige and in part because Japan may have the most achievement-minded culture in history, as well as for other internal social, political and economic reasons, Japanese growth rates are likely to continue to be high, perhaps around 8%, for the rest of the century. Yet, if at any point there were a serious depression, it would be likely to affect Japanese internal politics in a serious way, making much more likely a sharp swing to the right or the left, or to some group outside these two categories, like Soka Gakkai's *Komeito*.

Komeito (The Fair Play Party) is perhaps the most significant development in the Japanese political arena for a century, as religious sects have not normally organised their own political parties in Japan, although certain programmes have had religious overtones (usually right-wing and ultra-nationalist) both before and since 1939-46. *Soka Gakkai* (Value Creation Society), the faith established by Makiguchi Tsunesaburo around 1930, ostensibly as an offshoot of the long-established *Nichiren* sect of Buddhism, is without a doubt the most energetic, militant and widely discussed religious movement in Japan with an ever-increasing membership of around fifteen million.

Although the party programme is vague, the poll for *Komeito*, whose leaders call themselves 'neosocialists' yet have little in common with Marx, is more than 5,000,000 votes at present. As its popularity increases, its policies may become more coherent along the lines of advocating a renovation of society based on religious premises, the purification of

politics, doubling welfare payments, abolition of Income Tax and conducting fair elections through a front group called *Komei Selji Remmei*.

Under the present economic climate we assume, of course, that Japanese economic and political progress continues to grow reasonably smoothly, and while there is likely to be an increased antiforeign and traditionalist reaction against the excessive 'Americanisation' of the two postwar decades, particularly from the young, this is assumed, in the Standard World, to be limited in effect. Nevertheless the bold policy of the Economic Planning Agency indicates that by the 1980s the islands of Japan will be a better place to live in than France, Italy and most parts of Europe, with a gross national product about 4.5 times what it was in 1965, an annual output of 180 million tons of steel, and gross capital assets of eight times the current value.

Thus Japan is by and large likely to be an active as well as a passive force for stability in Asia, though in the early period its activity will be reluctant. And of course it will increasingly follow its own definitions and interpretations of 'stability' and 'progress'.

The Japanese are likely to feel increasingly assertive and self-confident in their own economic strength, with desires for increased prestige and independence and to become increasingly concerned for long-term security. The easiest and most effective route to increase Japanese prestige, independence and security may seem to be through the acquisition of nuclear weapons, policy for the latter depending upon the political swings apparently left or right. Even after the readjustment of the terms of the 1971 treaty with the U.S.A. it is likely that Japan will allow some American bases on her soil, but is just as likely that Japan will not go so far as to supply troops on the anti-communist side in Asia. The most probable increase in Japanese defence expenditure will be in the strengthening of the Imperial Navy, so that at least Japan's trade would be secure without the Americans. With China's medium-range nuclear missiles only ten minutes' flight away, the increase in the size of Japan's conventional army (defence force) is pointless.

For their own advantage the West would be well counselled to call upon Japanese advice in five main categories; population explosion, modernisation of backward peasant communities, capital accumulation, industrialisation and control of nuclear weapons, for therein lies Japan's future strength. Eventually Japan will be unable to avoid playing a more important role in Far Eastern affairs because she will be so rich. All Japan needs to do herself is to bide her time.

THE GREEK COLONELS AND THE U.S.A.

by Thomas Anthem

THE momentous decision taken by the Council of Europe in Paris on December 12 last to expel Greece from the organisation, though a severe blow to the Junta, was rightly seen by shrewd and informed international observers not as the end of the usurping and audacious Colonels, but in the historic phrase of the late Sir Winston Churchill, 'the end of the beginning'. The 'military tramps', as Mrs. Helen Vlachos appropriately dubbed them, would probably extend their infamous Fascist-style rule for another three years were it not for the external world pressures now being increasingly exerted upon them. Indeed, so entrenched were the modern Athenian petty dictators in their positions, so arrogant in the feeling of security that N.A.T.O. tanks and weapons gave them, that they were completely unabashed, even blatantly defiant, when the Paris decree of ostracism was announced. Premier Papadopoulos and his right-hand man, the strange Cretan Pattakos, made it known that there could be no return to Parliamentary democracy in the foreseeable future, as 'we both like it this way'. Naturally, 'Absolute power corrupts absolutely' is a profound truth confirmed by the naïve remark. The Colonels' resolve to hang on to power as long as possible was again made plain by the other deputy-Premier, Patilis, when the new American Ambassador to Greece, Mr. Henry Tasca, arrived in Athens about the middle of January to take up the post vacated by Mr. Phillips Talbot. Patilis declared that no political developments could be expected during 1970, as there 'can be no time limits for the fulfilment of the goals of the Revolution'. The purpose of the régime was to present to Greece 'a real democracy', but this was only possible where education and living standards were high. The political incapacity of the Colonels is thus nowhere more apparent than in their utterly stupid remarks. Aristophanes would have found Papadopoulos a fit object for biting satire in the dictator's vow to keep the Greek people in a strait-jacket until they attained 'political maturity'. Greeks everywhere in the world to-day are amazed at the political immaturity of Papadopoulos himself; he does not measure up to the image of any well known Greek political figure or statesman, even among the mediocrities, in the past hundred years. But with a patron and protector so powerful—the United States took over this role when Britain pulled out of Greece—the military tyrants could afford to be contemptuous of the Council of Europe—'a mosquito on the horns of an ox', to quote Pattakos. No sooner was the Paris decision announced, a friend back from Athens informed me, than Papadopoulos ordered the flags to be raised in the capital 'by way of celebration'. The flags were flying for three days to show how happy the junta felt at being freed from any 'outside foreign interference'. The similarity of this perverse tactic to some of the ruses of Hitler's propagandists is fairly obvious.

Yet in their souls the Colonels knew that their evil régime was doomed. The objections of the countries of the European Common Market, of which Greece is an associate member, and of N.A.T.O., both of which bodies have Parliamentary democracy and human freedom and rights indelibly inscribed in their charters, had still to be faced. Nevertheless, the junta remained undaunted. Patilis, the other deputy Premier to Papadopoulos, had signalled their defiance by stating blandly that no political developments could be expected during 1970. No time limits could be set for fulfilment of the goals of the 'Revolution'. The unspoken reason for his cocksureness and that of his colleagues was, of course, America, which had made no secret of her desire to have the Council of Europe decide otherwise than they did. And the irony of the political imbroglio in which 'the greatest democracy'—nominally at all events—in the world, maintains a Fascist dictatorship in the very birthplace of democracy, despite the official Paris dissent of the majority of European nations, was that the United States was the main pillar of N.A.T.O. How, then, would Washington react? Professor Andreas Papandreou, who, before the expulsion had taken place, had expressed the view that it only required 'a good push' to topple the spurious Athens régime, afterwards said it was doubtful that the Americans would do anything. It certainly looked that way. Mr. Spiro Agnew, the Greek-born Vice-President of America, believed to have pro-junta sympathies, set out on a tour abroad in January to improve the American image in view of Vietnam criticism, but he avoided Europe and Greece. President Nixon had not visited Athens since he took over from Johnson, but when the Junta's Regent, General Zoetakis, accepted the letters of credence of the new American Ambassador on January 15 he somewhat gratuitously informed Mr. Tasca that Greece was 'an ally of importance, and an indispensable partner'. Mr. Tasca, replying, merely spoke of President Nixon's 'great interest' in Greece. On this point, it is worth mentioning that, according to British reports of the nature of the discussions that Mr. Harold Wilson had with Mr. Nixon in Washington later in the month, Greece was a subject 'high on the agenda'. Excepting that it was suggested that the British Premier would express himself bluntly about the notorious Athens régime, nothing was divulged afterwards as to the concrete results, if any, of the conversation. Among educated Greeks, inside and outside of Greece, and even among the members of the United States Congress, the opinion was strongly held that no new American Ambassador should have been appointed to Athens until Parliamentary democracy had been restored, or a firm date fixed for free elections. This view was forcibly stressed in the Foreign Affairs Committee of the U.S. Senate, where four times official approval of the appointment was postponed. Mr. Tasca, who appeared before the committee before he departed for Athens, was subjected to some searching questions as to the Administration's attitude to the Greek régime considering the severe world criticism of the junta. In answer to Senator Pell, he said he could not say that there would be a statement of policy by himself soon, as that was a matter for the President to decide. 'All I can do is to

wait and hope that I will get an early decision' he added. The most significant hint of the official American policy to the Colonels came when Senator Pell asked the new Ambassador point-blank: 'Would you agree that the U.S. Government disapproved of the present Greek régime?' and received the following reply: 'Well, I wouldn't put it that way; I would say we would like to see the régime *evolve* towards a more representative form of Government . . . We hope it would be towards a more representative régime'. Needless to say, 'evolution' by the junta sounds so much like democracy being restored 'at the Greek Kalends', or never-never. Mr. Pell extracted from Mr. Tasca that America had continued to send weapons to Greece, but these were 'more for crowd control'. Heavier weapons had been temporarily withheld, but it was hoped to resume such, for N.A.T.O. requirements, just as soon as there was 'evolution on the internal picture'. The stark fact for America and the so-called 'Free World' generally is that the rules of N.A.T.O., no less than those of the Council of Europe, require all member States to be democratic and defend all civilised rights. But will the U.S. make a mockery of the N.A.T.O. charter by foolishly continuing to prop up the Fascist régime now holding the Greek people in thrall?

The tide of opposition is rising fast against the junta. On February 3, at Strasbourg, the European Common Market Council of Ministers decided to rule out further developments in the association of Greece and the Community 'until democracy is re-established'. M. Harmel, Belgian Foreign Minister, said no Ministerial-level meetings were being held with Greece, and ambassadorial contacts had been reduced to a minimum. Thus, the junta take one more slap in the face in Europe, but with the assurance of the great patron across the Atlantic they hang on defiantly. It is both a grotesque and a tragic situation, but so far we have observed only the external and crude aspects of the American involvement. There are factors more sinister and subtle. The gentlemen who direct the State Department, the Pentagon, and the Central Intelligence Agency seem strangely oblivious to them, excepting that they are concerned about the dangerous extent to which the Colonels may have reduced the efficiency of the Greek Army and the Hellenic Air Force by the wholesale purging and sacking of liberal-minded officers. There are good grounds for their fears. Greece won her freedom and great battles in history by having free men ready to die and suffer for their country, not by Fascist-dragooned serfs coerced and cowed by a band of petty and ruthless dictators. America foolishly thinks that Communism is kept in check, and the left flank of N.A.T.O. strengthened, by a 'strong' Government in Athens, whatever its political complexion. They ignore Greek history, confusing the character of Greeks with that of the Turks.

During the past six months, in the course of which American policy, in the case of Greece, has been veering more towards political expediency and futility than political realism, strange but inevitable things have been happening. Confronted by the growing 'threat', as they see it, of the Russian Fleet in and around the Mediterranean, and on the grounds that

the Greek coastline and harbours are essential and indispensable to the Sixth Fleet, the State Department and the Pentagon, in their determination to contain the Communists all round Greece's borders, have committed precisely the same blunder as the junta. The Colonels' pretence that they saved Greece from a Communist take-over by their 'Revolution' is shot sky-high by their spectacular decision to widen and increase their trading with the Soviet Union and the eastern bloc. This move, of course, has been partly motivated by their political cleavage with the Western nations, and partly by the grim reality of the mounting foreign trade deficit. Greece had a £375 million trade deficit in 1969, and this was expected to rise to £419m. this year unless a severe curb was placed on imports. A confidential protocol attached to the Greek-Soviet trade pact renewed in December last, stipulated preferential tariffs for Russian products in order to increase their competitiveness on the Greek market. Moscow's most faithful satellite, Bulgaria, was expected to ask for similar treatment when her bilateral trade agreement is renewed, but the most surprising development in new Balkans trade reorientation is perhaps the rapprochement with Albania, a Communist country with which Greece is still technically at war. Commercial relations, broken 30 years ago, have been resumed. Lastly, the junta have informed Bonn of their intention to station a permanent trade mission in East Berlin.

In the existing confused and bewildering political and economic complex, stemming from the Colonels' lack of any definite sense of direction, what can one make of America's ultimate policy, if indeed there is one? Or is the leader of the 'Free World' merely guided by a sort of blindfold opportunism? I used to think the taunt of British politicians about American diplomatic ineptitude was just vain talk, but I am not so sure today. The first world war started in the Balkans, and the second world upheaval was largely centred in this area, with Greece always a key factor owing to her geographical and strategical position. Washington is well aware of all this, but the American official mentality fails pathetically to understand the psychology and character of the Greeks. It is plain, too, that they are even less troubled by the European outlook and its liberal traditions, since their own policy has run absolutely counter to such, as was apparent from their failure to support the Council of Europe stand against, and expulsion of, the Greek junta. Yet world peace has long ago been recognised as one and indivisible, and the American leaders have still to learn that they cannot make a patchwork quilt of it. They will never succeed in coercing the freedom-loving Greeks into accepting a sham form of democracy devised by petty dictators differing little from Fascists, any more than they could hope to succeed in imposing, by overwhelming military power, their own brand of democracy on the North Vietnamese Communists. In the long run, it is the exercise of the free will of men that decides their destiny. The Colonels have themselves still to learn this constant in Hellenic history. Meanwhile, puffed up by the exhilaration of power, though uneasy about the bombs that go off in numerous places in Athens, they carry on with their harsh misrule and

repression of all opponents. Whilst gaoling professors and other intellectuals, including students, for life for 'subversive' activities against their illegal régime, they place their trust in the N.A.T.O. (i.e., American) tanks, manned by Greek troops, that rumble through the streets of the capital. Their feeling of security is largely illusory for no one knows just how long the Army as a whole will remain loyal to a Government they must know to be spurious. Despite the fitful and erratic changes to make the Press laws appear relaxed and even generous, the clamp-down on the freedom of expression in the newspapers is practically absolute. The junta, of course, are obliged to make a show of their sometimes professed desire for a restoration of constitutional government, and in this connection they took the opportunity, when Archbishop Makarios visited Athens in January, to try and induce him to act as an advocate in their approaches to the absent Greek King in Rome. Makarios returned to Nicosia via Italy, but from all reliable accounts he refrained from being a party to any proposals that may have been made to him by the Athens régime. King Constantine has hitherto laid down certain conditions for his return to Greece under the Colonels' auspices. Having been the main cause of the ousting from power of the late Mr. George Papandreou, the Centre Union leader, and the consequent seizure of the reins of Government by Papadopoulos' clique, he wants to rehabilitate himself in the eyes of the Greek people. He remembers what happened to his uncle, King George II, and to his grandfather, the first Constantine, as a result of their double-dealing, and he naturally wants to put himself in line with Greek democracy to be sure of his Throne in the future. At present that Throne may be said to hang in the balance.

Meantime, all Greece eagerly waits to see what changes, if any, will ensue from the appointment of the new American ambassador. Mr. Tasca can hardly tell Mr. Nixon anything new about the issues involved in the Greek situation, for it has been a 'hot' subject, though somewhat sidetracked by Vietnam, for several months, with the most serious and responsible newspapers, apart from leading Congressmen, taking part in the verbal exchanges. But one recent and important development will no doubt be impressed upon the President by Mr. Tasca—the rising tide of resentment among the Greek population against America's backing of the military tyrants. If unchecked, this could lead eventually to the United States losing all her influence in a vital part of Europe, with dire consequences for N.A.T.O. and the Free World. For in the measure that American influence declines, so will that of the Soviet Union increase, a contingency for which Russia has long waited—and worked. The Greeks are by nature extremely anti-Communist (the word *atomismos* denotes this national mental attitude), but their acute individualism could possibly be deflected disastrously if they felt they were being betrayed by their 'friends'. President Nixon may be said at present to hold the fate of Greece in his hands, but if he were seen to be prepared to sacrifice Greek freedom for the advancement of American policy in the game of power-politics, he would speedily bring U.S. domination in South-Eastern Europe to a sudden end. That would have a

tremendous impact on all Europe and the Atlantic Alliance, with repercussions in Turkey, where anti-Americanism is also being experienced, and the Middle East. Where, then, does America go from here? The acid test appears to have come for Washington.

As a postscript (ironical in the truest sense of the word) to the foregoing, I am impelled to allude to President Nixon's 40,000-word statement on U.S. foreign policy for the 1970s, read to Congress on February 17. Astonishing as it may seem, there is not a single reference, in its wide sweep or its 40,000 words, to Greece. Said the President: 'The peace of Europe is crucial to the peace of the world. This truth, learned at a terrible cost twice in the twentieth century, is a central principle of United States foreign policy. Europe must be the cornerstone of the structure of a durable peace'. The activity of the Soviet Union in the Eastern Mediterranean and the Middle East had increased in recent years, he added, and he warned Russia that if her support for the Arabs against Israel led her to seek a predominant position in the Middle East, America would be gravely concerned. Mr. Nixon wisely acknowledges that Europe must be the cornerstone of world peace, but he is strangely silent on the most vulnerable corner of the new structure. Fascism and tyranny make weird cement for the reborn democracy which one hopes to see emerge from the chaos when the hold of the Colonels is broken in Greece. It is not at all surprising that Congress merely 'politely received' the President's statement (*The Times* report), but 'little enthusiasm' was shown in the American Press. Mr. Nixon is said to have a weakness for rhetoric; he will certainly have to do better if he wants to convince the world of America's sincerity. It is to be hoped that the new Ambassador in Athens will be able shortly to show the red light—truly red!

CORRECTION

Hugh Shepherd, *The Death of Paternalism*. No. 1249, February, 1970, Page 75.
Line 8. For '1873' read '1783'.
Last line but one. For 'have knowledge' read 'have no knowledge'.
Last line. For '1889' read '1789'.

ANGLO-GREEK RELATIONS, 1800 TO 1832

by Eric Glasgow

SMOTHERED beneath the massive, repressive cloak of the Ottoman Empire, Greece was a country which, in the year 1800, was scarcely at all involved in the considerations of any of those who, from any national or regional angle, were engaged in safeguarding or changing the political map of Europe: for them, the scope of international European negotiations and commitments ended with the Danube and the Sava, Dalmatia, Montenegro, and the Adriatic Gulf. Italy was included, but not the beautiful, beckoning, kindred land of Greece, whose evocative names, such as Athens, Corinth, Megara, Eleusis, and Parnassus, while they might still rest on the lips of scholars, had no such necessary link with the minds and the problems of statesmen.

Moreover, of course, politics apart, travel or any other contact with Greece must have been extraordinarily difficult and hazardous in the early years of the last century. To reach Greece at all, for any English scholar, then meant a passage along the 'soft underbelly' of Europe, exposed, at least, to the loud, vain-glorious threats of Napoleon and his emissaries, stationed in Italy, Corsica, Sardinia, and Sicily, if not to their actual power. Usually, the first land-fall would be somewhere in the Ionian Islands—in Corfu, Cephalonia, Zante, or Cerigo—which were in some state of confusion and chaos, from 1800 until the British, accepting their protective encirclement by the blue, beauteous waters of the Ionian Sea, took over there, in 1809.

By the time the Ionian Islands were returned by Great Britain to Greece in June, 1864, Greece itself had become a sizeable Kingdom, and so the political objectives of the British aid had been achieved: by the Treaty of London, of 1832, Greece joined the political map of European States, covering the Morea, the Cyclades, Euboea, Attica, and the whole of the northern side of the Gulf of Corinth, as far north as the line from Arta to Volos, but excluding Thessaly and Epirus, until 1878.

Even in the light of the strong cultural links between Great Britain and Greece, arising out of the study of the Greek language, literature, and history, in the cooler and more detached setting of the British Isles, it is still surprising to find how many Britons braved the perils and the discomforts of a trip to Greece early in the nineteenth century. There was, for instance, Edward Dodwell (1767-1832), of Trinity College, Cambridge, who visited the Ionian Islands in the spring of 1801, and the Greek mainland, sailing from Messina in Sicily in 1805: at Athens, source and symbol of the abiding culture of Greece, he was able, characteristically, to inspect the Acropolis, by passing some of his virtuous 'English gold' to the susceptible Turkish governor. He published, as a residuary record of his Hellenistic encounters, *A Classical and Topographical Tour through Greece* (2 Vols., London, 1819), which was widely used and read, as well as two volumes of

the 400 drawings which he had made during his lengthy Greek excursions of 1801 to 1806 (London, 1821).

Another Englishman who made a noteworthy and appreciative visit to Greece, even whilst his country was still locked in the exhausting and protracted struggle against Napoleon, was the architect John Peter Deering, formerly Gandy (1787-1850). His interest in Greece was chiefly derived, not from quiet study in the calm, nostalgic libraries of Cambridge or Oxford, but from a training in the pictorial and structural arts, at London's Royal Academy. He had a long, observant, and productive sojourn in Greece, from 1811 until 1813, and his Greek experiences profoundly affected his subsequent architectural practice in England and Scotland. His Greek enthusiasms, too, forged for him a common and enduring bond with the seventh Earl of Elgin (1766-1841) and Sir William Gell (1777-1836), both of whom were other Hellenic travellers.

Thomas Bruce, the seventh Earl of Elgin, won for himself a somewhat dubious honour in that age of spoliation of the captive and prostrate Greece because he brought back, ultimately for the benefit of the British Museum in London, the famous sculptures from the Parthenon of Athens, which are still called the 'Elgin Marbles'. He managed to extricate all his Greek spoils between the years 1803 (when he gave up his post as the British Ambassador at Constantinople) and 1812. The whole collection, despite the exaggerated and vinegary criticism of the methods of its acquisition made by Byron in his *Curse of Minerva* (1812), was bought by the British Parliament for and on behalf of the nation in 1816 for the sum of £35,000, which was a good deal less than its accumulation had cost Elgin.

The second of the British Philhellenes, with whom J. P. Deering was associated, Sir William Gell (1777-1836), began his journeys, in the eastern Mediterranean, with a trip to the site of Troy, in 1801, and in 1804 he published his *Topography of Troy,* which so impressed Byron that the latter, in his *English Bards* (1809), has the line, 'I leave topography to classic Gell'. Gell was knighted on May 14, 1803, as a result of a successful mission to the Ionian Islands. In 1804 he made an extensive traverse of the Morea and in 1806 he joined Edward Dodwell on a visit to Ithaca, one of the Ionian Islands, N.E. of Cephalonia, the legendary home of Homer's Ulysses. Books followed, as usual. Gell's *Geography and Antiquities of Ithaca* came out in 1807, his *Itinerary of Greece* in 1810, his *Itinerary of the Morea* in 1817, and his *Narrative of a Journey in the Morea* in 1823: all were published in London, and Byron wrote appreciatively about the volumes of 1807 and 1810, in the *Monthly Review* for August, 1811.

Another comparable English visitor to the beautiful, bountiful Greece, in the first decades of the nineteenth century, was Edward Daniel Clarke (1769-1822). He was a great traveller, so that his specifically Greek excursions formed only a small part of much more extensive perambulations. He first reached Athens in October, 1801, subsequently visiting much of the Morea, Thessaly, Macedonia, and Epirus. He managed to amass a

vast and highly assorted collection of Greek spoils, including more than a thousand Greek coins, several vases, and the famous statue of Demeter from Eleusis, between Athens and Megara. Most of this material reached England safely, and it greatly enriched the Greek sections of the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge.

But it was not only scholars who despatched themselves post-haste to Greece when the nineteenth century was still young. The definitive outbreak of the Greek War of Independence, in March, 1821, quickly inspired Britons of a more ardent and active sort to go to fight for Greece: not only was the traditional liberalism of the British character deeply involved but also there were, at that time, many Britons who could find, in the service of their own country, insufficient outlets for the military or naval skills which they had dutifully acquired during the Napoleonic Wars. Such people, somewhat like Lawrence of Arabia after 1918, were misfits in peacetime society and so they eagerly welcomed the opportunities for some liberating and, as they thought, creative action, which the emergence of the Greek struggle seemed to offer. Again, as with the scholars, their numbers were never very great, but their influence and importance was always much greater than the size of their arithmetical total.

Edward John Trelawney (1792-1881) was one of those who so went to the active assistance of the unruly, insurgent Greeks. A Cornishman, he had deserted from the British Navy at Bombay in 1811, met Shelley and Byron in Italy in 1821, and was present at Leghorn on July 8, 1821, on the tragic day when Shelley was drowned. He went, with Byron, to help the Greeks in the summer of 1823, reaching the island of Cephalonia in the Ionian archipelago on August 3. Thence, he joined, on the Greek mainland, the insurgent leader Odysseus, whose sister, Tersitza, he married as his second wife. He remained in Greece, wandering between Attica, Parnassus, Cephalonia, and Zante, much upset by the disunity of the Greeks themselves, until the end of 1827, when he returned to England to spend some time in his native Cornwall. He had more travels later in Italy and in North America; but his early Greek escapades emerge with the greatest clarity and persistence, at any rate in his own *Recollections of the Last Days of Shelley and Byron* (1858).

Byron, certainly, is the most glamorous and obvious name, amongst those who went to help the Greek insurgents. He did little, in fact, of course: sailing from Genoa in July, 1823, he wasted valuable months in poetic contemplations and long, futile conversations, in Cephalonia from August to December of that year. His eventual landing in the unhealthy setting of Missolonghi in January, 1824, was a mistake which might well have been avoided if Trelawney had been at hand to advise him better; but it contrived to end his life, on April 19, 1824, and then, all that remained was the Byronic memory, legend, and tradition, which, like others of their sort, disguised the truth as much as they expounded it.

Also prominent amongst those valorous Britons who assisted the Greeks at that time were Sir Richard Church (1784-1873), who had raised his own regiment of Greek troops in the Ionian Islands, between 1812 and

1815, and who, by brilliantly defeating the Turks in Akarnania in 1827, was largely responsible for the final attainment of Greek independence in 1832; Leicester Fitzgerald Stanhope (1784-1852) who served the Greeks as an artillery leader published an influential book called *Greece in 1823 and 1824*, and brought home Byron's remains in 1824; and Frank Abney Hastings (1794-1828), who, joining the Greeks in 1822, became their foremost naval commander. The Scotsman, Thomas Gordon (1788-1841) rose to the rank of major-general in the Greek Army, serving there in 1821 and from 1826 to 1831. He wrote a valuable *History of the Greek Revolution* (1832), did not retire from the Greek Army until February 18, 1839, and he still held his honorary Greek military rank when he died in Scotland on April 20, 1841.

Another Scottish enthusiast for Greece was the historian George Finlay (1799-1875). He too went to Greece, in 1823, joining Byron in Cephalonia. Like Trelawney, Finlay met the dubious, serpentine Odysseus whose methods, for a time, disgusted him and he left. But he returned to Greece in the spring of 1825 and, as the Greek War of Independence drew to its successful close, in 1831-32, he bought an estate in Attica. He failed as a farmer; but he won for himself in that setting a more significant and enduring fame, for his great *History of Greece*, covering a period of two thousand years, and issued between 1844 and 1861.

Behind the active Greek interventions of Trelawney, Stanhope, and Gordon were the constant efforts, in London, of the indispensable 'Greek Committee' of 1823. This consisted of an honest and idealistic group of British Philhellenists whose purpose was to assist in every possible way the Greeks in their nascent struggle against Turkey, short of the official declaration of war which no British government, at that time, would give. The London organisation had to confine itself, therefore, to gathering supplies of money, food, clothing, and information needed by the Greeks, buying ships for them in England and briefing and advising such British volunteers as intended to go to help the Greeks in the field.

The 'Greek Committee' of 1823 included such distinguished people as John Cam Hobhouse (1786-1869), and Sir John Bowring (1792-1872). Its support, moral as well as material, was invaluable for the maintenance of the more active British effort to help the Greeks. It represented the practical demonstration of the general British response, to the predicament of Greece, at that time.

Another Scotsman conspicuous in the Greek struggle for independence was Thomas Cochrane, the tenth Earl of Dundonald (1775-1860) who, after a chequered career as a turbulent officer in the British Navy, greatly increased the effectiveness of the Greek Navy in 1827-28. Even so, of course, it was almost an accident, the 'untoward' victory of Sir Edward Codrington, still officially in the British Navy, over the Turks at Navarino on October 20, 1827, which settled the independence of Greece. Even then it was not fixed, with the intrusion of international jealousies, until the Treaty of Constantinople, of July, 1832.

At last, Greece had become a separate kingdom, even if it was also in 1832 confined in its territory to the Morea, Attica, the Cyclades, Euboea, and the northern shores of the Gulf of Corinth, south of the Arta-Volos line. No longer was the concept of Greece only an intellectual or a geographical expression, as it had been at the time of the visits of Edward Dodwell, Edward Daniel Clarke, Lord Elgin, or Sir William Gell: it had gained also its legitimate political implications. That was a final consummation which owed something, at least, to the somewhat spasmodic and piecemeal efforts of the British soldiers or naval officers who had given timely assistance to the Greeks, such as Edward John Trelawney, Byron, Sir Richard Church, Thomas Gordon, George Finlay, or Thomas Cochrane. Moreover, such people, despite the deficiencies of what they could do, embodied and symbolised, in a far more significant way, the depth and the sincerity of the British sympathies with Greece in travail, and so their intervention was not forgotten in that land of abiding sunshine and free ideas; nor did their example fail usefully to influence the later course of Greek history, disturbed and erratic as that has sometimes been.

British influence continued in Greece, even with the Bavarian Otho as its King, from 1833 to 1863; and so the links of the period from 1800 to 1832, tenuous and fragile as sometimes these were, were maintained and even strengthened with the passing of the years. For example, Sir Thomas Wyse (1791-1862), as the British Minister at Athens, from 1849 to 1862, exercised an enormous influence over Greek affairs and he received, in 1862, the honour of a public funeral from the grateful Greeks.

Nor can it rightly be suggested that these factors no longer exist to-day when, politics apart, the bonds of sympathy must still be close between the land of Byron, Trelawney, Finlay, and the rest, and the abiding scene of some of the cradles of our civilisation, within the pervasive sunshine and the clear, pellucid beauty of Attica, Argolis, the Cyclades, or the Ionian Islands: to-day, as ever, the eternal Greece still survives, as vivid and vivacious as it was in the days of Byron or Lord Elgin, or, even more distantly, in the days of Pericles, Sophocles, Euripides, or Polyclitus. The magic of Greece is there still amongst those same enduring, time-worn rocks, just as it was when it drew to some beguiling, compelling Hellenic image, which involved then also discomfort and possibly death, the sundry British enthusiasts of those very different, less sophisticated years from 1800 to 1832.

THE GROWTH OF POWER IN NORTHERN NIGERIA

by John Milsome

THE battle of Tabkin Kwotto in Northern Nigeria on June 21, 1804 was one of the turning points of history in that part of the world. Two great African armies faced each other. On one side were the Hausas led by Yunfa, the Sarkin Gobir. He had vast numbers of foot soldiers at his command but his main pride was his cavalry force, a fine and awesome sight when on the attack.

Opposed to the might of the Sarkin Gobir were the Fulani, a nomadic people led by Yunfa's one time teacher and spiritual leader, Usuman dan Fodio, a sixty year old Muslim of great learning. Dan Fodio was a member of the Toronkawa tribe who were of Fulani descent. His father had been a man of some importance in the tribe and Dan Fodio had been given the opportunity to go to school in Agades, an important town of many mosques on the fringe of the Sahara.

In Agades Dan Fodio had attended the famous school run by Jebril, a great Muslim teacher. Here Dan Fodio studied grammar, law, theology, prosody and logic. The Muslim faith was taught according to the Maliki school of learning and this training plus his studies of rhetoric made Dan Fodio an outstanding example of the Fulani preachers and teachers who spread knowledge of the Koran wherever they went.

When he returned to his own land in what is now the Northern region of Nigeria, Usuman dan Fodio and his younger brother Abdullahi became itinerant teachers. Together they toured the land of Kebbi and even those who had never heard of the two brothers stopped to hear them speak. Dan Fodio's powers of oratory attracted large audiences and brought them fame far beyond the banks of the River Degel along which they usually travelled.

In time Dan Fodio's reputation as a teacher and man of learning reached Alkalawa, the capital of the Sarkin Gobir, Bawa Jan Gwarzo. The Sarkin Gobir needed a teacher to come to his court and teach his sons and Dan Fodio was asked to carry out this task. Dan Fodio went to the royal palace, a move that was to affect not only his own future but also the future of his country. This new post gave him great prestige and as the years passed Dan Fodio was recognised as the outstanding scholar and religious leader of the royal court.

In 1802 when Dan Fodio was fifty-eight years of age, Bawa Jan Gwarzo died and his eldest son Yunfa became Sarkin Gobir. He inherited a kingdom that had been greatly influenced by his old teacher and almost at once Yunfa showed his independence. He ordered that the veil should not be worn by women and the turban by men. He allowed old pagan rites to be brought back in direct opposition to Dan Fodio's advice. Within months after Yunfa's succession to the throne of Gobir, Dan Fodio's position at the royal court had become untenable. He therefore left

Alkalawa and returned to the Village of Degel to work again with his brother as a travelling preacher.

Dan Fodio with his son Bello and Abdullahi built up a large following in the villages of Gobir. Both Bello and Abdullahi had great military ability and powers of organisation and between them trained an army of rebellion ready to rise at the right moment to preserve the Moslem faith against the Sarkin Gobir. Information about these plots and signs of armed insurrection against him reached Yunfa and he made his own plans to deal with them.

Although suspicious of the Sarkin Gobir's intentions Dan Fodio accepted an invitation to visit the royal palace at Alkalawa. Yunfa's intentions were entirely evil. He had prepared a special seat for his visitor which was placed immediately over a well. When Dan Fodio declined the offer to sit in this position of imminent death, the Sarkin Gobir tried to shoot him with a pistol. The weapon backfired and it was Yunfa himself who was injured.

Dan Fodio escaped from Alkalawa with his life, to continue his work of propaganda in the cause of the Muslim faith and against the rule of the Sarkin Gobir. At the same time military preparations organised by Bello and Abdullahi went ahead. The situation worsened and it was obvious that a bloody conflict had to come before a state of reasonable security could be established in the land.

The spark that kindled the fire was lit when a village chieftain named Abdussalome, a supporter of Dan Fodio acted in defiance of the Sarkin Gobir. It was customary for local chieftains to come from their villages to greet and pay respects to soldiers of the Sarkin Gobir that passed close to their village gates. Abdussalome ignored the soldiers that came by his village of Gimbana and as a result was forcibly removed with others from Gimbana to be taken to Alkalawa. By coincidence this party of prisoners passed close to Degel and Dan Fodio, hearing who they were, went out to speak to them. He ordered the soldiers to release the prisoners and was obeyed. Whether the soldiers returned to Alkalawa is more than doubtful but news of what had happened reached the Sarkin Gobir. He ordered that preparations should be made to destroy Degel and kill the Fulani leaders.

Abdullahi was ready for war and reminded his people that revolution was at hand and they would need someone to lead them in the dangerous period that was to come. When he asked them who this leader should be they shouted back with one voice 'Usuman dan Fodio!' So in this simple but effective way Dan Fodio was chosen to be the Muslim leader in the revolt against the Sarkin Gobir.

By February, 1804, Yunfa had assembled a large army and was ready to move against Degel and other Fulani centres. Spies brought intelligence of Yunfa's military movements to Dan Fodio and he decided to leave Degel and go to Gudu. This flight of Dan Fodio and his followers was the historic 'Hejira' which took place on February 24. Apart from the

Fulani who had settled in the surrounding villages, there were the cattle Fulani or Bororo nomads who because of their travels knew the country well. In addition their skill with the bow and arrow made them valuable fighters in time of war.

The Sarkin Gobir's army advanced towards the Fulani camp and on June 21 the opposing forces confronted each other near Lake Tabkin Kwotto. The Hausa cavalry started the battle with a charge right into the centre of the Fulani lines and at first this attack met with some success. Then the Hausa cavalry came into the range of the Fulani bowmen and were killed in hundreds. The attackers wavered and then fell back in confusion. It was not the end but it was a taste for Yunfa of things to come.

The Sarkin Gobir sent in more of his cavalry supported by thousands of foot soldiers but these too were thrown back. When the Fulani counter attack came it was terrible in its savagery. On all sides Yunfa saw his army in retreat and soon the Fulani were so close that his own life was in danger. Only just in time did he flee from the field of battle and escape to the security of the walls of Alkalawa. Yunfa later wrote messages to the other chieftains of Gobir telling them, 'I have left a small fire in my country and have failed to put it out. Now it has blazed up and burnt me. Take warning all of you'.

As always many waverers now came pouring into the camps of the victors after the battle of Tabkin Kwotto. These included the Zamfarawa tribe and many Moslem Hausa tribes. It happened too that about this time there had been a large influx of refugees from the Timbuktu region who were fleeing to escape from the Tuareg tribesmen of the desert. These refugees were mostly Fulani and joined forces with the swelling ranks of Dan Fodio.

The Sarkin Gobir had suffered a defeat but he had not been destroyed. Dan Fodio wished now to establish peaceful relations with him so that a Fulani Moslem state could be established with as little further conflict as possible. Once inside the walls of his capital, however, Yunfa felt safe and refused to consider Fulani overtures for negotiations. With the onset of the rainy season conditions for an attack on Alkalawa were ruled out for a time but the Sarkin Gobir's attitude of defiance could only mean more fighting.

Usuman dan Fodio was not a man of war. His concern was with learning and the founding of a vast Moslem state where all people would live according to the teachings of Mohammed as written in the holy Koran. These things could not at that stage be achieved without war, however, and at the moment Yunfa stood in the way of progress. So a Fulani attack was launched against the town. Yunfa sent his Hausa army out to stop them and this time met with more success. The Fulani were driven off in spite of constant attacks and in the end had to give up the struggle. They were not strong enough to carry out a long and costly siege and so withdrew.

For the first three years after the Hejira the Fulani had to set about the

task of establishing their empire. This was done by a combination of conquest and diplomacy. Once a town had been brought under Fulani control, Dan Fodio would appoint a chieftain to whom he gave a flag as a symbol of his authority. Some of these flags are still in existence today.

Katsina refused to accept the authority of Dan Fodio and had to be conquered by the Fulani after fierce fighting. The Sarkin Katsina Halidu was so ashamed of this defeat that he committed suicide by jumping into a well. His army chose a new leader and marched through the bush to Dumagaram. They could not settle here because of the danger of Fulani attacks and had to move on to Maradi where they founded a new capital.

One Fulani general active in many campaigns at this time was Aliu Jedo, a brave but impetuous warrior whose ruthless behaviour became an embarrassment to Usuman dan Fodio. For example, the Fulani were hoping to negotiate peace terms with the Sarkin Kebbi so that the town of Birnin Kebbi would come under Fulani control without bloodshed. Abdullahi had already demonstrated his might over the forces of the Sarkin Kebbi and was preparing to meet him when Aliu Jedo acted on his own initiative. He attacked and conquered the town, burning it to the ground. The Sarkin Kebbi escaped to Augi swearing that he had been defeated through Fulani treachery. The actions of leaders such as Aliu Jedo damaged Dan Fodio's reputation as a just, pious leader and religious crusader.

Towards the end of 1805 the Fulani headquarters was moved to Gwandu. Almost at once Dan Fodio was faced with an attack from a combined force of Tuareg, Kebbawa and Gobirwa tribesmen. This was a danger to the entire Fulani empire for capture of Gwandu would mean the destruction of the Fulani leadership. Unfortunately at this moment of crisis there was discord in the Fulani camp. Bello and Abdullahi were preparing to defend Gwandu but Aliu Jedo wished to go out and fight the enemy in open battle before the town. As he had done before Aliu Jedo acted independently and insisted on taking a Fulani force to fight, in spite of the warnings of Bello and Abdullahi.

At Aluassa Aliu Jedo met the army of the Kennawa in a pitched battle. His soldiers suffered a bad defeat and the Kebbawa swept on in triumph to Gwandu. Here the determined defence organised by Bello and Abdullahi checked the Kebbawa and then defeated them. The Fulani empire had been saved but only just and more dangers were to come. During the early months of 1806 the Fulani armies were defeated in a number of battles. For a time they withdrew to their camps before they were ready to obtain revenge and turn defeat into victory. Then the Fulani turned their attention to Alkalawa, the capital of Yunfa.

The ten principal chiefs in the territory around Alkalawa all owed allegiance to Yunfa. These chiefs were attacked and disposed of one at a time, until Alkalawa was isolated. In 1808 three huge Fulani armies commanded by Bello, Aliu Jedo and Umaru Dallaji converged on the town. Nearby villages had been destroyed and food supplies from outside

were practically non-existent. Half starved and demoralised the defenders of Alkalawa had only desperation to spur them to fight the great attacking armies that came against them. The Alkalawa cavalry sent out to check the advance was destroyed. Another defending force was also crushed and the Fulani advanced into the town. Yunfa, realising he was cornered, went out to fight and was struck down in the streets of Alkalawa. Gobir now came under Fulani rule with emirs appointed by the Shehu.

Dan Fodio moved his capital from Gwandu to Sifawa but this did not prove a suitable site. Bello therefore decided to develop the village of Sokoto as the place for a new Fulani headquarters, also to be called Sokoto. By 1809 Dan Fodio was established in his new capital. During the next six years the Fulani conquered most of the Hausa states and created a vast empire. Only Bornu remained independent through the efforts of a miliary leader of genius from Kanem named El Kanemi.

By 1814 the real power in the Fulani empire had passed to Abdullahi and Bello. The aged Shehu devoted most of his time to writing and private study. He died in 1817 and was succeeded by Bello. Five years later a British expedition led by Oudney, Clapperton, Denham and Hillman reached what is now Northern Nigeria. Clapperton visited Sokoto and established friendly relations with Bello. It was the beginning of European penetration to a region of Africa where Fulani influence, which started with the uprising of 1804, has survived to this day.

[John Milsome has been an education officer in Northern Nigeria and has written several books for Nigerian schools on Nigerian history.]

THE NEW LEFT: IF NOT MARX, WHAT?

by Edward R. Cain

JUST as Marx speculated over what went wrong with the French Revolution, the New Left is asking what went wrong with the Russian Revolution. Bakunin believed that the answer was to be found in the authoritarian and centralising aspects of Marxism. He felt that the proletariat must work through federated workers' associations freed from a despotic state. But Bolshevik strategy prevailed.

Although rejecting this call for decentralisation, Lenin did share Bakunin's view of the important role to be played by backward countries. Bakunin, however, felt that Marxism was missing the key to revolution. It is not the stage of economic development which is crucial but the intensity of the instinct of revolt, which tends to atrophy among the advanced countries. He also favoured the young. 'I believe exclusively in the peasant community and in the dedicated community of irreconcilable youths.'[1]

Mao shares this faith in the superior revolutionary potential of the peasants and adds a distrust of intellectual sophistication. There is also a shift from belief in historic inevitability to a faith in voluntarism. The deradicalisation of Soviet Marxism made it easier for non-western Marxists to claim the legacy from the backsliding West.[2] Mao and Che picked up the cry for permanent revolution. The incredible challenge to Chinese bureaucracy by Maoists shows the current strength of Bakuninist concepts. Top heavy, and dated, Soviet Marxism is hard pressed to compete with unstructured Che Guevarism.

C. Wright Mills, prophet of the American New Left, disparages 'labour metaphysics' as a legacy of Victorian Marxism.[3] The new emphasis is not only political but democratic. Tom Hayden, cofounder of S.D.S., specifically rejects Leninist politics which stifle free development and local participation.[4]

All that remains of Marxism is a vague deference to economic determinism, qualified class warfare, anti-capitalism, anti-militarism, and a concern for the dispossessed. However, the strategy and tactics of Marxism are lost in a preference for decentralisation, democratic participation, individualism, spontaneity, and a rejection of historical materialism and labour axiology.

There is little of the Old Left's intellectual style. Dwight MacDonald accuses the New Left of not reading very much and dismisses them as a children's Crusade.[5] The youngsters counter that the Old Left, bitter with disappointment, has developed 'conceptual cramp'.[6] What old-timer Irving Howe fears is 'kamikaze radicalism' which impatiently rejects our intellectual heritage and political liberalism along with middle class ethics. With little hope of changing things, the kamikaze makes style the substance of his revolt. What he cannot overcome, he will shock; what he can't change, he can outrage.[7]

But shock does not guarantee change. Witness Mort Sahl and Norman Mailer. The danger is that the new radical in his total rejection of society will end up in estrangement from it rather than active rebellion against it. Yet the radical mood remains definitely activist. Schlesinger's Complacent Centre is now a deserted scene. Daniel Bell to the contrary, ideology did not end with the mixed economy and the welfare state.

The new ideology sees Socialism as doting and ineffectual and Soviet Marxism as apostate. Turning left, Mao and Che are rejected by many as too authoritarian. The searching look is further Left towards anarchy. As early as 1946, Dwight MacDonald predicted that any serious radical group in the future would have to be anarchistic and individualistic.[8] Radicals had their fill of authoritarian movements. Only free action, says Paul Goodman, has grace and force. The ideal of Dave Dellinger is 'to live communally and without authority to work usefully and feel friendly. . .'.[9] Before Anarchists were beset with terrorists (i.e. until 1872), they were called federalists, anti-authoritarians, or anti-statists. Proudhon used to insist on writing the word as 'an-archist' to denote that the term did not mean disorder but opposition to power.[10] Society is to be reconstructed without chaos.

The current brand of radicalism in style and circumstances comes much closer to that of Sorel's anarcho-syndicalism of the 1890s than it does to the Marxism of the 1930s. Once again capitalism is not bankrupt and liberalism is an enemy. Bergson's creative voluntarism comes closer than Marxism to meeting the demands of the new radicals. Individualism, personal heroics, independence, violence, passion, and romanticism are *de rigueur*.[11]

Emphatically anti-statist, Sorel says that since the Middle Ages the essential aim of the penal system was not justice but the welfare of the state.[12] The Dreyfus case proved only that political justice is inherently part of the state system. Nothing better can be expected of parliamentary Socialists. The only hope is to pursue a policy of 'harsh antipatriotism' and to have faith in the power of syndicalism.

True, workers have no money, admits Sorel, but they can inspire fear. 'Every conflict which endangers violence becomes a vanguard fight, and nobody can see what will arise from such engagements.'[13] It is a new game, and the rules are dictated by the workers. Syndicalism seeks to simplify Socialism by dramatising violence. The weapon is the general strike. 'Strikes have engendered in the proletariat the noblest, deepest, and most moving sentiments that they possess. . . The whole idea of Socialism is concentrated in the drama of the general strike.'[14]

Unlike a political general strike, a proletarian general strike sharpens class conflict. It must be controlled by syndicalists, and it presumes a period of economic progress. Only syndicalism can distinguish between middle class force and proletarian violence. After all, asks Sorel, is it so moral for modern society to wink at fraud and to condemn violence?[15]

Sorel found violence morally superior to the parliamentary process from

which French workers had been excluded for so long. He found that politicians invariably lower ethical standards and was convinced that electioneering serves only the interests of property holders. It was also easier for a young worker to enter a conspiracy than an election.

Unlike Marx and Lenin, Sorel was sure that trade unions had more to teach Marxists than to learn from them. Tactically a general strike scatters military forces which must protect all vital industry and transport simultaneously. It is easier to propagandise soldiers in small units. Also modern division of labour makes it easier for workers to sabotage production.[16]

Disillusionment with the political process and preference for direct action are characteristic of new radicals. Both the civil rights and peace movements have demonstrated a triumph of will over rational considerations of authority. Demonstrations and picketings have been dramatically inventive culminating in a magnificent gesture of quixotic idealism—the storming of the Pentagon.

While Sorel's analysis, values, and tactics may be recommended to the New Left, his agency of change is futile. Clearly it is not going to be the working class. Except for wage issues, trade unionism has not only become deradicalised, but illiberalised. Amalgamated into the Establishment, it has no intention of exposing itself on any barricades. Consider France in the spring of 1968. The far Left trade unions insisted that factory gates be locked against 'adventuristic' students who might corrupt the workers.[17] The strike was ruining the United Front. The militancy was supplied by students, anarchists, Maoists. Trotskyists, and Castroists—all the wrong people. Finally students forced the C.G.T. to call its own general strike.

Neither Marx nor Lenin took student leadership seriously. Engels dreaded the prospect, especially of Russian students. But Bakunin placed great faith in the 'dedicated community of irreconcilable youths', and Louis Blanqui recruited his secret political clubs of the *déclassés* mostly from Left Bank students. To-day a Guevera Communist, Regis Debray *(Revolution in the Revolution?)* sees students as the revolutionary vanguard.

The most prominent defender of youth as the revolutionary vanguard is Herbert Marcuse, ideological mentor of the 1968 riots according to *Pravda* and *The New York Times*. Marcuse speaks of workers and capitalists as 'two former antagonists' within the strong state who now testify together in Congress for more armaments appropriations. The idea of the proletariat as a revolutionary class is no longer true of the East or the West.[18] Communism is seen as a hapless victim of the generation gap. Capitalist power can only be overthrown by forces outside the system: colonial peoples, Negroes, intellectuals, or young people not yet in the Establishment. *Pravda* sees this as a U.S. plot to set youth against the working class. They deride the slogan of 'Marx, Marcuse, and Mao' and are contemptuous of Marcuse's urging the young to 'spontaneous rebellion', This, said *Pravda*, is just a step away from Peking's slogan 'Fire on headquarters'.[19] Actually Marcuse rejects the role of ideological leader. The last thing the Left needs is another father image, he says.

Warning against premature unification of strategy, Marcuse cautions that the Left has always been split and that the great majority of students are conservative.[20] Also students are only a part of the potential revolutionary movement. Other outsiders must be mobilised. The scope of the undertaking precludes firm organisation. The task is to generate and sustain a revolutionary climate of opinion. Although stemming from Marxism, both Sorel and Marcuse are content with eclecticism and concentrate on style and tactics. So does the New Left. All agree on the moral value and therapeutic effect in struggle *per se*. Both men distil out of Marxism a moral, not an economic, socialism. The New Left is also preoccupied with moral transformation but Marxism is less pessimistic and less radical.

Today's radicals are attacking not only capitalism but industrial society. Here is a social dimension missing from both turn of the century radicalism and that of the 1930's. During the May rebellion in France, a student poster at the Sorbonne read, 'The revolution that has begun calls into question not only capitalist society but also industrial civilisation as a whole. The society of consumption must die a violent death.'[21]

The most insidious thing about contemporary society, says Marcuse, is that it seems capable of containing social change. 'The general acceptance of the National Purpose, bipartisan policy, the decline of pluralism, the collusion of Business and Labour, within the strong State, testify to the integration of opposites which is the result as well as the prerequisite of this achievement.'[22] Technology introduces new, more effective, and more pleasant forms of social control and cohesion. Hence, today's industrial society is totalitarian.

Mass production and mass distribution claim the entire individual. This makes man one dimensional. Technology reveals its political character as it becomes the vehicle for more efficient domination. Hence, the purpose of *avant garde* art and literature, says Marcuse, is to answer the threat of total behaviourism and to attempt to rescue 'the rationality of the negative'. The individual has been preconditioned for the spontaneous acceptance of what is offered resulting in an institutionalised desublimination. Pleasure thus adjusted generates submission. The result is 'a happy, consciousness which facilitates the acceptance of the misdeeds of this society'. Society is now set up to reduce and absorb opposition. There has been an atrophy of the capacity for grasping contradictions and alternatives. This reflects the belief that the real is the rational, and that the Established system, in spite of everything, delivers the goods.[23]

We are left with a faint hope that technology may yet provide the historical correction of this premature identification of Reason and Freedom. But it requires a political reversal, a seizure of 'liberating potentialities', by those willing to indulge in the Great Refusal.

In his critique, Marcuse hits all the bases of the New Left. He warns against technological fetishism and overconfidence in behavioural techniques. There must be a qualitative as well as a quantitative reduction of power. He deplores the lack of self-determination and privacy and laments that humanistic acts such as the rejection of toughness, togetherness,

brutality, tyranny of the majority and a commitment to the dispossessed and pacifism are considered asocial and unpatriotic.

If a deproletarianised anarcho-syndicalism nourishes the spirit and suggests the tactics of the New Left, Herbert Marcuse provides the strategy. What he, in effect, does is rationalise Sorel's passionate moral socialism by providing it philosophical depth. The New Left exhibits the enthusiasm, pessimism, violence, and direct action embodied in syndicalism. Some of this may yet be instilled into the trade unions, but prospects for their political metamorphosis are bleak. More likely the syndicalist emphasis on individualism, free association, and localism will assume new significance as the image of the Old Politics dims.

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THE IRISH BOUNDARY COMMISSION OF 1925*

by G. J. Hand

**Report of the Irish Boundary Commission 1925*. With an introduction by G. J. Hand. (Irish University Press, 65s.)

DURING last year's troubles in Northern Ireland I talked to a Continental journalist about the Irish boundary. To him, accustomed to the idea of land-boundaries shifting according to the balance of power and to the barriers in the minds and loyalties of men, the solution was simple: an adjustment of frontiers in the light of the wishes of the inhabitants, perhaps accompanied by some measure of transfer of populations. I had to explain that the attitudes of mind bred in a small island are different from those of the Central European plain; and that, in fact, some faint effort had been made nearly half a century before towards a solution on those lines, without success. I had in mind the abortive Irish Boundary Commission of 1924-5.

The Irish Boundary Commission might be described as having been bred by the principles of the Versailles Treaties out of the Irish Problem. From the years of the stormy passage of the Third Home Rule Bill in 1912-14, it was obvious that some separate treatment of an area of north-eastern Ireland, dominated by the Protestant and Unionist minority, would have to be an ingredient in any solution of the Irish question. The treatment, though distinct, might not be permanent and might extend only to a very limited area; but it had to come in some form. Originally, the Ulster Unionists dreamt of the historic province of Ulster; but this ambition was politically unreal, for any plausibly democratic system of elections would give a nationalist majority in Ulster as a whole. A more realistic demand was for a unit of six counties (Antrim, Down, Derry, Fermanagh, Armagh and Tyrone) for, despite the Nationalist majorities in two of these (Fermanagh and Tyrone), Unionist electoral control could be maintained there.

In 1920 the British government produced the Government of Ireland Act —if you like, the Fourth Home Rule Bill. It embodied the partition of Ireland into Southern and Northern statelets, within the broad framework of the United Kingdom and with a rather unimportant common organ of government, the Council of Ireland. Northern Ireland was constituted by taking the 'Six Counties' as a unit and the constitution of Northern Ireland to-day is the 1920 Act, with some subsequent amendment. It was not seriously expected that the remaining Twenty-Six Counties would be content with the status of 'Southern Ireland' and the very name was offensive to the ears of Nationalists, even of those who were prepared to concede separate treatment to part of the North. (Though legally the phrase 'Southern Ireland' has long since vanished from the statute-book, it is still used by Ulster Unionists and some of their British political allies for the state which in United Kingdom law is styled 'the Republic of Ireland'.)

There was already a lively guerilla war under way and the members of the 'House of Commons of Southern Ireland' almost to a man refused to play any part in the new constitution.

In 1921, after protracted negotiations, the 'Articles of Agreement for a Treaty' were concluded between the British government and the representatives of the rival authority set up by the revolutionary movement in Ireland. The proposed 'Irish Free State' was to have Dominion status. But the problem of the North was nagging, although the government of Northern Ireland was not formerly a party to the negotiations. The formula which led to the Irish Boundary Commission may well have been chiefly the work of Tom Jones, though until Jones's papers are fully published under the editorship of Mr. Keith Middlemas later this year the full details cannot be known. In theory Ireland was treated as a unit, subject to the right of Northern Ireland to opt out almost immediately, a right everyone knew would be exercised. When Northern Ireland used its option, a Boundary Commission, consisting of one member nominated by the government of the new Irish Free State, one nominated by the government of Northern Ireland, and one—to be Chairman—nominated by the United Kingdom government, was to be set up.

Here at first glance is another example of those commissions which, in the aftermath of the Great War and amid the confusion of creating the successor states to the fallen Empires, were a notable feature of the peace-making at Versailles. But there was to be one great difference between the circumstances of the Irish Boundary Commission and those of the Commissions set up by the Versailles Treaties. The terms of reference and instructions for procedure given to the post-war Boundary Commissions were elaborately detailed. Throughout its life the Irish Boundary Commission had no more to go on than the following brief sentence from the 'Treaty':

> [the Commissioners] shall determine in accordance with the wishes of the inhabitants, so far as may be compatible with economic and geographic conditions, the boundaries between Northern Ireland and the rest of Ireland. . . .

It may be that some of those concerned in drafting expected that a more specific instrument would eventually be drawn up; but none ever was.

Certainly, the members of the Irish delegation in 1921 thought that this phrasing would ensure that the bulk of the two counties of the Six which had nationalist majorities (Tyrone and Fermanagh), together with other areas, possibly including Derry, the second city of the Northern Ireland we know to-day, would go with the rest of the country. Indeed, they may have thought—as some of their associates later did—that these changes 'in accordance with the wishes of the inhabitants' would so affect the structure of Northern Ireland as to deprive it of continuing viability. But what did 'so far as may be compatible with' mean? Did it in fact mean that the wishes of the inhabitants would be subjected to cutting-down by economic and geographic conditions? And could it not be argued that to speak of the boundaries 'between Northern Ireland and the rest of Ireland' implied that the former was to continue as recognisably the same unit

as that established by the Act of 1920? To a great extent, the history of the Irish Boundary Commission is a history of varying interpretations of a hideously ambiguous document.

The actual establishment of the Commission was delayed far beyond the contemplation of the signatories to the 1921 'Treaty'. The new Irish Free State was riven by a civil war between those who accepted and those who rejected that agreement. However, in July 1923 the Dublin government appointed its commissioner, one of its own cabinent members, Eóin (John) MacNeill, himself a native of what had become Northern Ireland, although his birthplace could not be expected to be transferred on even the most favourable interpretation of the governing instrument. MacNeill was distinguished as a scholar—indeed he has a good claim to be regarded as the founder of the scientific history of early Ireland—and had played a chequered part in the stormy decade of Irish history that had just ended. Irish opinion had deeply respected his personal character; it had had reservations about his political wisdom.

The next member to be appointed, though not until almost a year after MacNeill's appointment, was the chairman, Richard Feetham, a South African judge. Feetham was one of the members of 'Milner's kindergarten'. At one stage, his home, Moot House at Johannesburg, had been the centre of the group's activities. But it is likely that years on the bench had made him somewhat remote from his old associates and their ideas, although he remained in very close touch with Lionel Curtis. The chief burden of extracting undetected riches of meaning from the brief terms of reference fell on him. The third member of the Commission proved a major problem. According to the agreement he should be appointed by the Government of Northern Ireland; but that government, insisting that it had not been a party to these arrangements, refused to act. Eventually, the matter was referred, under a little-used procedure, to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, which advised that the only way out of the impasse was for a new arrangement to be made. This (which of course required legislation both at Dublin and at Westminster) was that the United Kingdom government should act instead of the Northern Irish government. In due course, a third commissioner was found in the person of J. R. Fisher, an elderly Belfast newspaper editor, who was acceptable—unofficially—to Northern Ireland.

Consequently, it was not until November 6, 1924, that the Commission met for the first time and set about its tasks. These may be divided into two broad categories: securing the information necessary for any award and deciding what principles of guidance could be extracted from the phrasing of the 1921 text. The first category was laborious but, despite some faint attempts at obstruction on the part of Northern Ireland, not essentially difficult. To do it properly, of course, a suitable staff had to be recruited; and it is significant that two prominent members of the Commission's staff, its Secretary (still happily with us), F. B. Bourdillon, and Major R. A. Boger, had had experience in similar work arising from the Versailles Treaties. The Commission invited submissions, both oral and

in writing, visited the disputed areas, held hearings of counsel for legal matters, and secured detailed census figures and other relevant statistics. One important procedural matter was governed by the problem of interpretation: how were the wishes of the inhabitants to be interpreted? The Commission felt it had no authority to hold a formal plebiscite, but decided that the last census figures of religious affiliation were sufficient for its purposes, on the depressing equation Protestant equals Unionist, Catholic equals Nationalist.

On interpretation, Mr. Justice Feetham necessarily made the pace. His views, which governed the final form of the proposed award, were that the wishes of the inhabitants were subject to the over-riding consideration of economic and geographic considerations, that changes so extensive as to put in question the continued existence of Northern Ireland in a recognisable form were out of the question, that the Commission had authority to award territory either way and that a bare majority should not be regarded as sufficient to justify an alteration at any point of the existing boundary. Had these views been known in the Irish Free State, it is doubtful if popular pressure would have permitted MacNeill to remain a member of the Commission. But MacNeill, like Feetham, preserved a strict secrecy about the Commission's proceedings, and he preferred not to force a clear-cut confrontation with Feetham on the question of interpretation. For one thing, he was aware of his own lack of legal skills.

In the course of 1925, the Commission moved towards an award which was far removed from the hopes and fears of Irishmen, north and south. 31,000 people, on 183,000 acres of land, were to go to the Irish Free State; but 7,500, on 49,000 acres, were to be transferred the other way. No sizeable towns were to change hands. The inhabitants of the Free State, far from seeing the city of Derry, with its nationalist majority, united to them, were to endure the loss of adjacent territory—countryside with a Protestant majority close to the city. It was this two-way transfer which was to destroy the work of the Commission, for public opinion in the Free State could not tolerate it in the circumstances.

The deliberations of the Commission, as has been said, remained secret and at the beginning of November 1925 it had almost completed its work. Then, on November 7, the *Morning Post* published a map purporting to show the proposed boundary—and, in fact, showing it in essentials. Whose was the discredit for the 'leak' is not known. But it provoked a rising storm in the Irish Free State which led to the resignation of the Free State member of the Commission, MacNeill. Although the remaining members endeavoured to complete their work, as there was good legal authority for this, they could only do so in disregard of political realities. Frantic negotiations between the three governments resulted in an agreement by which the *Report*, which had never been presented, was suppressed. The Irish boundary remained as it had been drawn in 1920 and as it stands to-day. The Commission had failed.

How relevant is the history and work of the Irish Boundary Commission

to-day? In the first place, the Commission—the one attempt by British and Irish representatives to examine the question in detail on the ground—showed the intricate complexity of the problem. To look at the map of 'complexion by religions' which accompained the *Report* and which broadly corresponds to the situation even to-day is to know the inadequacy of any boundary line that can be drawn. There is a solid Protestant and Unionist heartland—Antrim (except for the north-east corner), the greater part of its southern neighbours, Down and Armagh, and the eastern part of County Derry. Let into this heartland are Catholic areas of South Down and Tyrone. But the intractable problem is the particoloured belt of border lands in Derry, Fermanagh and, to a lesser extent, Armagh. The Unionist areas are substantial enough to cut off some solid nationalist areas; and yet they are not themselves securely part of the Unionist heartland. Even if the bitter experience of the past two years was not there to point to it, an obvious conclusion would follow from the map—that a particularly tough 'hard-line' Unionism would be found in that belt of border lands. The most south-westerly of the counties of Northern Ireland, Fermanagh, would have lost 12,000 of its people to the Free State had the Boundary Commission had its way, but this change would not in all probability have been enough to provide a stable situation in the rest of the county.

If the proposals had gone ahead, what would have been their likely impact? One possible result, of course, would have been renewed civil war. Granted a peaceful implementation in the autumn or winter of 1925, however, one can make some long-term predictions. Some small points of irritation would have been removed. The intolerable situation of a massively Nationalist population in South Armagh forming a salient of the Northern territory into the Republic of Ireland would not exist today. Further west, the village of Rosslea would not be remembered as the scene of I.R.A. action, for under the Commission's proposals it would also have followed the wishes of the local population and be part of the territory ruled by Dublin. The Unionist majority would have been marginally more secure in the border areas and some will feel that this would have operated to reduce tensions.

But the major problems would remain. To say nothing of the continued strife of the two working-classes in Belfast, the dilemma of Derry would survive—a predominantly Catholic city that is at the same time the holy city of Orangeism. The Boundary Commission hesitated long before deciding the fate of Newry, the Catholic town in South Down, close to the border. Feetham admitted that in the case of Newry the wishes of the inhabitants met economic and geographic considerations in a more delicate balance than anywhere else. Under his interpretation the wishes of the inhabitants had to give way. It must be conceded that, even if the Commission had had its way, what a French journalist, writing just before the August explosion, called *à la periphérie européenne, un abscès difficile à soigner* (Alain Hernè, in *Réalités*), would in all probability still be with us.

The implementation of the Commission's Award might nevertheless have

made an important change in the theoretical approach to the Irish border. The line that exists today represents simply the largest number of counties, the traditional unit of local government, which the Unionists of north-eastern Ireland thought they could control (give or take a few of their peculiar electoral institutions). Originating in the Government of Ireland Act, 1920, that line was confirmed by the agreement of the three governments upon the breakdown of the Boundary Commission. But the Commission's Award would have confirmed instead the idea, found in the Treaty of 1921, that the Boundary was open to change on the basis of the wishes of the inhabitants. If that principle had once been admitted, it might have come to be acceptable again, after due lapse of time. The proposed boundary may have varied little enough from the 1920 line, but it rested on a different principle.

Admittedly, the parties to the Irish problem have put any repetition of the Boundary Commission's approach apparently quite out of question, emotionally and legally. To Irish nationalist minds of the orthodox school, any discussion of the minor injustices of the precise boundary that exists today is dwarfed in importance by the need to repudiate the lawfulness of *any* boundary. Piecemeal change would imply an agreement prejudicing the purity of the republican doctrine that the inhabitants of the island of Ireland are (though so many of them obstinately refuse to recognise it) one nation and should form a single state. The present Irish government has an extremely unclear attitude towards the agreement of 1925. The Constitution of 1937 treats the jurisdiction of Dublin as temporarily impeded 'pending the reintegration of the national territory' and the right to exercise it over 'the whole island of Ireland' is expressly affirmed.

On the other side, no Unionist slogan is more emotive and more likely to unite every traditional shade of opinion than 'not an inch!' Like a sacred Hindu shrine in a Moslem-dominated area, the walls of Derry rally Unionist stubbornness. Unhappily, the United Kingdom Parliament has tied itself as hopelessly as the Constitution of the Republic of Ireland to an inflexible policy. By the Ireland Act, 1949, s. 1 (2), 'in no event will Northern Ireland or *any part thereof* cease to be part of His Majesty's Dominions and of the United Kingdom without the consent of the Parliament of Northern Ireland' (my italics). If the entire population of the county of Fermanagh, forming a salient into the Republic, was converted to the cause of Irish nationalism and fervently sought to be ruled by Dublin, the United Kingdom has barred itself from permitting it to have its wish, unless the parliament of Northern Ireland agreed. Similarly, if every inhabitant of the Six Counties became staunchly Protestant and Unionist, a Dublin government, loyal to its own constitution, would still have to persist in claiming the whole territory.

There is thus no legal, let alone political, prospect of another Irish Boundary Commission. Nevertheless, the work of the 1925 Commission deserves to be pondered on and the materials it gathered remain of remarkable value.

THE CENTENARY OF THE EDUCATION ACT, 1870

by J. J. N. McGurk

A CENTURY has passed this spring since W. E. Forster brought in his Education Bill to make Gladstone's Liberal Government of the day take a greater part in providing national primary education for all. By the end of the last century the cry then became 'secondary education for all' and now in 1970 it is 'higher education for all'. It would be true to say that educational issues have not been far from the headlines during the past century; today they are pungently so as teachers in England and Wales prepare to take further industrial action to raise their salaries and dwindling status. It is proposed here to take a bird's eye view of governmental action in education, particularly since Forster's Education Act.

Historically there have been three main definitions of education in England in the modern age from which major administrative changes have emanated. These changes were made as a result of Education Acts in 1870, 1902, and 1944. In the early nineteenth century education was defined as the three 'R's' for the working class, and free only if they absolutely could not afford it. Payment by the other classes went unquestioned and for the lower middle classes education was beginning to be viewed as utilitarian. The educational system was not considered essential to the economy, nor was it in fact; hence the system owed nothing, as yet, to the government and, as long as the voluntary societies and churches taught the poor, the government did not interfere. The public schools did not create the class divisions but the presence of these strengthened the existing public schools which in turn reinforced the already present class system of England. In the 1830s government grants aided the voluntary societies and a Committee of the Privy Council became the first governmental body responsible for any form of education in modern England. Sir James P. Kay-Shuttleworth became the first great educational administrator to influence future developments in this country.

The 1840s saw the pupil-teacher system in action; the first H.M.I.s appointed; normal or training colleges established and financed in part by the Committee of Council. Throughout the 1850s there were attempts to pass legislation that would define the position of education more exactly, but the religious denominations were the chief suppliers of education for the working class, the only class for which state provision of education was envisaged. Traditionally the approach to education was religious, religion was a vital element in the curriculum and therefore any schools set up by the state must teach religion. The taxpayers, who would finance such a system, obviously came from all denominations, none of which was willing to susidise through taxation the others' brand of Christianity. The denominationalists mutually struggled as to what kind of religion should be taught; the secularists objected that any religion what-

soever be taught and others simply resisted state aid in principle. During the 1869s it became clear that national education was a task beyond the resources of the voluntary societies and that some form of rate aid was inevitable. For this legislation was also inevitable, but the content of the coming legislation would be governed by the then current definitions of education and by the political pressures of the 1867 Reform Act, and the decided trend of a break-away from *laissez-faire* in the economy.

After the Newcastle Commission, payment by results became as congenial to the 1860s as the monitorial method had been to those giving money to the education half a century previously. By the end of the 1860s Gladstone was pledged to take some action to ameliorate the worst aspects of the Revised Code. W. E. Forster was Gladstone's Vice-President and his Elementary Education Act aimed at 'filling the gaps' so as to complete the voluntary system. The state had at last admitted the need to provide at least part of the education of the working classes. Though expansion was demanded in all sections of education there was no co-ordination within the various parts of the system. Secondary education was not as yet defined as a national responsibility, though it was a national need. From the 1870s onwards, the twin aims of the N.U.T. were the raising of the status of teaching as a profession and of bettering the pay and conditions of serving teachers. The average salary of a teacher in 1875 was £109 per annum; by 1895 it had risen to £122.

In the 1890s there were many problems in the English education system; differences between Board and voluntary schools; the profession as such was split in its allegiance to different associations of teachers; in a questioning of the class-bound definition of secondary schools, and in a re-opening of the religious issues inherent in the original foundation of the dual system. A measure of co-ordination was achieved by the Act of 1899, which established the Board of Education. The Act of 1902 achieved a new religious compromise and this Act did not signalise a movement away from a system administered in the main by the denominations to one run chiefly by the State. New resources were moving into education to meet the aims of the 1902 Act: new types of post-primary schools and school welfare services were evolving. The chances that a unitary education system would rapidly develop were frustrated by the outbreak of the war and by the economic despair of the inter-war years.

However, the academic study of education, especially educational psychology began to influence practice in the schools, which became more child-centred. The Hadow and Spens Reports were both influenced by the new methods of teaching. The main task of the primary school was seen as that of providing children between 7-11 with 'what is essential to their healthy growth—physical, intellectual and moral' and the curriculum 'thought of in terms of activity and experience rather than knowledge to be acquired and facts to be stored'. The term 'elementary' was abolished; and education was envisaged in two stages—primary and secondary between which status—differences would be irrelevant. Elementary education has been re-defined as primary, ending at eleven

and since 1944, it has been possible to provide secondary education for all. These Reports — Hadow and Spens — would form the basis for the monumental re-definition of education in R. A. Butler's 1944 Act. The administration of education had become more centralised as a result of the 1944 Act, and the school leaving age was raised to 15 after 1947. Re-organisation became virtually complete, so that the old 'all-age' schools have now almost entirely disappeared. Between 1945-1965 about 5,000 new primary schools have been built. In 1947, 34 per cent of nine year olds were in single sex schools, by 1965 only 3 per cent were; the advance of co-education was another indicative move towards equal treatment for all in the schools.

Again, the first Burnham award after the Act put all teachers on the same salary scale, although graduate status attracted further increments. By seven yearly stages women teachers came to have equal pay with men. The 1944 Act had made secondary education free for all; the Labour Government elected the following year set about defining secondary education in tripartite terms. Opposition grew to the policy on the grounds of egalitarianism and economic necessity and many councils becan to build comprehensive schools to educate all the secondary pupils of their areas, excepting those who went to private schools. In the 1950s the new social class definitions of education became clearly pointed and inevitable clashes took place between a Conservative Government and the many Labour-controlled L.E.A.'s. But the grammar school did not disappear; values change before the institutions that they support. There was increased demand in the Modern Schools for examinations; so the Certificate of Secondary Education came into being in 1965. Labour returned to power that year and called for plans to reorganise secondary education on comprehensive lines; some L.E.A.'s are still reluctant to abandon the tripartite system. The question of the public schools was raised again and a Royal Commission under Sir John Newsom attempted to define the relationship of these schools to the state system.

One way of measuring the overall growth in education during the period following the 1944 Act is to view the increasing proportion of the national income spent on education by public authorities; in 1954 3.2 per cent of the gross national product went on education; by 1964/5 this proportion had risen to 5.1 per cent[1]. In the 1960s education was a major issue at local and national levels; high expenditure looked like rising still higher.[2] The prominence given the economy in the 1960s is nowhere more clearly seen in recent re-definitions of education than in the Robbins Report on Higher Education, in which emphasis was laid on 'instruction in skills suitable to play a part in the general division of labour'. Robbins viewed higher education as a unity and wanted colleges of education and technical colleges to be modelled on the universities. To implement the ideal, Colleges of Advanced Technology were converted into universities. A strong body of political opinion felt that public expenditure of £129 million on university education warranted that the universities be brought into the educational system in the fullest sense and

be under more direct financial control than was possible through the Universities Grants Committee.

The teaching profession over the last century and a half has improved its conditions of work, obtained security of tenure through a steady salary and a pension scheme, despite the latterday strictures of the profession. As a professional group, teachers have successfully held out for the welfare of the schools and their children without any of the advantages of the older professions. They have also made it clear that through professional organisations (especially their N.U.T.) it is possible to reconcile the need to fulfil professional obligations with the needs of the state; and are now making it clear through militant action that they will not see their profession fall behind in the earning power it deserves.

The rôle of the teacher has changed considerably since the nineteenth century; many of his former responsibilities have been transferred to such specialists as the Youth Employment Officer, School Doctor, or a representative of some welfare agency. The direction of change in education in England owed its impulses to what has happened in other major institutions, although education in its turn can also be seen to have governed social change. War has played its part in the major re-definitions, as in 1902, in 1918 and 1944. In our day the claims of the economy have grown in importance; the application of science and education to industry have become vital to the nation, even though academic economists can never quite make up their minds whether or not education contributes to economic growth. It is interesting that many of the headlines from education correspondents in our times reiterate in new dress so many of the past issues in education. Some samples from educational headlines during the past year may make the point:

Youth Teachers tell of Defects in Training (*Daily Telegraph*, June 22, 1969).
Compulsory Tuition in Religion (Letter to *The Times*, May 10, 1969).
Teacher-Social Worker Link Urged (*Observer*, October 10, 1969).
The Sagging Morale of the British Teacher (*The Times*, September 12, 1969).
Independent Schools 'Still Necessary' (*Daily Telegraph*)
New Drive to Reduce School Classes (*Sunday Times*).
Role for the Agnostic in School (*Guardian*).
Can We Afford the Places (*Times* leader, July 24, 1969).
Teachers on Strike (*Observer*, November 30, 1969).

In the centre of the conflicts and crucial to all changes stand the teachers, who now watch their salaries fall well behind those in comparable professions. At the time of writing, teachers are on strike in many parts of the country. Now may well be the hour for a full reassessment of salary scales, the end of 'Burnham serfdom', and the beginning of a new future in the teaching profession.

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1 Statistics of Education, pt. 1, 1965, p. 73.
2 Sixth form education costs twice as much as education before 16 and higher education three times as much. It has recently been feared that the education explosion could put up taxation.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, 1770-1850: A BI-CENTENARY TRIBUTE

by William Kean Seymour

IN all this year's bi-centenary celebrations of the life and work of William Wordsworth (1770-1850) the first thought must be that, with his friend Coleridge, he played a leading part in that revolutionary movement in poetry which we call the Romantic Revival. The second thought is (to use his own self-description) that he was 'a worshipper of nature'—of such enthusiasm, passionate conviction and persistence throughout his long working life that the phrase has become a cliché of the text-books.

The sonnet he composed in his sixteenth year discloses the attitude of mind and spirit which became not only his habitual response to nature but the basis of his philosophy:

> Calm is all nature as a resting wheel.
> The kine are couched upon the dewy grass;
> The horse alone, seen dimly as I pass,
> Is cropping audibly his later meal:
> Dark is the ground; a slumber seems to steal
> O'er vale, and mountain, and the starless sky.
> Now, in this blank of things, a harmony,
> Home-felt, and home-created, comes to heal
> That grief for which the senses still supply
> Fresh food; for only then, when memory
> Is hushed, am I at rest. . . .

Already he was manifesting his power to achieve strong visual effects: the dimly-seen horse, the darkness stealing over the land. And, more significantly, he was showing command of the simple, naked phrase to evoke an atmosphere of twilight and suspense fused with thought and emotion:

> Now, in this blank of things, a harmony
> Home-felt, and home-created.

We do not know what 'that grief' was. The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts, and we need to know his circumstances at that time. The second of four sons and a daughter born to John and Ann Wordsworth, his mother died when William was eight years of age. His father, a land-agent at Cockermouth, died barely five years later, and the two family bereavements meant a dispersion of the orphaned children: William and his elder brother Richard to the grammar school at Hawkshead and Dorothy, aged six, to relatives at Halifax. She was fifteen and William sixteen when, during his school holidays, they came together again under the same roof, in their grandparents' house at Penrith. The unsympathetic treatment accorded him by his grandfather may well have been the cause of the grief mentioned in the quoted sonnet. Also, scant sympathy existed between William and his brother Richard, who soon left for London and his law studies; but from that time of reunion after long separation the relationship of William and his sister (a year his junior) developed into one

of intense mutual affection and understanding. By their mother's early death they had been deprived of the closest of home ties. At Hawkshead he had 'boarded out', in the cottage of a childless 'dame, so kind and motherly'. He was happy with 'Dame Tyson', and at school, where the boys were left to their own devices and to read what books they liked: in Wordsworth's case not many apparently, and he never cared for reading.

From his dame, however, and his own observation, he gained his knowledge of the Cumberland peasantry and a deep understanding of their folklore, work and pastimes.

In his pastoral poem *Michael*, Wordsworth speaks of this understanding:

> . . . it was the first
> Of those domestic tales that spake to me
> Of Shepherds, dwellers in the valleys, men
> Whom I already loved;—not verily
> For their own sakes, but for the fields and hills
> Where was their occupation and abode.
> And hence this Tale, while I was yet a Boy
> Careless of books, yet having felt the power
> Of Nature, by the gentle agency
> Of natural objects, led me on to feel
> For passions that were not my own, and think
> (At random and imperfectly indeed)
> On man, the heart of man, and human life
> Therefore, although it be a history
> Homely and rude, I will relate the same
> For the delight of a few natural hearts;
> And, with yet fonder feeling, for the sake
> Of youthful Poets, who among these hills
> Will be my second self when I am gone.

And as to pastimes, this is how, in *Influence of Natural Objects*, he describes the thrill of skating at evening:

> . . . all shod with steel
> We hissed along the polished ice, in games
> Confederate, imitative of the chase
> And woodland pleasures,—the resounding horn,
> The pack loud-chiming, and the hunted hare.
> So through the darkness and the cold we flew,
> And not a voice was idle: with the din
> Smitten, the precipices rang aloud;
> The leafless trees and every icy crag
> Tinkled like iron; while far-distant hills
> Into the tumult sent an alien sound
> Of melancholy not unnoticed, while the stars,
> Eastward, were sparkling clear, and in the west
> The orange sky of evening died away.

Those passages occur in poems written as Wordsworth approached his thirtieth year. Many things had happened since he left school at Hawkshead. Despite the moods of happiness and contentment revealed in the quoted poems we know that he was solitary and sullen by temperament. On her deathbed his mother feared that he would be 'remarkable either for good or for evil', owing to his 'stiff, moody and violent temper'. When he entered St. John's College, Cambridge, it was with the eagerness of liberty attained

but with apprehension and a sense of insufficiency. Conversationally, he lacked address and a winning way; socially (like Swift and Goldsmith at Trinity College, Dublin) he lacked the means to buy his way into wealthy and popular sets, and anyway would not have wished it. As to his appearance, even Dorothy noted that 'his person is not in his favour'. Hazlitt told Landor, who asked what Wordsworth looked like, 'Have you seen a horse, sir? Well then, you have seen Wordsworth, sir'. Yet he had his secret store of memories and impressions, and when his first vacation came round he spent it at his old school-dame's cottage amid the scenery and the people he had loved for so many years.

Meanwhile, the death of the tyrannous grandfather at Penrith and the marriage of the old man's two bachelor sons enabled Dorothy to reside with her favourite uncle and his bride. For a good part of William's second Long Vacation brother and sister rambled through Derbyshire and Yorkshire observing the countryside and discovering that instant process of mental affinity which contributed so largely to his poetic quickening in after years.

When he left Cambridge with his B.A. degree in January 1791, his taste for foreign travel had been stimulated by a walking tour in France and Switzerland in his third Long Vacation. He had avoided the family's plans for a career in the Law and, though agreeing to study Oriental languages with a view to taking holy orders, had no intention of doing so. Two months later, in November, he wrote to a friend from Brighton that he was on his way to France. 'I am doomed to be an idler through my whole life', he said, 'I have read nothing this age, nor indeed did I ever'. And Dorothy wrote to a friend: 'William you may have heard lost the chance, indeed the certainty of a fellowship by not combating his inclinations, he gave way to his natural dislike of studies so dry as many parts of the mathematics, consequently could not succeed at Cambridge'. She remarks on his 'great attachment to poetry', but as 'not the most likely to produce his advancement in the world'. Whatever her private misgivings, when she heard he was in France she again wrote to her friend that he was there 'to pass the winter for the purpose of learning the French language which will qualify him for the office of travelling companion to a young gentleman'—not a promising alternative to the solid professions pressed on him by his relatives. It is clear that Wordsworth's whole nature rebelled against the idea of conforming to any routine. He lived carefree and for the moment, and before long he began an impulsive *affaire* with Annette Vallon, whose brother was a notary's clerk in Orleans and had made Wordsworth's acquaintance through some cavalry officers who lodged in the same house. Annette was four years older than William, desirably attractive, and the outcome of their association could have been predicted: a daughter was born to the lovers on December 15, 1792, and christened 'Anne Caroline Wordswodth' *(sic)*. Annette's brother Paul was godfather, but Wordsworth himself had been in Paris for a couple of months awaiting news of the event.

France was in the turmoil of revolution. His funds had run out, and when a welcome remittance arrived from his brother Richard he hurried

back to England without seeing Annette and the child. According to a letter of Dorothy's on December 22, he was staying with his brother in London and seeing through the press the poems he had completed during the summer at Blois (Annette's home town). His uncertainty—if not duplicity—is indicated by the fact that in the previous mid-May he wrote to a friend of his intention to 'take orders in the approaching winter or spring'. Had he done so it would have meant marrying Annette and so removing any ecclesiastical objection. Perhaps his variable mind could not face the prospect of a country curacy, with a wife and family. Indecision and procrastination were now his portion, intermixed with the ever-mounting passion for poetry which dominated his waking thoughts. The following lines from an early version of his poem *Guilt and Sorrow*, probably written in the summer of 1793, suggest the state of his mind:

> Unhappy Man! thy sole delightful hour
> Flies fast; it is thy miserable dower
> Only to taste of joy that thou mayst pine
> A loss, which rolling suns shall ne'er restore.

And in a cancelled scene from his play *The Borderers* (composed 1795-96. Published 1842) one of the characters exclaims:

> . . . ah, teach me first,
> If not to bring back all I've loved, at least
> To rescue my poor thoughts, which now and ever
> Bleed helplessly on Memory's piercing thorn.

If indeed those lines, and some others, afford clues to the poet's state of mind between his return from France and 1798, the beginning of the greatest period of his genius, the explanation would seem to lie in the effect two people had on his mind and spirit. One was his sister Dorothy, and the other his friend and mentor, Coleridge.

The long association of Wordsworth and Coleridge, in friendship and in creative thought and poetical experiment, is one of the most significant landmarks in English Literature. Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772-1834), the son of a country clergyman who died in the boy's ninth year, was sent into the rigours of Christ's Hospital, London, where Charles Lamb was three years his junior. At nineteen he entered Cambridge, but after enlisting in the light dragoons two years later and then getting discharged through the intervention of friends he returned to his college but became absorbed in his friend Southey's revolutionary ideas and failed to take his degree. This ended his original plan of going into the church, but in the years that followed—apart from the distinction he attained in poetry, criticism and literature generally—he delved deeply into philosophy and introduced leading German writers to English readers. Orphaned in boyhood, he suffered, as Wordsworth did, this deepest of deprivations. Poetry came to both youths in their fifteenth year, Coleridge's under the guidance of the redoubtable James Boyer, the rod-wielding master at Christ's Hospital, and Wordsworth's in the grammar school at Hawkshead. Coleridge's first poems bear signs of 'classical' pressure, while Wordsworth's show direct observation of nature and of the human scene.

The two poets, with Southey, met first at Bristol in 1795, at the house of

Mr. Pinney, a merchant of that city, who in due course gave William and his sister the free use of his house, furnished, at Racedown, Dorset. Thus, on first acquaintance, their ages were: Wordsworth, twenty-five; Coleridge, twenty-three; and Southey, twenty-one. Southey became a prodigious worker in miscellaneous authorship and was buffeted by Byron, Hazlitt and others —but he became Poet Laureate before he was forty.

Coleridge was in course of becoming an accomplished metrist, Wordsworth manifested an attitude approaching profundity and heartfelt reverence towards nature.

The two men walked and talked, exchanged and discussed poems and subject-matter. As the friendship grew Dorothy was fascinated by Coleridge. In one of her letters to her friend Mary Hutchinson, written in the year of the planning of *Lyrical Ballads*, 1797, she said. 'You had a great loss in not seeing Coleridge. He is a wonderful man. His conversation teems with soul, mind, and spirit. Then he is so benevolent, so good-tempered and cheerful, and, like William, interests himself so much about every little trifle . . . His eye is large and full, not dark but grey; such an eye as would receive from a heavy soul the dullest expression; but it speaks every emotion of his animated mind; it has more of "the poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling" than I ever witnessed. He has fine dark eyebrows, and an overhanging forehead.'

We know that Coleridge was greatly attracted to Dorothy. They might have married, and the history of literature would have been altered. But he was already married. And as Wordsworth marked their mutual admiration flash in their glances and heighten their conversation they in turn realised his jealousy—jealousy that intruded into one of his greatest, most-inspired poems:

> For thou art with me here upon the banks
> Of this fair river; thou my dearest Friend,
> My dear, dear Friend; and in thy voice I catch
> The language of my former heart, and read
> My former pleasures in the shooting lights
> Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little while
> May I behold in thee what I was once,
> My dear, dear Sister! and this prayer I make,
> Knowing that Nature never did betray
> The heart that loved her. . . .

Both poets at this time of close communication, when Coleridge lived at Nether Stowey and Wordsworth at Alfoxden, were occupied with the interpretation of the Imagination: Coleridge in its operation in such poems as *Kubla Khan*, and Wordsworth in its power to create symbols of the mind in nature. In Book XIII of *The Prelude* Wordsworth gives a magnificent example:

The passage describes the summit of Snowdon:

> Meanwhile, the Moon look'd down upon this show
> In single glory, and we stood, the mist
> Touching our very feet; and from the shore
> At distance not the third part of a mile

Was a blue chasm; a fracture in the vapour,
A deep and gloomy breathing-place through which
Mounted the roar of waters, torrents, streams
Innumerable, roaring with one voice.
The universal spectacle throughout
Was shaped for admiration and delight,
Grand in itself alone, but in the breach
Through which the homeless voice of waters rose,
That deep dark thoroughfare had Nature lodg'd
The Soul, the Imagination of the whole.

Also in *The Prelude* he tries to define Imagination:

... imagination, which, in truth,
Is but another name for absolute power
And clearest insight, amplitude of mind,
And Reason in her most exalted mood.

Throughout the great period of his poetry that ended soon after his fortieth year, both Wordsworth and Coleridge sought by observation, reflection and meditation an active principle of Imagination that would exalt and irradiate the mind and charge the soul with beauty. In *Tintern Abbey* he again turns to Nature:

... Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty world
Of eye, and ear,—both what they half create,
And what perceive; well pleased to recognise
In nature and the language of the sense
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.

This is enthusiasm swelling to rhetoric, and a strange contradiction to the solitary and moody side of Wordsworth's nature. In *Biographia Literaria* Coleridge writes, 'Our conversations turned frequently on the two cardinal points of poetry, the power of exciting the sympathy of the reader by a faithful adherence to the truth of nature, and the power of giving the interest of novelty by the modifying colours of the imagination . . .' He goes on to say how the plan of the *Lyrical Ballads* originated; that he himself should endeavour to write the supernatural kind of poetry, while Wordsworth should aim to 'give the charm of novelty to things of every day' and awaken the 'mind's attention to the lethargy of custom directing it to the loveliness and wonders of the world before us . . .'.

Not until 1802 did Wordsworth again visit France: ten years after he forsook Annette and their child. And this time it was in the company of his sister, who helped him to make some belated arrangements with Annette and so leave the way clear for his marriage with their childhood friend Mary Hutchinson. They had that year received nearly four thousand pounds as their share of a debt incurred to their dead father and now repaid with interest. This had enabled William to embark on the marriage. Dorothy was not at the ceremony, and when the news came that it was 'over' she threw herself on her bed and 'lay in stillness, neither hearing nor seeing anything', till the bride's sister warned her, 'They are coming'.

'This forced me from the bed where I lay, and I moved, I know not how, straight forward, faster than my strength could carry me, till I met my beloved William, and fell upon his bosom.'

Five children were born to William and Mary Wordsworth during the next eight years. Thirty years after the marriage Dorothy lost her faculties, recovered them for a brief period when the Laureate himself lay dying, and when he died her wits lapsed again for the remaining five years of her life. George Sampson said of her: 'Dorothy Wordsworth is one of those engaging, selfless, and devoted women about whom it is difficult to speak without excess of enthusiasm. Probably she was, of all persons known to us, the nearest to being a poet without ever writing a poem.'

It would be equally true to say of William in the last thirty years of his life that his fame mounted as his inspiration declined in mechanical verses prompted by what has been called his 'invincible respectability'. The turgid collection of *Ecclesiastical Sonnets*, for example, only endeared him to the uncritical early- and mid-Victorian readers who lapped up superficial moralisings. Writers with high critical standards such as Coleridge, Keats, Lamb and Hazlitt had seen the way Wordsworth's work was declining as early as the publication of *The Excursion* (1814) and in the following years. Keats wrote: 'We hate poetry that has a palpable design upon us, and, if we do not agree, seems to put its hand into its breeches pocket'. Hazlitt mixed barbs with bouquets: 'Mr. Wordsworth has thought too much of contemporary critics and criticism, and less than he ought of the award of posterity and of the opinion, we do not say of private friends, but of those who were made so by their admiration of his genius'.

Whence came the falling off? In his powerful biographical and critical study, *Wordsworth* (1930), Sir Herbert Read discussed the young poet's involvement with Annette Vallon and the thick conspiracy of silence that followed. To the decades of remorse and frustration that ensued we must trace the decline in Wordsworth's genius and fundamental honesty. An agony of self-doubt must have impaired his psychology as he sought to reconcile his private thoughts with his public image; and when he visited the grave of Burns in 1807, he afterwards added *Thoughts* in 1839 which remained unpublished until 1842:

> Sweet Mercy! to the gates of Heaven
> This Minstrel lead, his sins forgiven;
> The rueful conflict, the heart riven
> With vain endeavour . . .

After his death in 1850 Wordsworth's greatest work, *The Prelude; or Growth of a Poet's Mind*, was published. It is part of a work-plan suggested by Coleridge and intended to be introductory to a greater work, *The Recluse*, of which the second part appeared in *The Excursion*. Had he written only *The Prelude* he must be ranked high among England's greatest poets; but we have—and must be eternally grateful for—the *Lyrical Ballads*, *Tintern Abbey*, *Intimations of Immortality*, *the Solitary Reaper*, *Michael*, and the wonderful lyrics which are in every anthology. Well may we celebrate the bi-centenary of his birth!

ANNOUNCEMENT

The Royal Society has greatly expanded its activities in the field of education over the past five years. During this period it has formed joint committees with the Institute of Biology, the Royal Institute of Chemistry, the Institute of Physics and the Physical Society and the Institute of Mathematics and its Applications. Further Working Parties have investigated specific topics in conjunction with the Council of Engineering Institutions, the Department of Education and Science, the Schools Council and the Council of Science and Technology Institutes.

Realising the wide range of educational topics on which it might wish to comment, Council of the Society has decided to set up its own Standing Education Committee to study matters relating to education at all levels.

Professor C. C. Butler, F.R.S., has been appointed Chairman of the new Committee. Other members of the Committee are: —

Professor E. J. W. Barrington, F.R.S.
Dr. F. S. Dainton, F.R.S.
Professor N. Feather, F.R.S.
Professor G. E. Fogg, F.R.S.
Professor G. Gee, F.R.S.
Professor D. W. Holder, F.R.S.
Sir Bernard Katz, Sec.R.S.
Professor M. J. Lighthill, F.R.S.
Professor J. W. Linnett, F.R.S.
Sir Harrie Massey, Sec.R.S.
Dr. A. W. Merrison, F.R.S.
Sir Nevill Mott, F.R.S.
Sir Ronald Nyholm, F.R.S.
Sir Harold Thompson, For.Sec.R.S.

The Association for Science Education has been invited to nominate a representative.

A full-time Education Officer has also been appointed by the Society.

The Society wishes to continue its joint activities, and especially to select topics where it can usefully contribute to issues which may well overlap subject boundaries. It also envisages a role in the promotion of better communications between the many bodies concerned with education.

The address of The Royal Society is: —

6 Carlton House Terrace, London, S.W.1, England.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

THE OLD TESTAMENT IN MODERN LANGUAGE

The New English Bible. Oxford and Cambridge University Presses. Standard Edition in one volume with Apocrypha, 35s.; Standard Edition in one volume without Apocrypha, 30s.; Library Edition in three volumes: Old Testament, 50s.; Apocrypha, 25s.: New Testament, 25s.

Some fifty years ago the late Professor Theodore H. Robinson proposed to the then newly formed Society for Old Testament Study that a new translation of the O.T. should be prepared, and the proposal was recorded in the first Minute Book of that Society. It was not however until 1946, and then on the initiative of the Church of Scotland, that the decision was taken to make a new translation of the whole Bible in present day language. Now at last the complete New English Bible is in our hands, the N.E.B. N.T. having appeared in March 1961.

The present standard edition contains the Old Testament, the Apocrypha and the New Testament. His Grace the Lord Archbishop of York contributes a Preface and there follows a table of contents. Sir Godfrey Driver provides an Introduction to the O.T. (pp. xv-xviii). After a Guide to the Notes, etc. (pp. xix-xxi), the translation of the O.T. follows pp. 1-1164, and there is an Appendix of measures, (pp. 1165-6).

Professor W. D. McHardy provides the Introduction to the Apocrypha pp. v-vii, and then the fifteen books or parts of a book occupy pp. 1-275. Professor C. H. Dodd provides the Introduction to the N.T. (pp. v-viii), and the translation follows pp. 3-336. This standard volume is very compact and neat, but inevitably becomes a little heavy after being held for half an hour or so. The Library Edition is published in three separate volumes.

In the accompanying and very useful handbook (pp. 1-17) the history, purpose and character of the new translation are described. There is a special tribute to Professor Sir Godfrey Driver for his great and unique contribution to the O.T. translation.

Let it be said at once that this new translation of the Old Testament makes excellent reading.

There can be nothing but praise for the presentation of this new translation. It looks, and reads, and sounds contemporary. The prose appears as prose, and the poetry as poetry. The old double column page of the Bible has gone, and chapters and verses are in the headings and the margins. Headings for the principal portions have been supplied and smaller divisions are marked by blank lines.

I am specially pleased that the A.V., R.V. and R.S.V. usage of LORD in capitals to represent the divine name, and of Lord to denote a title, has been retained. The second person 'thou' and 'thee' has only been retained in prayers, and I hope this will be universally acceptable, but fashions are changing.

Of course we begin with Genesis Chapter 1. How straightforward and clear it is, and yet something almost abrupt about the translation arrests the attention. Then the understanding comes. The Hebrew of Genesis 1 has about 100 'ands' —the A.V. has 96 excluding the two in italics. By omission, especially at the beginning of sentences and by the use of 'then', 'so', this N.E.B. manages with only 51. This certainly improves the style even if by comparison this Genesis 1 does not flow like the A.V.

This new translation of Genesis really does represent the simple, clear and dramatic character of the original Hebrew. The reader is referred to Gen. 24 and 29 for further examples. Indeed the translation heightens the impression that we actually are dealing with a factual report of notable and well remembered events.

The impression of directness, simplicity and clarity remains as the laws and narratives are pursued. The priestly laws in Ex. 25-31 are very readable (e.g. 29: 10-14; 30: 11-16), and the technical terms of the medical laws are much more intelligible (cf. Lev. 13f.).

Having read a good deal of the prose books of this new translation no doubt exists in my mind that the book can be recommended as a model for lucid style in modern English. Of course translators of the Hebrew Bible have a great advantage. The simplicity of Hebrew prose, its dependence on verbs, its realism, all give the translator a flying start, and these translators really have produced a living and modern translation. The reader is recommended for example to read aloud the Prologue to the Book of Job.

The same verdict of lucidity must equally apply to the writings of the prophets. Isaiah, Jeremiah and Ezekiel are much easier to understand. My impression is that the reader will achieve a far sounder measure of the ability and worth of Isaiah 40-55 than he now has from a combination of the A.V. and Handel. On the other hand the brilliance of the translation of the Book of Amos is breathtaking, and it helps us to understand how brilliant Amos himself must have been, and how striking the forms of speech which he adopted. A glance at Amos 3: 1-8 will illustrate both points. Readers may find the translation of the so-called fourth Servant Song (Isaiah 53) somewhat disconcerting, and certainly there will be much argument between scholars over the translations which have been adopted. Thus the addition of the word light in Is. 53: 11, is fully justified by its presence in the Dead Sea Scroll of Isaiah, and in the Greek text of the Old Testament, the Septuagint. But the present rendering:

'. . . . he shall be bathed in light,'

is ambiguous, for it could mean either that the servant was 'highlighted' or 'floodlit', or else that he had received a vision.

Scripture was originally oral, and translations are best tested by being read aloud. Reaction to the reading aloud of the entire Book of Psalms was fairly unanimous. Tribute was paid to the 'flow' of the poetry, even if it was wordy at times. Many hitherto difficult and even obscure passages gained new meaning. The retention of familiar clauses like: 'The LORD is my shepherd'; 'The LORD is my light and salvation'; was welcomed. We were sorry to lose 'the young lions' from Ps. 34: 10, but 'Even though I walk through a valley dark as death' was accepted as a neat solution for the problem word of Ps. 23: 4. In Ps. 149: 5:

'let them sing for joy upon their beds'

has now become:

'let them shout for joy as they kneel before him'.

The loss of the vigil of the saints on their beds is to be regretted, and kneeling is not very conducive to shouting.

'Constant love', 'true love', 'keeping faith', 'maintaining constancy' are some of the terms employed to convey the richness of one of the great words of the Hebrew Bible, *Chesedh*, known from A.V. as 'mercy' and 'loving kindness', 'Plenteous in mercy' in Pss. 86: 5, 15; and 103: 8 is rendered in three different ways in the present translation.

The opinion was expressed that this translation of the Psalms was not as 'uplifting' as the E.V.V. and that it was 'more matter of fact'. So realistic are

some of the hate and revenge passages especially in the first seventy psalms that the question of their retention in worship will become even more acute for Christian consciences.

The translation of the Apocrypha is also marked by the same features of clarity and modernity. It will doubtless become far more attractive in this new rendering.

Minor points of clarity are helpful. The distinction between Haran the person and Harran the place is welcome. The modernising of the language in the laws is helpful. 'Peace offerings', 'fat', 'sweet savour' have become 'shared offerings', 'suet' and 'soothing odour' respectively.

I like the attempt to reproduce the emphasis in say Isaiah 1: 2-3, but wonder why emphatic positions in the Hebrew word order of Ex. 20: 24 and Amos 1: 2 were not brought out. I like the capital 'C' in Commandments in Deut. 5: 22, and preachers will jump at such verses as Isaiah 33: 6:

'then He (God) will be the mainstay of the age'.

Perhaps 'sated' in Isaiah 1: 11 is still a bit old fashioned, but our modern equivalents might have been too 'slangy'. I would have preferred 'Alas' to 'How' in 2 Sam. 1: 19b, 25, and Isaiah 1: 21. I do not understand why the identical Hebrew phrase 'ark of thy strength' A.V. Ps. 132: 8, appears in N.E.B. in this passage as 'the ark of thy power', and in 2 Chron. 6: 41, in what is apparently an identical passage, as 'the Ark of thy might'. A different noun was surely unnecessary and the use of the small letter 'a' in ark in Ps. 132: 8 is contrary to the N.E.B. usage elsewhere.

'A virgin' of Isaiah 7: 14 has now rightly become 'A young woman', and 'birds' not 'sparks' fly upwards (Job. 5: 7). God addresses Ezekiel no more as 'Son of Man' but as 'Man'. Any possibility of life after death has disappeared from Job 19: 25-26, and 'fellow traveller' appears in 34: 8.

Some concluding observations must be made. By origin scripture is oral, if that is not too Irish, and if I do not break the race laws in saying so. So readers are strongly encouraged to read the new translation aloud. This is quite essential to appreciate its mood, its relevance and its beauty.

Then married as we are to the words, the idiom and the sentences of the A.V. we must give the new translation a fair reading and hearing. If readers will do just that, then there will be general agreement with the claims of the translators that they have sought to say what the Bible itself says, accurately, truthfully, in a revelant idiom and in a modern style. They have succeeded.

G. HENTON DAVIES

WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR, POET

The Cats of Rome. William Kean Seymour, Linden Press, Fontwell, Arundel, 30s.

In *The Cats of Rome* William Kean Seymour has made a selection of some fifty of his poems: and his printers have served him pleasantly. Mr. Kean Seymour has been writing poetry for more years than he cares to forget. His first book, *The Street of Dreams*, was published in 1914. He was a member of the Squirearchy before it was given its name, accepted the fact of being a Georgian when it was unfashionable and has lived to see that era of poetry accorded a friendly place in the history of English literature.

His important asset has always been the high quality of technique. It is important that he was a capable light-verse writer and good enough parodist to be published in *Punch* (those parodies were later collected in *Parrot Pie*). The fact recalls the story of the *Punch* light-versifier who, informed that a well-known poet was going

to write some humorous verse for the magazine said with some indignation 'What? —him?—write verse? why, he can't even write poetry'. It was the cry of the technician.

Mr. Kean Seymour, however, has linked the outlook of the poet with polished technique; he has looked at life and his fellow men with humour and tolerance and it has been his custom, all his life, to express himself in poems; a poem to print on his greeting card at Christmas; a poem for a friend; a poem to mark an experience of literature, life or vision; they all have the unselfconsciousness of one to whom they are natural utterance.

He is a traditionalist in that he values the whole body of poetry; but he has never been restricted: he has moved out to continue tradition rather than remaining behind it. He probably is at his best in descriptive writing where he combines precision with informality and bright image as in 'Welcome Stranger':

> Hawking for flies the swallow swoops,
> An acrobat in gleaming blue,
> Wheeling above the barn and pond,
> Adroit with breathless dives and loops,
> Around, between, within, beyond,
> He makes his Spring debut.
>
> Figures of eight in April air
> That vanish as the eyes perceive.
> A scissored instant and they've gone,
> Almost before the mind's aware
> Of grace too brief to muse upon
> Or memory retrieve.

or in his 'Cormorant'—

> Web-footed, sleek, snake-head held high,
> Like a grim artifact of doom
> He watched the dark descending sky
> Fold with the estuary in the gloom.

There is, too, a sharply drawn picture of an Italian view in 'Train Thoughts from Abroad'—

> The train had borne us southwards from Turin
> —Torino: Fiat cars and football town—
> Punching through fields and vineyards, no holds barred,
> And tossing them aside, not worth regard.
> Loose-knitted olive groves, grey autostradas,
> Articulated trucks in lean armadas.

The same keen eye saw—

> a desolate aviary where sad ravens
> Hopped like galvanic deans in ruined yards.

His narrative ability is not here so apparent as in some earlier collections but the portrait of the young 'Swift at Moor Park' is perceptive throughout, and skilfully turned at the end—

> Meanwhile he laboured in the day's routine;
> Assiduous, he valeted His Honour,
> Bore his reproofs and heavy exhortations;
> Waited upon My Lady, read his books,
> Wrote into midnight, bent by candlelight
> When the great house was still. He was at peace,
> Save for the worm ambition that bored through
> His frustrate mind and heart. He was at peace—
> *If peace is at the centre of a storm.*

Mr. Kean Seymour would hardly consider himself a political animal by comparison with some of the next generation, but not every writer of his period can produce from the pre-war thirties such comment as one of the pieces reprinted here from *Chinese Crackers*—

> More congenial to me than dictators
> Are rickshaw-runners.
> If they break my neck
> It will be by accident,
> Not as a matter of state policy.

This collection ranges from the occasional to the true self, and in mood from light humour to the gravity of death; and if there is idealism, sometimes pure and unashamed romanticism, there is also a shrewdness which compels human, as distinct from literary, respect in such a passage as this—

> Have you not seen
> A mood like sunlight in the listener's eye
> Clouded with cautious thoughts that intervene
> Between the impulse and the words that start
> And then withdraw?

It has been a long journey from *The Street of Dreams* to *The Cats of Rome*, but the evidence is here to hand that the traveller has never faltered in his purpose.

JOHN ARLOTT

THE NOVEL AND PERSONALITY

The Changing Face: Disintegration of Personality in the Twentieth-Century British Novel. Vida E. Markovic. Southern Illinois University Press. $4.95.

Vida E. Markovic is University Professor and Chairman of the English Department at the University of Belgrade, Yugoslavia. It is unusual for a critic to introduce her work with an account of the autobiographical background which shapes her approach to life and literature: this practice opens up interesting possibilities. If Dr. Leavis had, from the start, prefaced his books with both a *personal* statement, and a psychological resume of his own experiences, would he have been better understood?

Professor Markovic's view of the nature of things is, as she explains, tempered by the liquidation of her father in Belgrade in 1939, on the threshold of his home. She felt herself in search of human personality, turning from the Russian novel, which absorbed her in her childhood, to the English novel of the first half of the twentieth century. She looked here for many an answer, and instead, found analysis of characters which reflects the political, religious and moral disintegration of the century. She found a continuous inquiry into individual human nature, as never before, and hence a continuous moral criticism.

She tells us rather baldly and disingenuously that she resolved to study 'character'. She selects only those characters which she regards as verisimilitudinous—i.e., those which have true psychological depth, and do not exist only to voice the novelist's ideas. Thus she does not select Arnold Bennett, Galsworthy, Maugham or Priestley, whose 'characters follow too closely on the trodden path and do not contribute any new insight into the human personality'.

She turns to the territory of Conrad, Lawrence, Joyce, Virginia Woolf, Evelyn Waugh, Graham Greene, Rosamond Lehman, Elizabeth Bowen and Joyce Cary, and finds that a kind of corrosive process against the background of two world wars is reflected in their tortured and complex characters. Each has contributed to our better knowledge of ourselves, 'which in the final analysis is what art, and only art at its best, can offer'. This is Professor Markovic's thesis.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN

A KENNEDY ENIGMA

Robert Kennedy: A Memoir. Jack Newfield. Cape, 36s.

Jack Newfield, American liberal journalist and civil rights activist, points out that this is no objective biography but a personal study of Robert Kennedy's politics and character between his brother's assassination and his own at 42. He covered most of Kennedy's last campaign. He had more than 150 talks with him, over 100 with friends and rivals, and read plus-300 speeches and statements Kennedy made after entering the Senate. His aim is to rectify the mistaken public image of a man whom he saw as a more prophetic, progressive figure than his brothers, not ruthless or excessively ambitious, but 'a conflicted, vulnerable man, impatient with the small contrivances of politics . . . who might have united the black and white poor into a new majority for change'.

I am not sure that it helps much to be told that Kennedy was 'a folk hero, a pop icon, a symbol of political opposition and glamorous royalty . . . his brother's brother, and his family's heir, and his party's prince'. Nor that he had an 'existential dimension'—an overworked adjective that can mean anything. These are the journalist's banner headlines waved to impress. He is much more convincing in tracing the radical change effected in Robert by the tragic death of the hero-brother for whom he had submerged his own competitive instincts. 'It made Robert think for the first time what he wanted to do, what he stood for.'

Mr. Newfield says it took him months to begin to recover. He would slouch for hours at his desk, and stare out of the window. He lost weight, vitality, would stroll aimlessly around Washington streets or the grounds of his Virginia home, and frequently visited John's grave at Arlington. Quoting John in public speeches became an obsession; when he spoke of him he wept, when mobbed by a crowd he mumbled to his aides: 'It was for him'. He began using John's characteristic gestures, smoking the small cigars John had favoured, consulting John's circle of advisers, filling his office with J.K. memoranda. He even wore or carried a wornout, oversized tweed overcoat of John's. He suffered 'survivor guilt', a feeling that he should have died, not John.

'Softer personal qualities, long latent and repressed, came to the surface. He began to identify himself with a romanticized notion of what his brother stood for—peace, Negroes, the next generation. His deep, moralistic rage against evil did not change, it merely discovered new outlets. Violence and suffering replaced the old devils of Communism and corruption . . . He would not calculate for his own future the way he did for his brother's. "I can't plan. Living every day is like Russian roulette," he would say a few months before he was killed.'

I have stressed this personalia because it will interest readers this side more than the lengthy account of Robert's politics and campaigns. Outstanding were his emotional protest against the Vietnam war and the poverty of the white and black ghettos which he saw at firsthand. Martin Luther King's assassination moved him to proclaim: 'What we need is not hatred . . . not violence, but love and wisdom, and compassion towards one another, and a feeling of justice towards those who still suffer within our country, whether they be white or they be black'. The man who could recite Emerson poems—'a poet I like very much'—to Mr. Newfield as relief from political rallies, and quote his favourite Camus at length, was indeed an enigma. But we understand him better, I think, from Mr. Newfield's testimony, embedded though it is in detailed data interesting mainly to politically-minded Americans.

TREVOR ALLEN

SHORTER REVIEWS AND NOTICES

How Democracies Vote (Faber and Faber. 45s.). This 'study of majority and electoral systems' is, in effect, the third edition of **Voting in Democracies**, last published in 1959, and written by Miss Enid Lakeman, one of the leading authorities on proportional representation. In the present work, she has in parts drastically revised the old and brought it up to date. She provides a factual analysis and commentary on the various forms of voting spread over the democratic world. There is a mass of information on the particular voting system of many democracies, with recent results to illustrate the effect of the voting. She is particularly critical of the relative majority or 'first past the post' system in operation in Great Britain and America. In Europe, of course, many countries have adopted proportional representation based on the list system. The main objection to this is probably that the elector has no choice in the personal election of deputies who are drawn from the party lists. The German method of adopting a mixed system, whereby, the elector votes both for a specific candidate and for a party list, has the merit of enabling a small party to be represented in the Bundestag if it obtains at least 5 per cent of the total list vote, even though it elects no specific constituency candidate. Miss Lakeman, however, regards this as inadequate: the largest parties are 'slightly over-represented'. This, however, is infinitely better than the system which so grossly under-represents the Liberal Party in the House of Commons. Miss Lakeman's answer to all the problems is the single transferable vote involving multiple constituencies. She naturally turns to Ireland, to which she gives particular attention. Discussing Northern Ireland, which abolished P.R. in 1929, Miss Lakeman contends that abolition 'has certainly tended to embitter relations between Unionists and Nationalists'. This has been partly due 'to the effect of the system in making the political division appear to coincide with the religious one'. In the Republic of Ireland, the single transferable vote has now been in operation for fifty years; and it received massive popular approval in a referendum in 1968. It has not led, as many fear under P.R., to frequent changes of government or elections. The system in Ireland 'has helped to promote co-operation between people of different parties' and to 'weaken the tradition' that a government must always resign when defeated. It may be difficult to generalise from Irish experience. There can be no doubt that P.R. expresses the will of the electorate far more accurately than the British relative majority method. Miss Lakeman goes further and concludes from her research that P.R. contributes to strong and stable government. 'A co-operative spirit is fostered' and she clearly would not be against coalition government. This book is not an argument for the two party system.

Nagasaki: the Forgotten Bomb (Allen and Unwin. 42s.). In this book the author, Frank W. Chinnock, unfolds the horrifying story of the second atomic bomb dropped on the city of Nakasaki on August 9, 1945. Officially 'one third of the city was destroyed, 74,800 people were killed and more than 75,000 wounded' in spite of the bomb being dropped primarily on an industrial target. Mr. Chinnock has done a great deal of research including interviews with members of the Ameri-

can operational crew and many Japanese and their relatives involved in the devastation. He has searched among files and used excerpts from *Dawn over Zero* by Mr. William L. Laurence. In the result we have a powerful piece of dramatic and often harrowing writing, in which Mr. Chinnock balances in parallel the course of the American operation on the B-29 'Bock's Car' bomber with the appalling devastation that followed in a moment the dropping of the atomic bomb. The Japanese civilians who survived, including many who later died from radiation, showed remarkable powers of dedication, resilience, stamina and improvisation. Within 24 hours electricity had been largely restored in public places, amid the devastation. Ambulance trains were soon evacuating the worst of the wounded. Nagasaki was bombed three days after Hiroshima. Was it necessary? On August 8, the Japanese government knew that the Hiroshima bomb was atomic. On the same day, Russia declared war on Japan. Mr. Chinnock describes the calling of the Supreme War Council on August 9 as the American bomber was approaching Nagasaki. Until that time the Japanese military leaders 'had convinced themselves and others that the United States had had only one bomb, that in destroying Hiroshima, the Americans had "shot their wad" '. But the atomic bombing of Nagasaki that day 'had demonstated that the rain of death would continue, as the Allies had warned'. At the Council, the Emperor himself made the final decision to surrender unconditionally. Was Nagasaki the only way to achieve an immediate ending of the war? This may be always one of the great queries of history; and Mr. Chinnock here is really concerned with narrative and not with speculation.

Anne's Terrible Good Nature (Gollancz. 21s.). The title is the name of the first of eleven short stories for children by E. V. Lucas and first published in 1908. They were written, rather surprisingly for the time, without any didactic or moral purpose, but simply to give innocent pleasure to children. As Gillian Avery says in her Introduction, they are all 'happy, lighthearted, and completely unsentimental'. Most of the stories are set in the London of 1907 and have as their background the social life and conditions of the period and the contemporary scene. E. V. Lucas was a cricket enthusiast and in *Roderick's Pro's* a small boy bowls out the great C. B. Fry. Then in the entertainment world there were the conjurers, Maskelyne and Devant. This dating gives the stories a particular interest to the old reader, without in any way detracting from the pleasures these delightful pieces still provide for the very young.

Penguin Plays (Pelican). Two recent additions have been made to this excellent paperback series. Raymond Williams has written a short Introduction to **Three Plays** (5s.) which includes three of D. H. Lawrence's short early plays written between 1909 and 1912: *A Collier's Friday Night*, *The Daughter-in-Law*, and *The Widowing of Mrs. Holroyd*. The other volume contains the very successful and moving **The Play of Hadrian VII** (4s.), being Peter Luke's remarkable adaptation of Fr. Rolfe's novel in the form of a fantasy auto-biography in which he is elevated to the Papacy.

Reverie in Toledo (The Fortune Press. 15s.). For anyone who really wants to know Toledo and its atmosphere, this little book by Philip Robinson can be strongly recommended. It is much more than a guidebook, though the tourist can find an immense amount of information in it about the history, the monuments and the art treasures of the city. Mr. Robinson creates an intimacy and feeling for the life of this extraordinary place.

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ETHIOPIA'S BOILING CAULDRON

by Joseph S. Roucek

IT was in 1936 that Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia, physically of small stature but carrying enormous dignity, stood before the League of Nations to make a plea that fell mostly on deaf ears. Italy's 1935 invasion of Ethiopia (the war being as brutal and one-sided as any in history, with spear-power pitted against bombs and poison). It was also the last fling of European imperialism which had brought the world to a turning-point in history; and when the Great Powers turned their backs on him he became the supreme symbol of the world's failure to enforce peace through collective action.

It was the beginning of the end of the League of Nations but not for Haile Selassie who returned to his throne five years later to make Addis Ababa his capital, the collective capital of Africa, and himself to emerge as the pre-eminent African leader.

When he visited Washington in July, 1969, the President greeted him with the words, 'No visit to this house has greater historical significance.' Ethiopian troops went to South Korea to support United Nations' there. He proposed, and Washington welcomed his proposal (1967), that a small group of non-aligned nations should attempt to set up peace-talks between the combatants in Vietnam. He tried valiantly but without success to bring an early end to the civil-war in Nigeria. It was natural, then, in fact necessary, that Addis Ababa should become a 'stop' on the assignment of Secretary of State William P. Rogers to demonstrate a new interest of the United States in Africa.

Today, Ethiopia is in serious trouble. Can the authority of one man keep a country together? This is the story of Ethiopia in recent years. Back home from his visit to Washington, the Emperor found his country rebellious and troublesome, shaky and poor, after 200 millions of dollars' worth of U.S. aid. Students' disorders shut down most schools; unemployment was high; feudal landlords left much good land fallow; militant Moslems,

backed by Chinese 'reds' rebelled in the north.

The Crown Prince is rated weak. In Ethiopia, an ancient nation, the odds are for big trouble, and that very soon.

The Geographic Background. From the air Ethiopia looks like some fantastic abstract painting in greens with darker horizontal and vertical slashes. Its awkward, spectacular contours ring a peaceful but empty landscape with deep river-beds and weird mountains varying in shape from pyramids to shoe-boxes to loaves of bread. Jogging along the roads are farmers, shepherds, and villagers, usually walking alongside patient, laden donkeys. The majority of Ethiopians are peasant-farmers. In villages the *tukuls* up and down the country begin at dawn and sleep at dusk. Threshing is done by oxen treading upon the straw, and simple implements are used for 'plowing'.

The so-called road-system development is still very much in the 'grass-roots' stage, with a network that dies on the outskirts of the cities, leaving the dirt-trails of the mountainous country to mules and four-wheel-drive vehicles. The mule and the camel still trudge over steep, dusty roads, and life in the villages is seemingly as it was hundreds of years ago. The desolate airports are mostly of thatched-roof huts that offer no facilities other than a shady refuge from the sun. The runways are cleared fields. The country is largely self sufficient in agricultural produce except for cotton. Coffee is the major product constituting over 50 per cent in value of exports. Many of the coffee-trees grow wild although plantation-coffee is becoming increasingly important. Most of the coffee is exported to the United States. Next to coffee, probably cattle-raising has the greatest economic potential.

The Empire has two seaports of its own, Assab and Massawa, and also uses the port of Djibouti in French Somaliland. Djibouti is connected with Addis Ababa by rail, a distance of 500 miles, and there are now all-weather roads in both Assab and Massawa. Asmara is connected with the port of Massawa by rail as well as by road but internal surface transportation remains one of Ethiopia's most serious problems.

Addis Ababa is one of the fastest growing African cities. With a population of just under 640,000 (according to a 1967 census) and city limits covering an area of more than 130 sq. miles, it is the largest city in East Africa and claims that it is the largest city among the 38 member-states of the Organisation of African Unity. It is also an important place in the African world, housing the headquarters of the U.N. Economic Commission for Africa, the headquarters of the African unity group (O.A.U.), and offices of other international bodies such as the World Health Organisation and Labour International Organisation. It is a matter of prestige for countries to maintain embassies in Addis Ababa; approximately 60 Ambassadors are accredited to the Court of Emperor Haile Selassie. But the growing pains that afflict almost every African city are beginning to affect the capital in a particularly sensitive area—its traffic pattern. Communication between the old and the new remains a problem. Old people count time from sunrise so that 9 o'clock in the morning is actually 7 a.m. Young people speak English while the previously educated are most comfortable in French. Even the ubiquitous,

ragged shoeshine boys and barefoot vendors of lottery-tickets speak a few words of Italian.

The People. The population, estimated at between 22 and 25 millions, is of a mixed character with Semitic and Cushitic language-speaking peoples predominating. More than 40 different tribes and peoples are represented, the most important of which are the Amhara, Tigreans and Galla. The Amhara are traditionally the ruling class; a sensitive and intelligent people, they have guarded and nourished Ethiopian civilisation from Old Testament days to the present. It is estimated that over one-third of the people are Christians—the Ethiopian Orthodox Church has long and close ties with the Coptic Church—but there is also an equally large Moslem population and a considerable number of pagans. In general, the Christians inhabit the highlands and the Moslems and pagans inhabit the coastal and lowland areas.

History. The oldest independent nation in Africa, Ethiopia also is one of the oldest countries in the world. Herodotus, the Greek historian of the 5th century B.C., described Ethiopia in his writings. Since the 4th century A.D., Ethiopia has been a Christian kingdom. Ethiopians claim that the Biblical Queen of Sheba hailed from their land, and to this day the ruling house claims descent from Menelik I, son of the Queen of Sheba and King Solomon.

The Impact of the Airplanes. To-day, Emperor Haile Selassie I stresses aviation as one way to lead his people out of nearly ten centuries of isolation from the outside world. To date the EAL plane has been the chief factor in opening up the country's all-but-roadless interior. Yet, some tribesmen have never seen an airplane, and sometimes a plane's roar will send an entire village into hiding in the gorges. To get vital commercial crops out of the road-poor highlands, Ethiopians take to the air. Carrying coffee, oil-seeds, vegetables, cattle-hides, goatskins and grain, as well as passengers, EAL planes hurdle the nation's rocky heights. Many passengers deplaning in remote regions have horses waiting to carry them home.

Haile Selassie: world's most enduring Monarch. In 1903 Lij Tagari Mekonnen journeyed by mule-caravan from his home in the green tableland of primitive Ethiopia to make his first appearance at the Emperor's court at Addis Ababa. Though a Prince and cousin of His Imperial Majesty Menelik II, young Tagari was not in direct line for the throne; yet there was a regal look about the youth, chin high, eyes aloof, manner quiet and confident. Some who saw him suspected that some day this 11-year-old Prince would be King. Tagari Mekonnen, known now by his adopted name of Haile Selassie I, did become King of the African land. Indeed, Haile Selassie is the world's enduring monarch. In 1970 he will have been Ethiopia's leader for 50 years. He survived palace infighting following Menelik's death in 1913 to become Regent in 1916. Fourteen years later he ascended the throne as the 225th sovereign of black Africa's oldest nation.

Ethiopian law proclaims his dignity is invincible, his power indisputable, and his person sacred. He will be 78 years of age on July 23, 1970. He is small and frail-looking, and has remarkably short legs. His half-

century of rule has left his dark face marked with lines. Since regaining his throne in 1941 when British troops 'liberated' Ethiopia, the Emperor has been trying to be a practical statesman, guiding his people, not just ruling them. He has introduced some forms of constitutional freedoms and universal suffrage, and has been granting more power to the country's elected Parliament and to his Cabinet. 'Education and modernisation are the fruits of hard labour,' he states. Ethiopia has been making some economic headway in recent years. Its economic growth-rate stands at more than 4 per cent a year; but the benefits of these economic advantages have yet to seep down to the country's masses, most of whom are impoverished and illiterate.

The Winds of Change. Thus the legendary land of the Queen of Sheba is, on the surface, doing very well. Modern buildings dot the capital. The government appears to be running smoothly. Here there is stability in an otherwise unstable region. Nevertheless, the signs of potential danger are all too apparent. Poverty is oppressive, with a per capita income of $60 a year. Students pressing for reforms have shut down schools. A civil-war rages to the north of Eritrea. Most important of all is the question of who will take over after Emperor Selassie passes from power. The heir-designate is Crown Prince Asfa Wossen, the Emperor's oldest son, but many observers wonder if he will be strong enough to preserve the throne and hold the country together. Leading the call for change are thousands of students.

The Emperor founded the Ethiopian Airlines in 1948, as black Africa's first air-carrier. Now this outside contact is grating Ethiopia's millions of people particularly those 5 per cent who can read. They admit they are lagging behind in development. Few blame the Emperor but rather the government. The students brought this vague dissatisfaction into focus by their riots in April, 1968. *Struggle*, a publication of university students, now banned, wrote in this riot-atmosphere: 'The real cause for the defence which may turn any time into an offensive, is the injustice which they, the masses, have been tolerating for years. The false promises about land-reform, the muzzling of public opinion through Parliament bills, and naked, crude violence, and the taxes which seem never to come back to serve them.' *Struggle*, though the organ of the widespread students' union, was associated with Marxists, but the fact remains that a small demonstration (blamed on mini-skirts) mushroomed into fierce riots that destroyed 40 buses, scores of cars, and closed the schools for two weeks. The demonstration sought to prevent a fashion-show by the wives of a university faculty, mostly Americans. *Struggle* had decried foreign attempts to corrupt the national culture.

Since 1968, student radicalism has been on the rise. It has spread beyond the capital and is now openly opposed to the imperial government. On December 28, 1969, the student-leader Telehun Gizew was assassinated. Official government spokesmen suggested that Telehun's murder resulted from internecine struggles among radical students' groups but most students believe that orders for his assassination had come from the Imperial palace and were executed by the military. In their eyes, the fact that the student-leader was personally related to the imperial family lends credence to this

view. (Telehun was the half-brother of the widow of Emperor Haile Selassie's favourite son, the Duke of Harar.)

The killing acted as a catalyst for student discontent. A variety of demonstrations grew out of the incident. In Addis Ababa, university and secondary-school students gathered on the campus the day after the shooting; security forces arrived to control them. Following prolonged and fruitless negotiations over possession of the body and details of a procession, and after considerable student taunting, the security forces opened fire, claim sources sympathetic to the students. Later they are said to have used teargas to disperse the crowd and to have bullied both professors and students from university classrooms and lounges. According to government sources, the incident caused three fatalities; students set the figure at 27 or more. Security forces were said also to have beaten students at an Addis Ababa secondary school.

In Harar, close to the Somalia border, police broke up a mock funeral for Telehun in the local secondary school. According to education-circle sources, police bayoneted the assistant education officer, roughed up ten teachers and administered beatings not only to students but to parents as well, claiming the latter had not taught their children discipline. In Makelle, capital of Tigre Province, 1,800 secondary students marched through the town. According to teachers who took part in the demonstration, marchers sang the Ethiopian equivalent of 'We shall overcome'. (Its words, freely translated as 'Wake up, wake up, demand your freedom'.) They are reminiscent of, if not identical to, those sung by students in support of the abortive coup of December, 1960. Disturbances also occurred in Adowa and Axum. In the latter town, an ancient capital of the empire, students were jailed.

Observers saw two significant developments in the pattern of student discontent. First, it spread beyond the capital; communications-link had improved. More important, however, was the implementation of a government plan in which third-year students teach in rural secondary schools. These students have brought their ideas with them. They have introduced those ideas to students with whom they have had contact. In some cases experience with peasant conditions has sharpened the university student's commitment to work for them. Secondly, students are now speaking openly against the government of the Emperor. In the past they masked their real grievances by complaining of student-problems such as the irrelevance of education to the lives they would later lead. Now they are more frankly voicing their dissatisfaction with the country's feudal form of government, the poverty of the masses, their exploitation by the privileged few, and the lack of economic progress. Many are rankled by the fact that Ethiopia, despite its 3,000 years of history, remains one of Africa's most backward nations.

Grievances against the United States. A prime student grievance appears to be directed against America's involvement in Ethiopia. Students see American aid and advisers as propping up a régime which, without that support, would topple. According to them, evidence exists that active American

support of the Emperor played an important role in thwarting the 1960 coup. They point out that 'aid' funds and equipment strengthen and enrich a recipient government and say that American military aid has killed more Ethiopians, such as those at the recent university demonstration, than external enemies of the country. They also contend that the American government is so heavily committed to the present régime that it cannot accurately analyse Ethiopian realities, a view with which some non-American diplomats privately admit they tend to agree.

There is also the hostility between young Ethiopians and Peace Corps men. Adowa's students assaulted at least one Peace Corps teacher, and all teacher-volunteers left the town; a number of other Peace Corps men left the country in advance of their termination dates because of threats against their lives, and many find it difficult to comprehend that they, who favour effective change, are confronted by hostility (and the blows) promoted by student anti-Americanism. In addition, rural high-school students are starting to talk of 'dying' for their freedom. Consequently, this student-discontent could promote growing discontent in rural areas.

Foreign Relations. As an ancient kingdom, with a long tradition of independence, Ethiopia has not felt as strongly as some other African countries the tensions of aggressive nationalism. One of the other forces of troubles is the rebel movement in Eritrea. A guerrilla force of about 6,000 is fighting for the independence of Eritrea, for 50 years, until 1952, a separate Italian colony on the Red Sea. Stronghold of the rebels, who call themselves the Eritrean Liberation Front (ELF), is the wild rugged country around Asmara, Ethiopia's second largest city; primarily a Muslim movement, the ELF is getting arms from Arab states as well as from Communist countries and Palestinian commandoes. The fighting has pinned down one of Ethiopia's four Army divisions, and the rebel strength appears to be growing. Training, mostly in Arab and communist states, is improving. Weapons, many from Red China, are becoming more modern. Rebels have hi-jacked planes of Ethiopian Airlines to call attention to their cause, and a few months ago they kidnapped, but later released, the American Consul-General for the same reason.

The two neighbouring countries, the Somali Republic and Sudan, are posing special threats to Ethiopia. Not so long ago, Somalia and Ethiopia were openly fighting, the result of Somali's claims to sovereignty over Somali tribesmen in the Ogaden region of Ethiopia. That conflict was ended by a peace-agreement, but in 1969 the pro-Arab government executed a coup in Somalia and the worries about the Somalies have again been rising. The Ethiopian government also worries about the strongly pro-Arab military government in Sudan which is apparently supporting the ELF. For Ethiopia's relations with Arab neighbours is complicated by her friendly attitude to Israel, whence comes economic and military aid.

THE SINO-RUSSIAN BORDER DISPUTE

by Gerald Morgan

IT is hardly surprising that the intermittent border negotiations between Russia and China have only recently aroused interest here. We have so little information to go on and Central Asia seems far away, yet their outcome will be of desperate importance to the world. It may throw a glimmer of light on the subject if we go back eighty years to a period when there was great unrest in China, which had its repercussions in Central Asia and coincided with Russia's eastward expansion. At that time what happened was of direct interest to Britain because of the Russian threat to India. This note deals primarily with Sinkiang whose importance today lies in the fact that it is within this frontier province that China is developing much of her nuclear potential.

In the middle of the last century the Manchu dynasty of China was becoming increasingly corrupt and weak. As with previous dynasties when that happened, there were rebellions against the régime which the imperial army, itself corrupt and ill-led, had difficulty in dealing with. Already the army had had first the Taiping and then the Nienfei rebellions on its hands, but far worse than either of these was the rising of the militant Muslims who formed a sizeable minority of the populations of Szechuan, Kansu and of Southern Yunnan on the Burmese border. Inevitably it brought out in sympathy the predominantly Muslim population of Chinese or Eastern Turkestan as Sinkiang was then known. It was too much for the depleted Chinese garrison army to deal with and the imperial army was too occupied with the rebellion in China proper, besides being too far off, to be able to spare reinforcements.

In the southern region of Turkestan known as Kashgar the rebellion threw up in 1862 a remarkable leader, an exiled Khokandi soldier of fortune named Yakub Beg, who for several years ruled the region with considerable authority. Seeking wider security and ultimate independence, Yakub Beg courted recognition by India. Britain saw an independent Kashgar as a buffer state which could be a check to Russian designs on India. Consequently we accorded Yakub Beg diplomatic recognition and also proposed a trade treaty; at the same time we urged China to grant him his independence. It was a rash move which China ignored, and though no treaty was actually signed we later had cause to regret it. Yakub also courted recognition by Russia who for somewhat different reasons likewise favoured his independence, but they never got as far as agreeing on terms.

The Muslim rising occurred at a time when Russia's expansion eastwards into Central Asia, and farther east towards the Pacific, was in full swing. In that process she had just occupied Tashkent and Samarkand. Meanwhile what were her true intentions as regards Kashgar? Would recognition be only a prelude to annexation and if so would it be a flanking movement towards the ultimate invasion of India? These were burning questions in Lon-

don and Calcutta at the time. Whether Russia really had any ultimate designs on India is at least debatable. She may not even have had any clearly defined objectives in Central Asia either, beyond establishing her own influence and furthering her trade there. But meanwhile, as the Russian frontier marched with Chinese Turkestan, the rebellion had serious effects along it which could not be ignored.

The main repercussions were not on the Kashgar border which under Yakub became relatively settled, but along the Dzungaria border, the region of Turkestan north of the Kunlun mountains, over which Yakub did not attempt any control. In Dzungaria Chinese troops still held on in a few posts almost completely cut off from China whilst the rebels roamed at will elsewhere. It was in the Dzungarian province of Ili that this lawlessness was of most concern to Russia.

Ili is a particularly fertile valley, and perhaps because of its fertility it was inhabited by an exceptional number of tribes. There were Schibös, Dachur Solons and Onkur Solons who had all migrated from China, as well as Kalmaks, Taranchis and the indigenous Tunganis. This heterogeneous collection was ruled over by China on the principle of *divide et impera* and she deemed the province sufficiently important to maintain a garrison, in normal times said to be twenty-five thousand strong. Russia's trade there was large enough for her to maintain a number of permanent trading posts and even a consul at Kuldja, the capital. The Chinese garrison was ample for its purpose in times of relative peace but when Urumchi, the capital of Dzungaria, fell to the rebels the already reduced garrison was isolated. Its commander actually appealed to Russia for help, but when this was refused, the troops, having little stomach for fighting, shut themselves up in their forts and left the province to the mercies of the rebel tribes, who in the usual tradition at once began to fight amongst themselves.

Russia perforce withdrew her trading posts but that was the least of the trouble. The tribes being nomadic were little concerned to respect the Russian border. Beaten tribes fled, pursued by their conquerors into Russian territory where they plagued and plundered Russian villages. Then they formed new alliances and re-crossed the border to attack their erstwhile conquerors. Kuldja fell with fearful massacre and thereafter became a shuttlecock between rival Tunganis and Taranchis. In these circumstances Russia was unusually forbearing in tolerating the situation for six years, until finally she intimated to China that if she could not pacify the province she would do so herself in self-defence. So it came about that in 1872 Russia occupied Ili to restore law and order, and surely in similar circumstances we would have done the same.

It was some time before the occupation became known in Britain and when it was it increased concern about Russian intentions. Sir Thomas Wade, our Minister in Peking, was naturally consulted. Never alarmist, his opinion was that as Dzungaria lay north of the formidable Kunlun mountains (and he might have added the Pamirs, Tien Shan and Karakoram as well) he did not think the occupation increased the threat to India, though it might be a step towards occupying Kashgar. Just at this time the explorer Ney Elias*

was setting out from Peking to cross Mongolia with the intention of reaching India. Probably at the suggestion of Wade he took as one of his objects a visit to Kuldja. He never got there for, having passed safely through rebel-held territory to reach Urumchi and Kobdo, the risk of going on to Ili was far too great, so he crossed into Siberia ultimately reaching Europe through Nijni Novgorod. Consequently the events in Ili were not fully known until they were described two years later in the German *Rüssiche Revue* by a Russian eyewitness, W. Radlov.

The next move of importance came from China. By about 1873 she was beginning to get on top of the Muslim revolt in the provinces of China proper, and had defeated the Muslims in southern Yunnan. The Panthays as they were called there had controlled the Burma-Yunnan border for several years and they too had sought British recognition and help. Just as in the case of Yakub Beg, but seeking here to secure the Burma frontier, we had given our support. Unfortunately we did not draw the appropriate deduction when the Panthays were defeated.

China now organised an 'Army of the West' which first defeated the rebels in Szechuan and Kansu and thereafter proceeded to recover Chinese Turkestan. Its commander was Tso Tsung T'ang and he was equipped with modern weapons which, however, he left locked up in their arsenals for fear he would be executed if he lost them. The West knew almost nothing of the activities of this 'Army of the West' at the time, but in two years Tso had crossed the formidable Gobi desert and recovered all of Dzungaria, except Ili still occupied by Russia. The campaign can be accounted a remarkable feat for those days. He was now a threat to Yakub Beg from the north; but for a year he hesitated to attack Yakub's better trained and equipped army. In 1877, after ruling for twelve years, Yakub died mysteriously, possibly by poison, and that gave Tso his chance. Using intrigue and bribery as his chief weapons, as well as some of Yakub Beg's now disaffected troops, Tso was soon in control of Kashgar. He had dealt with Dzungaria on the usual lines by sword and fire, but by showing calculated if unexpected leniency in Kashgar he was at once welcome. On the whole Kashgaris preferred their traditional rulers to upstarts like Yakub Beg. As may be guessed, relations between China and Britain were not improved, for through failure to recognise China's historic powers of recovery we had now twice supported ephemeral anti-Chinese régimes, and this was at a time when we badly needed close accord, perhaps a treaty, with China, to counter Russian expansion. There was even serious consideration in some British quarters of a military alliance and a British-led Chinese army.

China was now in a position to demand the end of Russian caretaking of Ili and the return of the province and she appointed an Ambassador to St. Petersburg with instructions to negotiate a treaty. The Ambassador was Chung Hao, a Manchu nobleman of the old school who seems not to have taken his task too seriously. Instead of travelling to Russia overland through Chinese Turkestan and briefing himself by talks with the new Amban or Resident, he elected to travel comfortably by sea. Russia always knew how to handle oriental officials and he was well fêted and decorated with medals

when he reached St. Petersburg. The protracted talks ended late in 1879 with Russian agreement to return part though not all of Ili whilst retaining for herself certain strategic advantages as well as Kuldja, the capital. Russia also demanded and got not only trade privileges but the right to establish consular posts in Turkestan.

The Tzar signed the treaty at Livadia but there was consternation in Peking when it was learned what Chung Hao had given away. China refused to ratify the treaty and Chung Hao was recalled forthwith. With obvious misgivings he took a slow boat to China, as well he might, for Tso Tsung T'ang laid twenty counts against him before the Emperor. He dawdled in Shanghai and to avoid meeting Li Hung Chang, the great Imperial Chancellor of that day, he travelled by barge along the classic Grand Canal route to Peking instead of going by sea to Tientsin. Friends at court saved his head but he forfeited his rank and vast possessions and was banished to the Amur province, which was the equivalent of being sent to Siberia.

This débacle caused a crisis in Sino-Russian relations and no Russian traders or consuls were allowed into Turkestan. In fact there was nearly war between the two countries and China so far forgot her recent ill-feeling against us as to put out feelers for a Sino-British alliance. But that is another story. Two years later in 1881 a new Treaty, the Treaty of St. Petersburg, was signed which returned Kuldja and most of Ili to China and agreed the demarcation of the actual border which is now in dispute. It also embodied amongst other things the previous agreement about trade facilities and consular representation, whereupon Russia installed M. Petrowski, an able diplomat, as Consul in Kashgar. He soon established a strong influence there, much to the detriment of India's trade relations with Sinkiang, and in spite of continued Chinese ill-feeling against Russia.

It would have been greatly in British interests if the frontier agreement begun in Ili had been continued southwards to the Pamirs which at that time were almost a no-man's-land and which the Russians were constantly probing with exploring parties. Such a demarcation would have been a partial means towards preventing Russia from reaching the mountain passes over the Hindu Kush into India which was the great danger. Russia herself actually wanted to extend the demarcation and sent a mission to Kashgar for the purpose. But although Wade urged China that demarcation was in her interests, the Chinese were little interested. They still preferred the kind of fluidity which had been good enough for the past two thousand years. The sardonic Ney Elias from his listening post at Leh in Ladakh, where he watched Russian and Chinese movements in Central Asia for six years, remarked that the Chinese team was of low enough calibre for the Chinese Government to disown its authority if the results were displeasing. He wrote: 'A Celestial Corporal in the army of the Elder Brother of the Sun could be considered of suitable rank to be associated with a general in the service of any outside barbarian prince.' Although China resented Russia's commercial influence in Sinkiang, Russian encroachments on the north and north west had at least removed the constant threat to the province of the militant Khokandi and Kirghiz tribes, although naturally the tribes con-

tinued to migrate across the border with their flocks and herds, as they still do. Nearly twenty years elapsed and there were plenty of diplomatic alarms and excursions about Central Asia before Russia and China were to agree their frontiers. Even so, as we now see, their finality is in question, although the border strips now in dispute are only a pretext for the much wider underlying issues involved.

In those days we understood scarcely at all China's role in Central Asia. It had always been a land of conflict and constantly changing tribal allegiances. In relatively normal times China played one tribe off against another so that they were never strong enough to constitute a threat. She also relied a great deal on her prestige. But when tribal combinations became too strong or she became weak at home then she abandoned her suzerainty and withdrew her garrisons back to China. This traditional policy was first explained by Owen Lattimore in 1951 in his book *Inner Asian Frontiers of China*, in which he has described China's Inner and Outer Frontier system. It was the Inner Frontier of China proper which had to be held inviolate even in bad times. The Outer Frontier could always be returned to when the situation improved. In the face of a strong Russian attack the same strategy might again be applied.

Since fluidity was the keynote in Central Asia it follows that China never accepted a situation as permanent. This unwillingness to accept finality was reflected in her treaties with the West. She had never seen the need for them in all her long history hitherto, for all foreigners were barbarians who were, *ipso facto*, expected to pay tribute to the Son of Heaven. When the West demanded them she gave in through weakness but no doubt always with the intention of abrogating them when the time was ripe. It was not so much a matter of honouring them in the Western sense (after all they were always 'unequal'), as of recovering lost 'face' at some later date.

Confining ourselves to border treaties in particular, we have many current instances of the way China manipulates border issues as it suits her. For instance there have been those concerning her frontier with India, one of which prompted an article in the *Contemporary Review*, 'Our Little War in Sikkim'. The two treaties with Russia described above are the latest examples. It can be taken as a sign of belief in her own increasing strength to put it no higher, that she is now demanding the abrogation of all treaties with Russia enacted during the Tzarist régime.

This short résumé poses an important question. How far is China's long experience of diplomacy and strategy in Central Asia still basically shaping her thought and policy there today, and how far has it been supplanted by modern Marxist Communist teaching? 'Kremlinologists' are able to make fair guesses about Russian policy but we have no access to current thought in Peking. Only a matter of eighty years ago, an educated Chinese with experience of foreigners propounded a view on the status of his own country. He said: 'China is the centre of the earth, and the greatest country. She is the yolk of the egg, and the heavens the white. As there is more yolk than white in an egg, no other country exists.' Whether or not that view even now

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N.A.T.O. AND SPAIN

by E. Hinterhoff

ALTHOUGH President Nixon, in his Report to the Congress on February 18, in which he formulated, in broad outlines, the basic principles of a new American foreign policy for 1970, announced that the United States would maintain the current troop level in Europe at least through mid-1971, his repeated accent on joint effort by the U.S. and its European allies must be clearly understood as a warning that the time may come, perhaps in a not too distant future, when the U.S. will have enough to shoulder the main burden of the defence of Europe. His cautious warning was made against the background of a heated debate, which has been raging for a few years both in the Houses of Congress as well as in the press, regarding the timing and size of U.S. troop reductions in Europe; there are some, like Senator Symington, who are insisting on reducing U.S. troop-level to the unrealistic figure of some 50,000 men, regardless of the fact that it could have disastrous implications for European security.

At any rate, President Nixon's message as well as rumbling speeches in the Senate and the Congress ought to be seen by America's European allies as a 'writing on the wall'; obviously, when American soldiers will be leaving Europe, they'll have to be replaced by European soldiers, unless N.A.T.O., for fiscal reasons mainly, and against the best professional advice (see recent public statement made by Admiral Lord Mountbatten, former Chief of Defence Staff) would prefer to accept a suicidal strategy on lowering even more dangerously the nuclear threshold.

Mr. Alain Enthoven, former Assistant Secretary for Defence, in his article 'What force for N.A.T.O.?' published in October 1969 in *Foreign Affairs*, very bitterly criticised America's European allies for their failure to make efficient contribution with Western defence effort, relying, instead, upon American deterrent and American military presence in Europe; this article reflects widely spread views in the United States that European contribution is not commensurate to its potentialities. Obviously these feelings do underpin forceful demands made by political opponents of the Administration for far-reaching troop-reductions in Europe which, as in every democratic society, will be, in the long run, too difficult to resist.

Unfortunately, so far there is no sign that America's European allies draw necessary conclusions from these trends: certainly not in Great Britain, where the disbandonment of the former Territorial Army and its reorganisation for fiscal reasons again has destroyed the main source of trained manpower reserves; equally, France, in spite of some diplomatic gestures and half-measures, like the participation of some French warships in N.A.T.O. exercise in the Mediterranean, has not shown any real signs of any intention to return to N.A.T.O. defence system. All these developments will not fail to lead to a growing importance of Western

Germany within the alliance: it is only a matter of time till the Germans, with full justification, will claim command of the Northern Army Group and, in due course, even the post of Supreme Commander. In spite of all Herr Brandt's highly commendable *Ostpolitik*, such developments could have very undesirable political implications.

In this context it would be of interest to quote a few extracts from an article by Lord Wigg (who for years had taken an active interest in matters of defence) in *The Times* on February 19, under the provocative title: 'The perils of defence on the cheap', in which he wrote:

> There is no sign that the European allies have acted in a manner that shows that they appreciate the significance of this. Just as soldiers cannot be replaced by nuclear weapons, so pious intentions about defence-integration, joint arms-procurement and standardisation of equipment will not substitute for withdrawal of American divisions.

Yet, in desperation, instead of filling the vacuum which will be one day created by American disengagement from Europe, by European ground forces, N.A.T.O. Defence Ministers are planning to rely increasingly upon the use of tactical atomic weapons, regardless of the dangers of an almost immediate escalation into a general thermo-nuclear war. Lord Mountbatten, in his letter to *The Times* on February 23 wrote: 'During my six years on the N.A.T.O. Military Committee I have never missed an opportunity of saying loud and clear that the actual use of tactical atomic weapons could only end in escalation to total global nuclear destruction, and that for that reason, no one in their senses would contemplate their use'.

The tragi-comic aspect of this tendency in N.A.T.O. to resort to the use of these deadly weapons as early as possible is that they cannot be used without prior decision by one man, the American President, and it is highly unlikely that he'll risk destruction of, say, Washington or New York and death of tens of millions of Americans for a few square miles of West German territory.

As Mr. Enthoven writes: 'N.A.T.O. without sufficient conventional forces at the moment of a political crisis, will have only two alternatives: the unleashing of a thermo-nuclear war or a humiliation: a suicide or capitulation . . .'

Against this gloomy background it is increasingly obvious that the existence of strong conventional forces in Europe has become a matter of life or death. Yet, in spite of all these dangers there is very little likelihood that the Europeans will make a greater effort towards raising these forces, in peacetime; and when war breaks out, it will be too late to raise additional conventional forces; consequently, the only alternative would be to try to find these forces elsewhere, and to any unbiased observer it would be obvious that such untapped source of manpower is in Spain.

To begin with, Spain's military potential, in peace time, is very substantial indeed. According to *The Military Balance: 1969-1970* published by the Institute for Strategic Studies, in London, Spain has 280,000 men under arms; organised as follows: Army, total 210,000,

organised in one armoured, one mechanised, one motorised and two mountain infantry divisions; 10 independent infantry brigades, one cavalry, one high mountain, one air-portable, one parachute and two artillery brigades. The Navy total is 44,500, including Marine Corps of 9,000 men; one cruiser, four submarines, eight destroyers, 16 frigates, four mine-layers, six corvettes, 25 minesweepers, three patrol vessels, three torpedo boats, two transport ships, 11 landing craft, three squadrons of helicopters. The Air Force total strength is 35,000 men; 55 F-86 interceptors, 20 F-104G interceptors, 10 F-3 fighter-bombers, 50 HA Saeta fighter-bombers, 20 HE III light bombers, and reconnaissance, 6 Hu-16B Albatros, 25 armed T-6 trainers, over 150 transport and communications aircraft, including C-47, C-64, 6 Caribou, 250 training aircraft, including T-6, T-33 and TF-104G. Yet, during a war all these forces can be substantially expanded and according to an article by Lt. General Don Angel Gonzales de Mendoza, former Commandant of Staff College, published in *N.A.T.O. Fifteen Nations*, May, 1964, the Army could muster 40 divisions, with the complement of specialist units; Navy could increase by 50% her fleet and double the numbers of auxiliary craft; and Air Force could be doubled both in personnel and aircraft up to 150% of its present peacetime strength.

Obviously, the impressive figure of 40 Spanish divisions during a war could have a very considerable impact upon N.A.T.O. defence planning, making the application of the strategy of 'flexible response' a practical and realistic proposition. Furthermore, Spain's membership of N.A.T.O. could be conducive to the restoration of military balance in Europe, badly disturbed, partly as a result of Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia and partly as a result of unilateral western reductions of their contingents in Germany; several appeals addressed to the Warsaw Pact by N.A.T.O., especially after N.A.T.O. Council meeting in Rekjavik in July 1968, a month before Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia, have been falling upon deaf ears of Soviet leaders; and after all, why should they be in a hurry to reduce their armed forces, when the West will, in any case, do it unilaterally, and without insisting on any reciprocity on the part of the Warsaw Pact in doing so. Some senior Spanish officials were telling the writer that, in case of Spain's admission into N.A.T.O., her frontier will run not along the Pyrenees but along the Elbe. They will be ready to station in Germany, in peacetime, some four to six divisions, under the order of S.A.C.E.U.R., and do much to co-ordinate closely their defence planning with N.A.T.O. Should Spain one day become a member of the western alliance, that would result in putting N.A.T.O. in a stronger position for negotiations with the Warsaw Pact on a mutual reduction of armed forces on both sides of the Iron Curtain.

Needless to say, Spanish membership of N.A.T.O. will also considerably contribute to restoring naval balance in the Mediterranean and on N.A.T.O.'s southern flank. Strategic importance of Spain has been recognised for many years already by the United States. In 1951, Dean Acheson, then Secretary of State, had established diplomatic relations with

Spain, and in 1953, a ten-year Spanish-American treaty was signed which in 1963 had been converted into a military alliance; under the first treaty, Spain received during the ten years of its duration, between $1,200-1,300m., divided between financial and military aid. In return, the Americans were given the right to establish on Spanish territory five air and naval bases (one naval base in Rota, near Cadiz), which were put under a 'joint' administration, unlike American bases in Great Britain and elsewhere; the cost of building these bases was about $500m.

The money which was paid by the United States to Spain was very badly needed as Spain after the war was almost in a desperate economic position, which was aggravated by the fact that it was denied the generous Marshall Plan which helped so much to boost European economy, badly damaged by war. It would seem that those on whose advice the aid to Spain under the Marshall Plan was denied, were probably unaware that if Franco need not have resisted all Hitler's blandishments to allow German troops to march through Spain in order to take Gibraltar, the outcome of war, and especially in the Mediterranean area, would have been probably quite different. However, in the meantime, partly due to American assistance, resulting from the treaty mentioned above, partly due to booming tourist industry, and last but not least, due to the hard work of the Spanish people, the economic situation of the country has considerably improved, and keeps on improving, giving to the Spaniards a well deserved feeling of satisfaction and of pride.

When one speaks frankly with the Spaniards, regardless of social strata (as I did a few months ago during my visit to Madrid) one could feel their bitterness and annoyance with the interminable, self-righteous taunts about 'Fascist dictatorship', especially when certain members of N.A.T.O. are under such rule, as well as most of Africa, and, indeed, over three-quarters of the world; they comment, with cynicism that, if Spain could have been ruled by some sort of left-wing Socialist régime, it would have been admitted already many years ago into N.A.T.O., perhaps with widely open arms.

Consequently, when the next date of renewal of the Spanish-American treaty took place on September 26, 1968, Spanish negotiators were maintaining that the increasing dangers for Spanish territory, arising out of the Soviet threat of a pre-emptive nuclear strike at American bases in Spain and of growing Soviet naval threat in the Mediterranean, should make the corresponding price higher. Indeed, as a result of Spanish misgivings, Americans have been compelled to close the 'joint' base in Torrejon, situated some 16 miles from Madrid; equally, there is a growing concern over the American naval base in Rota, for Polaris submarines, which, one could safely assume, must be topping the Soviet targetting list.

The American attitude, especially in view of considerable reductions in defence budget, introduced by President Nixon, is that, although Spanish bases remain useful in view of the increased accent on I.C.B.M.'s, and Polaris missiles, they are no more vital for the security of the United States.

In this context it would be of interest to quote a recent statement made

by the Spanish Foreign Minister, Señor Lopez Bravo, in his interview with the Spanish newspaper *A.B.C.*, in Madrid: 'If Spanish-North-American alliance is not renewed, this could be interpreted as a step towards the neutralisation of Spain, which would evidently alter the political equilibrium of Southern Europe and the Mediterranean'. Fortunately, the treaty has been extended but only for a further two years, starting from June, 1968, leaving thus only a few months of margin; the Spaniards have accepted, after a hard bargain, the sum of $50m.

However, Senor Bravo's words, taken against the background of growing scepticism in Spanish military circles about N.A.T.O. defence capabilities, coupled with their misgivings, caused by steady Soviet penetration into the Mediterranean area, especially their penetration into Libya, could be interpreted that membership of N.A.T.O. is slowly losing its magnetic appeal and attractiveness to the Spaniards. The Spaniards maintain that their bi-lateral treaty with the United States, making Spain indirectly linked with N.A.T.O., does expose their country to all risks arising out of such alliance, and at the same time doesn't ensure to Spain any assistance from N.A.T.O.—in case of Soviet aggression on their territory.

This state of mind has resulted in a growing interest in Spain of the slogan 'Mediterranean—sea of peace', which has been promoted during the last few months both by Boumedienne and by Tito, although there is little doubt that the origin of this idea could be traced to the Quai d'Orsay, in Paris. In this context Señor Bravo's recent visit to Paris, where he had a long talk with President Pompidou, does acquire special significance—seen against the background of present French drive into the Middle-East area, aiming at the exclusion of both Super-Powers. Obviously, if it would ever come to the realisation of these ambitious French schemes, at the expense of both Super-Powers and of Great Britain, which by its own decision to withdraw from her positions 'east of Suez', has been helping the French to fulfil their plans, it would mean, in due course, closing of all American bases in Spain, and the termination of the treaty. It would mean also that the Spaniards would definitely lose their interest in joining the Atlantic alliance, of which they could have become a very useful member.

In any case, such course of events would still be better than a growing understanding between Spain and the Soviet bloc, which began a few years ago and which has been showing steady development. No doubt, Señor Bravo's recent visit to Moscow, on his way home from the Philippines, and his several hours' talk with Mr. Gromyko, Soviet Foreign Minister, may well lead to the restoration of diplomatic relations between the two countries. Spain has already such relations with Rumania, and talks are going on with Poland and Hungary about the opening of consulates. It would be important to mention that trade between Spain and countries of the Soviet bloc has been developing steadily; at the same time whereas a few years ago an appearance in any Spanish port of a flag-flying Soviet ship would have caused sensation, last year an agreement was reached for the use of the port at Santa Cruz de Tenerife

by the Soviet fishing vessels, providing refuelling and provisioning facilities for 200 such vessels, operating off the coast of West Africa. There were also strong rumours about the Soviet-Spanish negotiations for the facilities for Soviet merchant vessels in some main ports in Spain.

No doubt, Señor Bravo's *tête-à-tête* with Mr. Gromyko must have given them an opportunity of discussing many topics of common interest, as for example, common sympathy for the Arabs who, by the way, were first to recognise Franco's régime many years ago; equally, they could share their common dislike of the Israelis. Perhaps such a conversation covering some more spheres of common interest were found, not necessarily in the best interest of the West.

There have been quite a few events in recent history which took the world by surprise; one of them was the Ribbentrop-Molotov Pact of 1939; another one was the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia in August, 1968, which also took the West by surprise. Obviously, in order to avoid any perhaps unpleasant surprise which could result from Spain moving too far eastwards, would be to have her as a member of Western community, both of the Common Market as well as of the Atlantic Alliance.

In the context of Spain's membership of Western community, to which all Spaniards feel that they belong, the thorny problem of Gibraltar, somewhat poisoning relations between Great Britain and Spain—especially during the era of militant Foreign Minister Señor Castiella—will be solved without greater difficulties. In their conversations, the Spaniards emphasise their readiness to go as far as possible towards finding an equitable solution, acceptable to all interested parties, including the inhabitants of Gibraltar.

On the other hand, if Spain will be still kept by the West at arm's length, mainly for political reasons, the origin of which could be traced to the mid-thirties, one of the first sufferers of such state of affairs will be Britain. It will not be too difficult for Spain to find many useful friends in the United Nations, and consequently to launch a well orchestrated and powerful offensive against Britain's presence on the Rock. In such a move the Spaniards may safely reckon on Soviet help; after all, for the Russians, anything that can split the Western world and weaken its unity of purpose, will be hailed by the Soviet leaders as another victory in their campaign towards world domination.

[Major E. Hinterhoff, M.B.E., has recently been awarded by the Federal Republic of Germany, the high decoration *Bundesverdienstkreuz 1. Klasse des Verdienstordens der Bundesrepublik Deutschland*, in recognition of his services, for Anglo-German understanding and for his contributions on the subject of military defence, some of which have been published in the *Contemporary Review*.]

CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES

by Arthur R. M. Lower

CANADA is that part of British North America that did not break away from the British Empire. It represents in many respects the unfinished business of the American Revolution. The French and British filled much of the eighteenth century with their wars. The American Revolution split the English-speaking world. Such, in a word, is the history of North America. Every Canadian can grasp it, for here lie his two basic facts of life: the relationships between English and French Canada and those between Canada and the United States.

The American Revolution established in North America a large, strong state. This, next to the English language, is, for as long as can be foreseen, the most enduring human fact about the continent. It is the fact with which Canadians have to live every hour of the day and every day of their lives. Strong states have rarely abided weaker states alongside them: much of the history of every major power consists in its efforts to absorb the territories contiguous to itself. The history of the United States is one of continuous expansion into neighbouring territory, mainly by war. The attempt between 1812 and 1814 at the conquest of British North America failed, the only such failure hitherto in American experience. This failure sowed the seeds of national life in Upper Canada, now Ontario. From that point on, whatever the colonies conceived of as their future, there was one lot they were determined never to accept: they would never become Americans.

But the United States went on to conquer Florida from Spain, Texas, California and the south-west interior from Mexico. It conquered the Philippines from Spain. By adroit diplomacy with force not far behind it, it compelled Great Britain to accept its version of the division of the Oregon territory (1846) and later forced upon Columbia its requirements for a canal across the Isthmus of Panama. Some among its public men did not give up the hope of acquiring British North America until well after the Civil War (1861-65). So strong, indeed, was the belief in 'Manifesto Destiny' that it was only by a narrow margin that the Prairies were saved for the then new Dominion of Canada. In those days the colonies were weak and scattered and it was only the reluctant readiness of the Mother Country to defend them that saved them, if not from conquest, at least from absorption.

When by war, purchase or bargaining the United States had secured all of the continent north of Mexico except Canada, its continental expansion ceased. Yet it did not look with favour upon the new Dominion, which seemed only a consolidation of the United Kingdom's power on the continent. There is more than a coincidence in the formation of the Dominion in 1867, with its contemplated inclusion of British Columbia, and the American purchase of Alaska, 1867, for this latter act cut down British access to the Pacific coast to relatively narrow limits. Similarly, there is more than a coincidence between the provisions in the British North American

Act (Section XI) for taking over Rupert's Land and American gestures towards the inclusion of 'The Hudson's Bay Territories' within the Republic. A bill for this purpose was actually introduced into Congress. When one recalls contentions over the Atlantic fisheries, the 'Pelagic Sealing' situation of the 1890's and especially Theodore Roosevelt's intimation to the British government in 1903 that he was prepared to settle the Alaska boundary by armed force if necessary, it is hardly too much to contend that the United States remained hostile to the British presence on the American continent down into the twentieth century. Only when Canada assumed the status of a sovereign state (1931), thereby presumably ending the British role in North America did tension tangibly cease.

Hostility, or conflict of interests, was to be found in many fields, such as trade and the tariff. The great Canadian desideratum has always been free entry into the American market. During Canada's most prosperous nineteenth century decade, the 1850's thanks to the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854, free entry had been obtained for 'unmanufactured products'. These included most of what British North America produced. After the Americans terminated the Treaty in 1866, efforts to secure its renewal failed. From the 1890s on, the high tide of American protectionism excluded many of the Canadian exports that had continued to be able to get in. The situation became much less hopeless for Canada in the 1900s, owing to the prosperity arising out of railway building, the opening of the western prairies on a large scale and rising wheat prices. When in 1910, the Laurier government secured a new and favourable reciprocity agreement with the United States, it seemed as if a further chapter in prosperity were about to open. But this time it was Canadian protectionist sentiment that was aroused. When this became joined to a new and self-confident nationalism which was irritated by imprudent American remarks (such as one to the effect that the new arrangement would make Canada 'a mere adjunct' of the United States), the Canadian electorate, with considerable assistance from anti-Imperialism in Quebec and with memories of American intransigence over Alaska only eight years old, boosted out the Laurier government.

To Canadians, the Reciprocity election of September 21, 1911, was a species of Declaration of Independence. Contrasted with the slow evolution of self-government within the British Commonwealth (1791-1931), the election constituted a short, decisive proclamation. As sharply as a single historical event may, the election of 1911 closed an era and opened another.

This second era was to be punctuated by two world wars and by the great depression of the 1930s. Each of these contributed to changing the nature of the relationship between Canada and the United States. In both wars, at least after the Americans were brought in, the sense of a common objective made itself felt. This was strengthened by the fighting men's almost identical reactions to the foreign cultures they encountered—they were all North Americans. The great depression was also a common experience and the Korean War furnished a third opportunity for comradeship in arms.

Such deep experiences cannot be lightly passed over. For Canadians they mark a decisive turn in the road. The United States had traditionally been

'the big, bad wolf' to most Canadians (it still is to many), but now it was being changed into a more benevolent species of animal, possibly a big watch-dog. If treated nicely, it might even change further and become a big brother. Not that little brothers, even so, do not need to keep a good, sharp eye on big brothers: big brothers may tread on your toes without knowing it, and that hurts. But in the metaphor have we not a good picture of the relationship that must exist between great powers and lesser ones, however friendly they may be to each other?

The necessary relations of strong and weak are further illustrated in the budgeoning Canadians receive day after day from American press, television and radio and by the control American capital has secured over the Canadian economy. Hardly a day passes without a report of some Canadian company being bought out by an American firm. Much of the primary production is in American hands and is a great deal of the secondary industry (for example, electrical appliances). In Europe, an attempt to offset this would probably be made through restrictive measures on the part of the state. While there has been considerable advocacy of this in Canada, there has been no public action, although the end of the story has not yet been reached.

American ownership is followed by American management and also to some considerable extent by American law. The situation is humiliating but American power and influence can go only so far, for both Canadians and Americans know that the stronger nation, in this day and age, could not use force to overcome the weaker. In any dispute, their public opinion will be divided. Take one of the irritating details of the Vietnam war, the flight of Amrican 'draft-dodgers' and deserters to Canada. Even were the Canadian government to take up a foolishly offensive attitude on this, American public opinion could not be united against Canada. Were Canada to offend by recognising China, American public opinion could not be mobilised against her, for it is divided within itself.

The two countries are so similar in the grain that, whatever the issue, Canadians could always find support within the United States itself. The days when Canada needed to fear the United States have ended and now the relationship boils down to a matter of mutual accommodation, punctuated by 'tiffs'. When in the early 1950s Mr. Pearson said plainly that relationships could not always be taken for granted (a footnote to the Canadian declaration of independence in 1911) and when in the 1960s he had the temerity to disagree publicly with Mr. Johnson over Vietnam, all this led to was newspaper analyses. The general public did not divide over such matters on national lines. Pearson might have got as many American votes as would Johnson!

The North American situation is, of course, part of a still wider setting. The last world war marked the mounting of a vast ground-swell in human affairs that still has a long way to go before reaching its crest. It is trite to say that we live in a revolutionary age. We live in an age in which a dozen revolutions are going on at the same time. They interlock, separate, intertwine. One of the simplest of them, though complex enough in itself, is

indicated by such loose terms as 'the west', the 'freedom-loving powers', the 'democracies'—by such powers—or 'the capitalist exploiters', the 'colonialists', 'imperialists'—by their opponents. Everyone in North America knows to which group Canada belongs. Here is something of major significance breaking down the barriers between the peoples who are the heart of 'the west'. Canadians cannot escape this. Few of them would want to escape it, especially since it is plain to those of the old traditions among them that within 'the west' not only themselves, not only the United States, but Great Britain as well can find their best prospect for the future. When 'the chips are down', Canadians and Americans (and their common mother country) will be found standing shoulder to shoulder. Canadian freedom to bicker and assert rests strongly on the ability so to stand.

Relations with the United States will always call for careful handling but by one device or another Canadians will find it possible to share the same house with a giant and avoid being crushed to death.

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THE SINO-RUSSIAN BORDER DISPUTE. *Continued from page 235*

holds, it would at any rate be true to say that no great country has traditionally shown less desire to communicate or to be understood.

It may, in conclusion, be worth recalling the view of an experienced traveller and Indian civil servant of the last century, H. E. M. James, who wrote: 'Until Chinese habits and ways of thought are changed—a process which will take many centuries—they will not attain to that pitch of discipline, purity of administration and self-control which alone will enable them to use European methods of war and weapons successfully. When they have attained it they will not want to devastate the world.' The great Russian explorer, General Prejevalski, said much the same thing at the same time. It is a fact that China has never been expansionist, and has never fought a war except to recover lost territory or in self-defence.

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*[Ney Elias (1844-97) undertook a number of dangerous independent journeys and Government missions in Central Asia and was a leading authority on the region. His outstanding feat was a journey across Western Mongolia and Siberia, starting from Peking. He undertook three missions to Chinese Turkestan and on the last continued his journey across the Pamirs to Afghanistan, returning to India eighteen months later. (His last expedition was as Commissioner of the Burma-Siam Boundary Commission in 1889. Thereafter he was Consul-General at Meshed, 1892-96.) The biography of Ney Elias is to be published at the end of this year by Messrs. George Allen and Unwin.]

THEIR EXCELLENCIES REQUEST THE PLEASURE

by George Bilainkin

ONE hundred minutes provided thrilling history, to be recorded and cabled in vulnerable cipher next day, to fifty or more capitals by heads of foreign Missions at the Court of St. James's. About 700 guests, including at least fifty 'gate-crashers' with long ears, showed the stiff, embossed invitation cards, to stroll into four or five salons of a notable Embassy opposite Hyde Park. Federal Yugoslavia's Prime Minister Ribicic (say it as 'rib-itch-eech') was the titular host, at Number 25 Kensington Gore, to a seldom-equalled assembly of notable British celebrities; a particularly courteous gesture was extended, too, by the *Corps Diplomatique*, with the presence of 75 ambassadors and high commissioners of London's 120.

All the evening I was asked the same question: 'Why this sudden "caressing" of President Tito's Yugoslavia?' The metropolitan Press, 'informed' as usual by chatter across hostelry bars and costly luncheons, written by folk returned from a grocers' conference or briefing on the rise in serious crime, had ignored the Ribicic visit. Is she not, for the 'experts' from Fleet Street and the equally innocent-seeming BBC and TV, a 'Communist' state? I faced newly-arrived men and women from Yugoslavia who spoke learnedly on credits, exports, finance, imports, the balance of trade; they presented themselves, for they knew me as the author of the first published biography of the Marshal. They spoke of impressive new consortiums with American or German chairmen. One distinguished Serb from Nish promptly aroused comparisons unfavourable to the Nabarro handlebars. Britain is obviously making a *beau geste* to Belgrade, but, without the currently fashionable aid of the Rolling Stones team of expansive p.r.o. merchants, and next day, there was less than nothing in the rump of sleepy metropolitan dailies to guide us. Statistically minded Yugoslavs reminded me, with a cryptic smile, that U.S. aid from 1946 to 1961 had helped Tito with $2,280m., more than favourite Vietnam's share of $2,118m.; West Germany's $4,997, beloved Chiang's 'China' on the isle of Formosa, $4,161, sensibly pragmatic Korea, $5,025m., and less malleable Venezuela, $104m., were in the queue.

After 30 years I watch red-coated announcers with a tinge of excitement, as they cry in stentorian tones, 'His Excellency the Ambassador of France', or 'His Excellency the High Commissioner of India'. I am enthralled, as in 1939, by the flashing bulbs of cameramen and girls, busy registering the message of eyes. I glanced at the four, occasionally five, finger handshake of host or hostess, impeccably dressed guest and companion.

The hands in response may be firm, flabby, fleeting. The bows vary from formal to Japanese, or lacking a smile and avoiding any approach for exchange of minimal courtesies. Wives of ambassadors of serious and puritanian states study the precious keys at a major reception, length of confrontation of eyes, any explicit, implicit or obvious message. It is all easily discerned with practice.

Since crucial, grim May, 1945, Number 25 Kensington Gore has been a palace of ghosts and memories for me, joys, sorrows and reflections. For World War Three hovered close, with threats of clashes between Tito's victorious Partisans near and in Trieste, and Field Marshal Alexander's well armed, and suitably fed, armies. But more of this later. First, ten fascinating minutes with outspoken Mrs. George Brown and her trusted friend, Mary (wife of Labour's General Secretary, influential).

British guests delighted me with news that, after 3 or 4 days in London, the Premier was assured of generous aid in credits; we should help the nation that lost 1,700,000 Serbs, Croats, Slovenes, Montenegrins, Bosnians, Macedonians, a tenth of the total population, Catholic, Orthodox Greek, Muslims, Jews, victims of incredible savagery, by Nazis and Fascists, 1941-45. Today we suspect the American soldiers massacred 500 Vietnamese villagers in Pinkville. But, I went to Glina and spoke to the survivors of 500 murdered in and around the church, because they said they were Orthodox Greek, not Catholic. Ljuban Jednak, 36, at our meeting looking 60, explained he had carefully crawled away from the corpses on lorries. His eyes will remain in my memory so long as those of survivors I met at Lidice (Czechoslovakia's Glina), Japan's Hiroshima, Poland's Katyn, Jassenovats in Croatia, and, of course, the world horror village in France, Oradour-sur-Glane, by Limoges.

Aid in 1970 recalls slower affairs 25 or so years ago, when I often met Aneurin Bevan, the spell-binder. One evening in the Savoy he was startled when I said that Ambassador Ljubo Leontic, aristocratic lawyer-Partisan, was upset at the return to Belgrade of Trade Minister Kopcik, after a year's chatter. I said, 'Leontic is as bitter as I'. One week later Leontic came to luncheon at the Coq d'Or, and Bevan kept my five guests waiting an hour, for the Cabinet was protracted. Over his second, and illegal, helping of mousetrap cheese, Bevan told Leontic, 'Do get Mr. Kopcik back, as soon as you can.' The Royal Flying Corps ace, Cambridge historian, true blue Tory tycoon of the Christmas card empire, Desmond Tuck, rubbed his eyes, so did the others, ambassadors in London. But Bevan's P.P.S., Major Donald Bruce, M.P., told me later, 'Nye raised hell with old Arthur'—Mr. Bottomley, of the Overseas Trade Department, able Mayor of Walthamstow. Several days later Mr. Kopcik returned, and the treaty was initialled. One year later the tears fell again on my shoulders, from Ambassador Obrad Cicmil, giant Montenegrin. I was angry. Mr. Kopcik had been busy again, for about eight months, with Bottomley-style results. Bevan now joined me at luncheon in M. Cicmil's residence, with Dr. Mirko Milutinovic, Sasha Sokorac, economist Zlataric. The Cicmil banquet lasted till 3.45 p.m., and Bruce rang me later to apologise for taking my (new) overcoat by mistake. He added, 'Nye gave Harold plain hell.' Mr. Wilson was then head of the Board of Trade. M. Kopcik returned to London, again, and the treaty was initialled at once.

I might add that Leontic, Cicmil, Kopcik, Marshal Tito, the former civic head of Walthamstow and Mr. Wilson, among British ministers, forgot to express one word of thanks for days spent in 'settling' two crucial trade treaties, forgot any decoration, or the conventional sunshine tour of Brioni,

Hvar, or my delectable Kotor among the seafarers.

Contrasts with the snail-like yesterdays returned as I watched the gentle host, Ambassador Ivo Sarajcic, who has won hearts at all levels in cool London. The frequently tortured Partisan leader, vivid editor of a daily and then Ambassador in Vienna, he helped me as head of the Ministry of Information in memorable Birchaninova 6. I needed material on the Drvar escape of the Yugoslavs' leader—Tito has always been elusive, and modest. My first biography of the Marshal contained first-hand evidence. Respect in London has been shared with 'Mikka', redoutable Croat martyr, mother of intellectual giants. The Nazis allies, Ustachi, sought for years to gather news of M. Sarajcic's activities among the Partisans—by applying electric needles to her soles in concentration camps. But 'Mikka' was stubborn. Her eyes met mine in a prolonged moment a year ago when she greeted the West German ambassador, Dr. Herbert Blankenhorn; his arrival aroused questions in the Commons. 'Mikka' like her husband graduated in philosophy at Zagreb, the Balkans hyper-Edinburgh. Now on their return home, I say, *'Sreki put i do vidjenia, mlada banda'*. I also offer a welcome to Ambassador Dobrivoje Vidic, twice envoy in Moscow, lively deputy foreign minister whose English-English had rare merits; modesty precludes my explaining.

I turned to Sir Frank Roberts, born in my beloved Buenos Aires, of a Preston and Blackburn couple. The former ambassador in Belgrade, Moscow and last in Bonn, restless, industrious as none other, always arouses in me a blush. For once on my birthday he giggled before about 30 ambassadors and their ladies and I was incapable of speech. Thieves had taken my suitcase one hour before a dinner party with M. Viktor Khoury. The host said, 'Do please, do come just as you are.' I did, in a new flannel suit! Roberts fenced with Marshal Stalin during Berlin differences, is interested in German associations, advises Lloyds and Unilever on international problems. We recalled his predecessor in Belgrade, Sir Charles Peake—Halifax's p.r.o. whom I teased at League meetings in Geneva. Peake, Halifax and I existed under one roof, the Carlton, in fateful 1939. Roberts and I turned to a mutual friend, the Devon beauty for love of whom a brilliant Pasha gave up his Embassy in London, and a probable Premiership in Egypt. Patricia Nachat, a Muslim with four bewitching daughters, is torn between Cairo and London, or France. Hassan and Patricia used gold plate when I last dined with them in Zamelek, and the white Rolls waited.

Roberts wondered, of course, how it came about that Sir Charles's aircraft had been grounded in Belgrade for 18 months, but I was able to fly in it to strategically crucial Skoplje, on the Greek war-torn border. I recalled, briefly, I rang the minister's p.a., dazzling Drugarica Klara Gombos, and about an hour later the 'grounded' machine was given clearance. Athlete Klara recalls for ease in switching from this to that language, Lady (Celeste) Roberts. A Cairo dignitary's daughter she moves from Russian to German, French to English, as if all were the same; I discovered candid Cella's skill recently on the telephone, and now wonder what sort of aide to the 'P.U.S.', Permanent Under Secretary, she would have made if the roulette

had been kinder. By the way, Peake never forgave my mentioning the aircraft affair in a book: he faced me in a London bus, stared across. Ungenerous, for the Majestic put on a rare meal in his honour and I consented to take some of his senior staff for a trip to Skoplje (18 hours by train). They arrived without passports and were to be held for 'inquiries'. I waved to the friend in control and she accepted my document as 'covering' six folk!

This evening, Lady Peake stayed a short while for she was to dine with a woman who one day will occupy a long chapter in the biography of a statesman. Yugoslavia sends forth beautiful wives these days to tired capitals; the Under Secretary's wife, Nara, recalled a favourite, like herself a Slovene, Vera Bebler, but striking brunette in six languages. Dr. Ales Bebler, orator, barrister, Partisan, fenced in Belgrade with Vishinsky, with Ana Pauker in 1948, but Vera prepared a memorable meal for me after a visit to Ohrid, the ballet in Belgrade's open air Topcider Park, under cloudless skies. Vera giggled, forgetting the Partisan battles in mountains, her days as a barrister, years as Shakespearean actress after passing the Academy of Drama. Bebler 'captured' London, acted as foreign minister, ambassador in Paris and in space-less Djakarta.

I now greeted the sage, philosopher who has pondered under the roof in inscrutable Bhutan, Sikkim, Tibet. The High Commissioner of 550m. Indians, sent here by Mrs. Indira Gandhi (and brilliant Kewal Singh, star of Balliol) is Mr. Aba B. Pant, of golden speech, who was earlier ambassador in critical Indonesia and then in Cairo. (I hope the BBC induces him to give the Reith series on searching for peace.) Few men 'hold' their guests so swiftly, without uttering a phrase. Now bulbs flashed and TV cameras turned for I was handing over to Premier Ribicic an autographed copy of my biography of Tito. The Slovene Premier is as shy as our Michael Stewart, the Foreign Secretary. But he helped clear Yugoslavia's local enemies, and fought as a Partisan. He has a brave record.

Kragujevac is a name that scares all Yugoslavs. Few Yugoslavs know, today, of the vileness of the Nazi crime of October, 1941. Ivo Sarajcic shrank when I revealed my discovery to him of a paper long hidden among tens of thousands for thirty years. Milovan Djilas was my luncheon host there on 'Ssvi na izbore', November 11, 1945, and I resolved on learning the truth, some day. The Nazi generals collected 2,300 males or more in wholly innocent Kragujevac, to be shot as hostages without trial 'because others could not be found elsewhere'. The ratio settled by the monsters was 100 Serbs for one ambushed invader.

Once I asked Tito about hostages. He explained that after all the patients in the hospital at Ujice had been found with throats severed, 'we took only one prisoner, for interrogation'.

Premier Ribicic asked about the gift book, and the leaf cover with the praise of the illustrious editor of the *Contemporary Review* for 46 years, Dr. George P. Gooch, O.M., C.H., printed in these pages in 1951. I wrote the Slovene for 'Au revoir, soon'. He replied, 'I shall always treasure this gift on my working desk. I look forward to an early meeting in Yugoslavia'.

By our side stood a dark-featured woman of rare charm: the discreet interpreting came from a blonde, tall Breda (now Mrs. Wilkinson). I stared, said, 'It surely cannot be the Kordia herself.' It was. The Montenegrin widow of the Ambassador in India, General Kweber, remembered 1953, in Dedinje's palatial Rumunska. Mme. Ribicic and the Stewarts wondered about Kordia. I explained that for 2½ hours she interpreted for Marshal Tito and I reproved her once, when she repeated 'He says'. I preferred the term, 'The Marshal says'. Smiling Kordia, repository of more secrets probably than any charmer anywhere, is obstinate in her power.

Other guests wondered at the 'concourse', and I greeted the dignified aeronautical engineer married to the Soviet Ambassador, Mr. Mikhail Smirnovsky. They graduated about the same time in the same faculty! The imperturbable Mme. Smirnovskaya must have been puzzled by the array of British Defence officials, led by the ever happy and smiling Denis Healey. I chose to exchange words with the skilled observer, envoy of the city that is foolishly forgotten in London, Boris Piadishev, one of the Kremlin's Counsellors of Embassy. M. Piadishev, whose English-English is a pleasure to a critical ear, reminds me that but for the epics of Stalingrad none of us would have been drinking slivovici or champagne (I like tomato juice) in London in 1970 let alone tasting the Sarajcic feast of meat and fish delicacies served by dozens of friendly hosts. (Yes, in London.) Churchill told Generalissimo Stalin in Tehran in 1943, when presenting the George VI Sword of Stalingrad, 'Your Red Armies tore the guts out of the foul Hun.' While the 'invincible' Paulus was losing all but 93,000 of his 285,000 conquering Nazis, inside 2 months, Mme. Piadisheva took young Boris and the others of her children to the Urals. Then he studied international affairs at the university for future diplomatists. I missed his Irelia.

Lord Vansittart often warned me that they who forget history's lessons deserve and will pay heavily. The current spectacle is ominous. I greeted the Czechoslovak Ambassador, intellectual Dr. Miloslav Ruzek, and German-speaking Vera, occupants of London's newest, flamboyant Mission among the predictable match-boxes of the sky. I hope someday Dr. Ruzek will publish the Konrad-Henlein extracts from London's press of August, 1968, his comments on the astounding 33½ columns in one daily; he knows the truth triumphs in the end. Once I recalled to him my visits to the Prague Pankrac, by permission of President Benes and Jan Masaryk (long my friend in Munich-shamed London). It was July, 1945, and I studied the recently stopped heavy guillotine, used for years, for harmless, innocent Czechs, Jews, Catholics, of all ages. I read farewell messages on backs of chairs of candidates for hanging in the enormous adjoining abattoir, with walls of white tiles. Then the Red Armies ended the Inferno Dante could not have achieved in his dreams. Dr. Ruzek froze at my memory of a tearsome day in Lidice, and in the old synagogue of Prague where a few old men and boys were Jewry's survivors of seven years of Kultur. All Czechs loathe Germans.

Then a few words with the hospitable envoy of enigmatic, romantic, tourist-seeking Mongolia, M. Sonomdorjiin Dambardarjaa, graduate of Ulan Bator ('Town of the Red Heroes'), former Political Commissar. Mme.

Smirnovskaya could never offer vodka of the potency of Mongolia's for then the envoy knows days when the temperature falls below 40 degrees Centigrade, minus zero. (Is this why tea is served with—salt?). His English and Russian are easy to follow. By our side stood the fashionable Mme. John A. Sorokos and the General, envoy of Greece, slimmest of any at St. James's. We smiled when I recalled playing trains with his predecessor, Charalambos Simopoulos, in the nursery of 51 Upper Brook Street. Then he turned to Cyprus and I remembered driving in the Archbishop's limousine to the sad monastery. The General has studied here and holds an American decoration for courage. Dr. M. V. Peiris of Ceylon and patient ambassadress in gorgeous sari recalled the Minister of the Isle of Dusky Leaves in London, Mr. A. Pathmarajah. 'Path' and I met first beneath neatly framed poetry written by Chairman Mao, in the new Chinese Embassy. Mrs. 'Path' is unconcerned about having 25 guests and cooking 12 different dishes—she appears as hostess in unforgettable calm. 'Path' and I were received by the new Chargé d'Affaires of China, M. Ma Chia-chun, cultivated, benign, gracious host. Ma's prodigious memory for history is rivalled by his new First Secretaries. Now for an immodest note, hours when Britain and Tito's Yugoslavia hovered near war, in May, 1945. Multi-millionaire Joseph E. Davies, Truman's special ambassador, promised Churchill and Eden (Lord Avon), he would not hold a press conference, would issue no communiqué and would not meet political leaders. But, as pp. 94-101 of *Second Diary of a Diplomatic Correspondent* (Low, London, 1947) show, he received me at Claridges on three occasions for important exchanges. Davies's top secret dispatches recently published show that on May 28, 1945, he forced Eden to order Field Marshal Alexander to desist from any actions that could lead to war with Tito:—

> 'Alexander being somewhat reluctant to recede from the position he had taken, Eden gave peremptory instructions that the matter be settled at once, and Alexander be so directed.'

My new friend in the Yugoslav Embassy, Dr. Franc Kos, Slovene gentleman of the arts, raced about London with the text of the Tito telegram offering virtual acceptance of the Alexander ultimatum. Davies, meanwhile, had played a humble part with me in avoiding the century's most absurd fratricidal war, within twenty days of victory over Hitler. Davies autographed his *Mission to Moscow*, gave me a picture of himself with Churchill and I promised never to repeat his disclosure, till I had his consent, of the scene at Chequers at 3 a.m.: 'Churchill wants war to begin. We must pray for peace, let us do it now. I screamed as we parted at the door, "Millions yet unborn will curse you, will curse the fact, Prime Minister, you did not die with the end of the war".'

[Historian George Bilainkin, war correspondent for the *Daily Mail* and other journals in 1945, received the first Yugoslav visa in London from Ambassador Ljubo Leontic, signed in the Ritz Hotel. He escorted a long convoy of cars and jeeps sent by Eisenhower for filming war scenes.]

SOME GEOGRAPHIC ASPECTS OF LOCAL GOVERNMENT REFORM

by J. N. H. Douglas

LOCAL government in the past decade has achieved an unenviable position in the British political system. Accused of many shortcomings by the informed minority and ignored by the disinterested majority, it had by the mid-1960s reached a point where *The Times* pronounced, 'It is a legacy of nineteenth century interest in democratic forms and it is beginning to look as if confidence in it and practice of it may prove to be a passing phase in British political evolution.'[1]

The basis for a modernised system of local government which, it is hoped, will ensure its survival is laid in the 'Report of the Royal Commission on Local Government in England 1966-69.'[2] Since the recent Government White Paper[3] accepted, in large measure, the proposals of the Majority Report (Vol. I) as the blueprint for the new system, consideration of the Commission's proposals has become even more essential.

The proposals break down into two distinct parts. First, there are the principles of reform, now accepted by the government, which outline a clear philosophy of local government and provide the necessary theory (conspicuously lacking in the efforts of earlier reform bodies). Second, there is the application of the principles which will provide for a new pattern of areas and boundaries. This aspect of the reform proposals, which remains open for discussion, is of critical significance. Soundly judged implementation will do much to create a favourable body of public opinion, so necessary if the new system is successfully to provide a framework for environmental planning and public-service provision throughout the remaining years of this century.

Before establishing the principles of reform, the Report considers the deficiencies of the present local government system. The resulting analysis (Vol. I, para. 85-100) leaves little doubt as to the need for change. Altered only by piecemeal tinkering and consolidation of small units throughout this century, today's structure and pattern remains the easily recognisable offspring of the Local Government Acts of 1888 and 1894. Despite population growth, increased mobility, economic flux and new urban development, our present system remains trapped in a nineteenth century framework.

The separation of town and country does not reflect the geographical patterns of life and work in England and limits the integrated planning of social and economic development. The smallness of many existing local government areas has led to financial weakness and inevitable loss of independence; central government has become involved in an increasing overburden of local detail. Perhaps the most frustrating aspect is the confusion which arises from the multiplicity of administrative areas and centres handling different personal and environmental services. This partly general-purpose, partly ad hoc situation bewilders the citizen requiring information on particular services,

and frustrates the collection of data over periods of time to serve as an informed basis for administrative decision-making and planning. Clearly there is a need for radical reform to replace the existing system by a new system which will accord more closely with contemporary socio-geographic realities.

The Principles of Reform

By considering the deficiencies of present-day local government the Maud Commission provides insights into the requirements and goals of the new system. Thus the interdependence of town and country, already considered, becomes a basic principle in the establishment of the new system. This principle is a major gain which recognises the realities of social geography and justifies the work and arguments put forward by many geographers over the last three decades.[4]

With a complex hierarchy of interdependence existing within England, however, the significant question is, at what level or scale is this principle to be applied? Two further general principles are established to condition its application. The first states that 'the local authority areas must be so defined that they enable citizens and their elected representatives to have a sense of common purpose.' (Vol I, para. 9.) The second deals with the problem of efficiency and establishes that the new authorities must 'be bigger than most county boroughs (and all county districts) are at present, if they are to command the resources and skilled manpower which they need to provide services with maximum efficiency.' (Vol. I, para. 9.) While accepting that there are difficulties in measuring size in this context, Maud considers that a minimum population of 250,000 is necessary for efficient service provision, and at the other end of the scale a maximum population limit of 1,000,000 is necessary to ensure that authorities and elected representatives do not become too remote from the populace.

At this point the Commission faces a major dilemma. Areas with strong community feeling and sense of common purpose are, as Research Appendix 7 (Vol. III) shows, much smaller in terms of population than the required efficiency minimum of 250,000 people. Efficient local government, as the great weight of evidence submitted to the Commission suggests, is most likely to be met by much larger units. Therefore community feeling at its strongest, and maximum efficiency, are principles which cannot be met to the full in any single tier of local government. It is not surprising that much controversy has arisen over the fundamental question 'what size of authority, or range of size in terms of area and population is needed for the democratic and efficient provision of particular services and for local government as a whole?' (Vol. I, para. 8.) By accepting a minimum population limit of 250,000 the Commission undoubtedly chose to maximise efficiency and relegate community of interest in the main administrative tier of the new system.

It can be argued that here lies one of the weak links in the Maud proposals. What is the relationship between size and efficiency? As Senior points out in a Minority Report (Vol. II, para. 264) the research material presented to the Commission and indeed much other published work[5] fails to establish any positive correlation between population size and administrative efficiency.

The assumption that an authority with a population of between 250,000 and 1,000,000 is most efficient can be seriously questioned and the old argument that in an authority of any size the combination of good elected councillors and a few good officials can produce a most efficient authority is not entirely irrelevant. This is not, it must be emphasised, a plea for small local government units because the possibility of an even spread of good officials must decrease with the increase in the number of authorities. It is, however, an argument for a degree of flexibility in size requirement during the final discussions and implementation of the new pattern. In England there is a hierarchy of urban centres and hinterlands and each level in the hierarchy is founded upon different aspects of population mobility and interdependence. In this situation a degree of flexibility in the population-size requirement will do much to strengthen the new system by affording the urban hierarchy as much recognition as possible.

While the acceptance of the population-size principle will condition the new map of local government areas, it must be recognised that this was in turn conditioned by the Commission's consideration of the arrangement in the new system of local government functions. Thus, because of their strong interdependence, the Commission proposes that 'all services concerned with the physical environment (planning, transportation and major development) must be in the hands of one authority' and further that 'all personal services (education, personal social services, health and housing) being closely linked in operation and in effect, must also be in the hands of one authority'. (Vol. I, para. 9.) It is noteworthy that thus far all the members of the Commission are in substantial agreement; however, the Majority Report (Vol. I) goes on to state that because of their increasing interdependence both 'environmental' and 'personal' services should as far as possible be in the hands of the same authority. The unitary principle, so fundamental to the Commission's proposals, is thus established. Senior in the Minority Report (Vol. II) diverges at this point, considering that 'environmental' and 'personal' services require quite different population thresholds and therefore it is more realistic to establish a two-tier structure. In this structure the environmental services would be carried out by large regional authorities while the personal services, with lower population requirements, would be in the hands of smaller district authorities which could make the services more truly personal and give cognisance to the patterns of settlement, activity and community structure in which a motor-age society organises itself.

The inter-linkages between public services is undeniable and close co-ordination in the making and execution of plans is essential. Whether the nature of these inter-linkages is such that the environmental and personal services cannot be separated between two tiers of local government is much less obvious. The unitary system has a logical efficiency behind it while the two-tier system is acceptable in the sense that it will allow greater recognition of background geographical conditions. However, against the great geographical appeal of the two-tier structure must be set the criticism that in the present system it is the separation of service provision between different tiers which has done much to bedevil co-ordinated development and con-

fuse the ordinary ratepayer. In any case, now that the Government White Paper has accepted the unitary principle, the concern with Senior's admittedly attractive alternative must be replaced by the attempt to ensure that the unitary principle is implemented in the most effective way possible.

Implementation of the Principles

The Commission proposes 58 unitary authorities to cover most of England. While constrained by its population size requirements, the Majority Report (Vol. I) attempts to define areas which include relatively convenient centres giving employment, educational, shopping and recreational facilities and providing established focal points for local government administration. Because of the population-size requirements, however, in many instances the unitary areas include more than one important urban centre which has its own established hinterland and until now has acted as a focal point for local government administration. This is a situation which provides potential for future friction, particularly as the Commission makes no proposals concerning the location of official headquarters in the new unitary areas. To leave the choice of location to interested local bodies could aggravate long-standing rivalries, create new rivalries and inhibit the successful future operations of the authority. The location of the new headquarters might well be decided by an independent body which has access to the relevant socio-geographic facts and to the range of local opinion. The effects of regrouping on the 'successful' and 'unsuccessful' requires consideration. For some small county towns, employment in local government is a substantial element in the local employment-structure while for others it is negligible. The spatial distribution of administrative employment and its multiplier effect on the local economy must be a subject for further investigation.

The location of unitary area boundaries also requires further consideration before implementation. The acceptance, in large measure, of existing local government boundaries in the new system may be necssary to ease problems in the transition period but it should not be forgotten that, as the Commission itself accepts, many of the present boundaries are out-dated and bear little relationship to present-day realities. Geographical criticism of the boundaries on the unitary-area map is already well documented[4] and there is available in Geography Departments in Universities throughout England a wealth of relevant maps, research material and expert opinion which could throw much light on problems of boundary location at the local, unitary and regional levels of the new system. Also, Senior in the Minority Report (Vol. II) proposes that because of the relative lack of environmental information available to the Commission when drawing its maps, an 'adequately manned professional team should immediately be set up in the Ministry of Housing and Local Government to produce the background of socio-geographic information that will enable boundaries to be rationally drawn . . . ' (Vol. II, para. 140). Such a team could provide relevant information at the outset and subsequently, with the need for continued flexibility in mind, enable the government to keep in touch with environmental change.

At this main administrative level the Commission faced particular pro-

blems in dealing with the conurbations. When a number of cities exist together in interdependent association the complexity of environmental planning and social service provision increases. At the same time, within each conurbation there exist areas of distinctly greater interdependence with a separate and, as far the the local population is concerned, recognisable *raison d'être*. In three conurbations—Merseyside, South East Lancashire and the West Midlands—the Majority Report (Vol. I) recognises this situation and proposes that the metropolitan rather than the unitary principle be implemented. The metropolitan principle establishes two tiers of local government—the metropolitan areas which on a larger scale will control environmental planning and services, and the metropolitan districts which, as subdivisions of the metropolitan areas, will control personal services. The Government White Paper, in accepting this proposal, concludes that two additional areas—West Yorkshire and South Hampshire—require metropolitan treatment. The rejection of the unitary principle in these conurbations can be viewed, to some extent, as a justification of the reasoning of the Minority Report (Vol. II) where a two-tier structure is applied throughout England, recognising stronger interdependence at the more local level. To remain true to its minimum population requirement, the Majority Report (Vol. I) can apply the two-tier structure only to the populous conurbations.

With the unitary and metropolitan-area map completed the Commission deals with two further aspects of the new system. These are the problems of local community representation and provision of a provincial framework which can co-ordinate relations between unitary and metropolitan areas and with central government.

Local Councils

The establishment of larger administrative units is the result of the paradox that to make local government more viable it must cease to be truly local. The Community Attitudes Survey (Vol. III, Research Appendix 7) shows that the great majority of electors feel strongest attachment to a 'home' area that approximates in size to a parish in the country and a ward in the town.

To recognise this local interest and provide an outlet for grass-roots democracy the Report proposes that local councils be established. These councils should have few administrative powers but would provide a framework for consultation and communication. Much controversy has raged over the role of local councils in the new system and much informed opinion has been pessimistic with regard to a purely consultative level managing to sustain a genuine degree of interest in the local population. With the greatest interest and community feeling existing at local level, such pessimism lacks real justification provided that the local map can be drawn truly to reflect the patterns of local community of interest. Here geographers view with dismay the Report's proposal to accept the existing pattern of local governments as the framework for local opinion in the new structure. The boundaries of county boroughs and the larger municipal boroughs in particular are in no way coterminous with local community boundaries and

a new pattern of local consultative councils will pose formidable problems of implementation. The proposal to use existing boundaries does not provide an adequate solution. The proposal of the White Paper that new areas for local councils should be worked out as soon as possible after the main reorganisation happily reflects a more realistic outlook on the part of the government. A new map of local councils, without any attempt to impose a uniform pattern but paying full regard to the variety created by history, tradition and geography and to the wishes of the local inhabitants, could be the most important single factor in ensuring a successful future for grass-roots democracy.

The Provincial Authorities

The need for a largely co-ordinating arm of local government is met by the Commission in its proposal to establish a provincial tier which will handle the broader planning issues, work out provincial economic strategy in collaboration with central government and be able to act on behalf of the whole province. The creation of a provincial framework was foreshadowed by the work of C. B. Fawcett in *'The Provinces of England'* as early as 1919.[7] What Fawcett saw as applicable in the early part of this century applies more strongly in the present day. However, as the White Paper recommends, the proper time to consider the Commission's proposal is not now but after the report of the Crowther Commission which was set up in February, 1969, to consider the possible role and function of provincial government in the future.

Whatever the future role of the provincial councils—as centrally controlled organs of government, as elected regional co-ordinators dealing with Whitehall at arm's length or as much stronger organs of regional self-government—the spatial pattern on which they are structured will do much to condition the success of their operations. The provincial map drawn by the Commission is open to criticism; yet there is little doubt that it is an improvement on the ill-contrived map of the Economic Planning Regions.

One aspect of the provincial map neglected by the Majority Report (Vol. I), though not by Senior's Minority Report (Vol. II), concerns the problems posed by the Anglo-Welsh and Anglo-Scottish boundaries. The Anglo-Welsh boundary separates Chester, Shrewsbury and Hereford from rural areas intimately associated with them both economically and socially and so prevents the logical implementation of one of the Commission's basic principles. In this situation, where tracts of country to the west of the boundary have long looked to English border cities as their natural centres, there is a strong argument for the recognition of this interdependence. Opposition to such reform is likely to be strong but it is also more likely to come from outside the areas concerned. A full consideration of local opinion in these areas could provide the most useful basis for informed decision-making.

On the Anglo-Scottish boundary, Berwick-on-Tweed is arbitrarily cut off from its urban field in the lower Tweed basin. This 'historical English outpost in Scotland' has stronger associations with Edinburgh than with the more distant Newcastle and deserves special consideration. The city region of

Carlisle extends beyond the border into the lowlands on the north side of the Solway and effective economic development of the Solway Firth would suggest that it should not be split between strategic planning authorities. However, the demands of efficient planning and the wishes of the local population may not coincide and so local feeling on both sides of the border should be fully tested before change is implemented.

Finally, as the provinces are most likely to be the media for long range planning and co-ordination of both regional and national objectives, flexibility must be ensured. Research on contemporary urbanisation trends and regional forecasting models suggests that the proposed framework has longer-term viability in some areas than in others. Indeed at all levels in the new system environmental change must be kept under constant review and facilities provided to make amendment more easily attainable than in the case of the existing ossified system.

Conclusion

With the forces of reason now prevailing over those of inaction, the stage is set for a fundamental change in the English political system. The care given to setting up clear principles of reform must now be complemented by detailed consideration of boundary location and the new local government map. A close correlation of area and power at all levels in the new local government system is vital if public acceptance and future success is to be attained.

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2. *Royal Commission on Local Government in England* 1966-69. Vol. I, Report; Vol. II, Memorandum of Dissent; Vol. III, Research Appendices. H.M.S.O., London, 1969, Cmnd. 4040-4040-II.
3. *Reform of Local Government in England.* H.M.S.O., London, February, 1970. Cmnd. 4276.
4. See for example: R. E. Dickinson, *City and Region: a Geographic Interpretation.* Routledge and Kegan Paul, London, 1964.
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6. Institute of British Geographers: Area, No. 4, 1969. Includes a number of articles on the geographical implications of the Maud Report.
7. C. B. Fawcett, *The Provinces of England: A Study of Some Geographical Aspects of Devolution;* revised with a new preface by N. G. East and S. W. Wooldridge. London, 1960.

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THOMAS BECKET—MAN AND MARTYR

by J. J. N. McGurk

EIGHT centuries ago at Christmas, Thomas Becket was slain in his own cathedral of Canterbury. Certainly it is among the more remarkable events in English history. Intimately connected as it is with the stateliest of English cathedrals and with the first great poetry of the English language, the murder in the cathedral is very much part of the fabric of English history. The man and the cause for which he died has ever since exercised the minds of historians, hagiographers, poets and in our day the plays and films on Becket have recaptured the modern imagination as much as the real thing called forth the adoration and devotion of the English people in the middle ages.

Thomas Becket was born on December 21, 1118, in Cheapside, London. The father was Gilbert Becket, of a Norman family of knights, the mother, Matilda, of a wealthy family of burghers of Caen. At the age of ten, Thomas went to school at Merton Priory, Surrey. Thomas was next at school in London and later in Paris. When he was about twenty, one of his parents died. Then he was taken into the service of a wealthy kinsman and later became a notary of a friend of his father's, Richard de l'Aigle. As a member of the household of the Archbishop Theobald he was among a coterie of scholarly men. It was there he met the men that were to be both his life-long friends, such as John of Salisbury, and his undying enemies such as Roger of Pont l'Evèque. In 1148 he accompanied Theobald to the council at Rheims. Some time between 1151 and 1154, he spent a year studying law at Bologna under the famous Gratian, where he must have met the future Pope Alexander III, Orlando Bandinelli. When Henry II became King in 1154, Thomas, his bosom friend, was given the rich benefice of the Archdeaconry of Canterbury. Later that year Thomas became the King's Chancellor.

On April 18, 1161, Theobald, the Archbishop of Canterbury, died and on June 3, 1162, Thomas Becket, the King's Chancellor and closest friend was consecrated as Theobald's successor. Not since the scandal of Stigand's occupance of the see of St. Augustine had the Archbishop been a courtier. The higher clergy such as Roger Pont l'Evèque, Archbishop of York, and Gilbert Foliot, bishop of London, objected strongly to this 'outside' appointment. Thomas was ordained priest the day before his elevation and never really enjoyed the confidence of the bishops.

Henry II's reasons for the appointment were governed more by reasons of state than by any consideration for the welfare of the Church. Undoubtedly, he hoped that Thomas would help him as his trusted friend to curb some of the new freedoms the church was claiming and had exercised during the 'weak' reign of King Stephen. Henry was not noteworthily anti-clerical, he simply wanted to recover what he thought were his just rights and to put the Church back into what he thought was its proper place.

The summer after his appointment the first clash came with the King at

Woodstock, when Thomas successfully opposed Henry on a point of taxation. The great conflict was on. After Clarendon (1164) Thomas' six-year exile began, the first two of which he spent with the monks at Pontigny. From Clairvaux in April, 1169, Thomas excommunicated the bishops of London and Salisbury and threatened interdict in his capacity as legate. A brief reconciliation with the King followed but Thomas had become convinced that only by his own death would a solution be found. In obedience to the Pope's exhortation, he returned to his See of Canterbury. The month that passed between his landing at Sandwich in that fatal year of 1170 and his dramatic murder in his own cathedral were full of tension and of incidents that bring out many of the facets of his character.

Thomas inherited the Norman temperament, a fierce efficiency, a straight and logical way of viewing life and a drastic directness in action. Many historical parallels have been drawn to illustrate the tenor of Becket's character—yet in all of them we find the unique 'holy, blissful martyr'. He has not the gentleness of an Anselm or a Bernard, nor the business acumen of a Lanfranc; and although like Wolsey in early magnificence and later penitence, he did not serve two masters like that Archbishop. Perhaps the closest parallel lies with another Thomas of London and Chancellor to another Henry, the eighth of the name.

Becket certainly had More's disregard of expediency when principles were at stake; disregard, too, of the clamour of those in high places when it was a question of safeguarding the Church's canons. And like More he made the supreme sacrifice in the cause of conscience. But Becket suffered at a time when the issues between Church and State were hazy and appeared, to the public at large, to be a matter of hair-splitting. Again the spectacular change in his way of life is, perhaps, best explained by the thoroughness of his race that drove him on to a complete fulfilment of his office and of his life as a Christian and a priest. Thomas himself warned the King of what would happen should he persist in appointing him Archbishop; 'Should God permit me to be Archbishop of Canterbury, I should soon lose your Majesty's favour and the affection with which you honour me would be changed into hatred.' The surprise of King Henry when he returned from his Angevin lands to find these words literally true is proof of how much he was deceived as to the real character of his erstwhile Chancellor. What was the quarrel all about?

Perhaps it is most illuminating to view it all as a chapter in the eternal struggle between Church and State. Twelfth century England was undergoing the implementation of the earlier Gregorian or Hildebrandine reforms. The ideological war came to a head over an apparently small matter — the correct criminal procedure for the trial of law-breaking clerks, or clerics.

But within a short period the crisis broadened out into a wider context that included all those matters on the border line of secular and ecclesiastical jurisdiction. This in turn opened out to include the wider question of the entire position of the Church in England in relation to the universal Church; in short, the right of the members of the Church in England to appeal to Rome. The first sign of antagonism came at Woodstock when

Becket refused to pay the two shillings tax to the Sheriff unless he defended the people. But the broader issues soon made themselves felt and Becket's position gained a dignity and strength that it did not possess earlier. None today doubt the truth and justice of his cause.

Yet it may well be that his methods can be criticised. John of Salisbury, his best friend, advised him to have a humble opinion of himself, to pray rather than study the implications of Canon Law and to make it up, if possible, with the King. He wrote in this vein to Thomas when he was a voluntary exile at the Cistercian house of Pontigny, and when the struggle was bravely on. This was in 1164-5, the year of the main manifestos and excommunications sent by Thomas to Richard de Lucy and Jocelin of Bath, as the prime authors of the Constitutions of Clarendon. The King and the Bishop of London, Gilbert Foliot, the Archbishop's inveterate enemy, were also threatened with excommunication on the occasion of the crowning of the young King Henry. Pope Alexander III did later excommunicate both of them.

In view of the circumstances of the time—the Pope struggling with the anti-pope Calixtus, who was in turn supported by the Emperor Barbarossa, Alexander III trying to maintain his allies, especially the English King—it might be thought that Becket's stand was one of legal quibbling. At one stage the Pope actually advised Thomas to accede to the commands of the King. But no. Thomas' reply is a complaint of papal lethargy and about the influence of Henry's mentors at the Papal court itself.

As soon as the danger from Frederick Barbarossa receded, the Pope was able to give Becket unqualified support and indeed, it was through the Papal agency that a temporary reconciliation was effected at Fréteval. But it was only temporary as the King made no mention of the basic cause of their estrangement and antagonism. It was shortly after this meeting that Alexander III examined the Constitution of Clarendon and the conduct of the English bishops and found it necessary to condemn them both. Henceforward in the strife it is not so much the rights of the Archbishop that matter most as those of the Church and its supreme visible Head. The exclusion of papal authority by the prohibition of appeals to Rome became the main bone of contention. And Becket wholeheartedly supported the Pope.

The King had the ports watched but did not succeed very well in having all appeals stopped. To all Christendom, Thomas was fighting the battle for the Church and the Pope and, although conscious of his rights in Canterbury, the Archbishop did have posterity in mind. This is shown by the chronicler of the times, Ralph de Diceto, the famous Dean of St. Paul's, who was most likely present in Canterbury Cathedral on the night of the murder. Even before that event, Thomas was hailed as the defender of the liberties of the Church by the majority of continental ecclesiastics. His own letters to his suffragans clearly demonstrate his own awareness of the importance for the entire Church of his stand against the King. 'Should those things pertaining to spirituality submit to those temporal? Once done this can be an example to many others.' (Thomas to Pope Alexander III.) 'What is worst of all is how you do not blush for shame when I, God and the Church are thus persecuted and this not secretly.' (Thomas to his Bishops.)

Henry II might well appeal to ancient custom and take his stand there, but this had little or no weight with an Archbishop who judged customs not because of their antiquity but as to whether they were right or wrong according to the law of the Church. This to him was the criterion of God's law. To the wordly and the superficial, he may well appear to have been splitting hairs over criminous clerks, taxes and the like; he may appear to have been intransigent, narrow-minded and proud in his own light; yet, with full vision of where submission to the King would lead future members of the Church, he took a firm stand *usque ad mortem*, like his Master.

He has been accused, too, of courting his own death and of acting a part to the end. It seems clear enough from contemporary lives that he foresaw his own end; and the Church has long since vindicated the heroism of his death by his canonisation a few years after the event.

Thomas became a saint for all seasons; he symbolised the righteous man who defied the tyrant, who stood up for the weak and oppressed and who laid down his life for right order in the world. Writing of Thomas at the end of the twelfth century, William, an Augustianian Canon of Newburgh Priory in Yorkshire, thought that 'If through some slight lack of moderation in his zeal the holy man went to excess in this business the fault was burned away in the fire of his sacred passion . . . although holy men should be loved and praised by people like us who are not up to their standard, we should not love and praise them for the things in which they have shown human frailty but only for those in which we can imitate them without scruples.'

VISITORS TO CANTERBURY, ENGLAND

by Olive Stephens

CHAUCER'S pilgrims began their journey to Canterbury in the spring, when the leaves were breaking fresh and green. The long winter was over with the promise of summer just around the corner.

Modern Canterbury, too, knows that spring marks the beginning of the twentieth century pilgrimage season. People come to the city from all over the world, and the months of summer see the cathedral thronged with visitors. It will be particularly so this year, when city and cathedral join in celebrating the seven hundredth anniversary of Thomas Becket's martyrdom. All through the summer there will be festival celebrations of music, drama, and other arts. No doubt visitors from far and near will crowd and jostle along the narrow Canterbury streets.

Four-hundred-and-fifty years ago, at the celebration in 1420 of the fifth jubilee of the martyrdom, about one-hundred-thousand people have been estimated to have made the journey to the city. 'Englishmen, Scotch (sic), Irish and Welsh, Frenchmen and Normans and the inhabitants of the Channel Islands were present. What a sight must have been presented as all along the various roads, through the long summer day, these bands, some on horseback, some on foot moved along, so that in every town they came through, what with the noise of their singing, and the sound of their piping, and with the jangling of their Canterbury bells, and with the barking of the dogs after them, they made more noise than if the King came there, with all his clarions and many other minstrels.' So wrote Dean Stanley.

Two hundred years before that, cathedral and city had witnessed great solemnities and celebrations when the body of St. Thomas was moved from the crypt to the magnificent shrine erected behind the High Altar. A Venetian visitor in the sixteenth century has left a vivid description of this shrine. 'Notwithstanding its great size (it) is entirely covered over with plates of pure gold. But the gold is scarcely visible from the variety of precious stones with which it is studded, such as sapphires, diamonds, rubies, balas rubies and emeralds. And on every side that the eye turns, something more beautiful than the other appears. But everything is left far behind by a ruby, not larger than a man's thumbnail, which is set to the right of the altar. The church is rather dark, and particularly where the shrine is placed. When we went to see it the sun was nearly gone down and the weather cloudy. Yet I saw that ruby as well as if I had it in my hand. They say it was the gift of a King of France.' But even humbler folk made their gifts and had them set in places of honour. Two-hundred-and-fifty years after Louis VII of France had given his magnificent ruby, the two gold beads given by the monastery plumber found their way to a place beside the royal gift.

Through the centuries, the cathedral at Canterbury has drawn pilgrims to herself. Amongst them was John Evelyn, who came to admire the windows, and fortunately was not tempted, as he was at Stonehenge, to try

to break pieces off with a hammer!

Some forty years later, came the incomparable Celia Fiennes. She was a lady of a good Roundhead family, who travelled on horseback through the length and breadth of England, accompanied by only two servants. We must remember when we read about her travels, that not only were the roads infested with highwaymen, but that in many places two horsemen could barely pass—or even two wheelbarrows, as Lord Harley commented about parts of the London to Canterbury road. Along these narrow, miry roads from Sittingbourne came this heroic lady.

'Canterbury opens to view six miles distant by the advantage of a high hill we pass over to it. It's a noble city, the gates are high but narrow, the streets most of them large and long and the buildings handsome—very neat, but not lofty. The Cathedral is the finest sight here. The windows in the Choir are most delicately painted as ever I saw. Under the Cathedral is a large church. This is given to the French protestants of the town for the worshipping of God. It holds a vast number of people. It's as full of seats as can thrust by each other. It seemed a little darkish, but they say when the doors are open it's light enough. It's so well arranged they cannot hear them in the Cathedral when singing—at least, no ways to disturb them.'

Daniel Defoe came to Canterbury thirty years after Celia Fiennes. Or, at least, he said he came. But as he has been described as one of the world's greatest liars, with a particular gift for making fiction sound like truth, there may be room for some doubt. What he had to say, nevertheless, bears the stamp of personal observation. 'The close, where the houses of the prebendaries and other persons belonging to the Cathedral stand, is very spacious and fair, and a great many very good houses are built in it, and some with good gardens where those gentlemen live at large, and among whom a very good neighbourhood is kept up. As for the town, its antiquity seems to be its greatest beauty. The houses are truly ancient, and the many ruins of churches, chapels, oratories and smaller cells of religious people make the place look like a general ruin—a little recovered!'

So we could go through the centuries, watching the great and not so great, the famous, the infamous and the not famous at all coming to Canterbury and falling under the spell of the city and cathedral. But for our last, lingering view, let us go back to Celia Fiennes and the entry in her diary for the day when she first came to Canterbury: 'From Sandwich to Canterbury 10 miles, mostly through lanes, and so I entered Canterbury and observed all ways to the town being from hills, gives the prospect of the town very finely to the eye, and indeed, whichever way you look on it in the approach, it looks like a good city altogether.'

VIKING FESTIVAL IN GALICIA

by S. F. Arthur Coles

ONE persistent memory of my sojourn at the National Parador at Cambados, established in what was formerly the sixteenth century 'Pazo de Bazan', one of the finest of the seignorial mansions in this sea-side resort and fishing community of eight thousand inhabitants, is of the delicious scent that greets one upon entering one's bedroom suite. At first I thought that the bed-linen must have been sprinkled that morning with some local and stronger equivalent of Eau de Cologne, and it was only on inspecting the glittering, brightly-lit bathroom with its floor of pure marble (what luxury!) that I discovered the sweet perfume emanated from two small tablets of *soap* whose wrapping announced their provenance, the celebrated tree-lined island health spa of La Toja which I could discern rising verdantly out of the bay from my balcony.

Cambados lies at the head of the extensive Ria de Arosa, one of the glorious *rias bajas*, the magnificent low estuaries, firths, fjiords or 'drowned valleys' which characterise the Galician coastline, 'an ocean in miniature', with the Corunna province on one side and the Pontevedran on the other. To get there from Corunna by road one has to pass through venerated places: the famous pilgrim and University city of Santiago de Compostella, which deserves a whole article to itself, and the village of El Padron, both closely associated with the earliest centuries of Spanish history and tradition. Indeed, Padron, the *Iria Flavia* of Roman times, is a household name in Spain and the most celebrated site, I suppose, in the entire peninsula, for legend has it that it was here that Saint James the Greater landed on his evangelising mission to the Celti-Iberians; and that a vessel bearing his body came ashore by a 'padron' or stone pillar as it approached the port of *Iria* (the district still bears the name of 'la Barca').

The very column, six-and-a-half feet high, is claimed to be preserved under the high altar of the thirteenth century Parish Church of Santiago at Padron, which ranks as a Cathedral next to Santiago itself, which it precedes in age, and contains the tombs of no less than twenty-eight bishops. Here at the time of the Viking (Suevi) incursions, in the tenth century, members of the apostolic Galician church took refuge.

St. James, who had come to evangelise Spain, is supposed to have landed at the little port of *Iria Flavia*, now El Padron in Galicia. He is said to have preached here for several years and then returned East. After his martyrdom the body, accompanied by his faithful disciples, was embarked at Jaffa and the ship headed for *Iria Flavia* where it touched land, after a miraculous crossing. The saint's tomb, guarded by his disciples Athanasius and Theodore, later buried with their master, was forgotten and abandoned during the Roman persecutions. In the ninth century, a star appeared—hence *Campos Stellae*, Compostella, the field of the star—and revealed the site of the relics.

During my most recent visit to Galicia (September, 1969) a 'Romeria Wikinga' took place one Sunday at Catoira, farther up the Ria de Arosa

from Cambados, by the 'Torres del Oeste', two ruined towers of a fortress built by Alfonso V as a defence against the Normans and later reinforced by the great tenth century warrior priest, Diego Gelmirez, first Archbishop of Santiago de Compostella, on a coast then known to the Scandinavians as 'Jacobsland'. The fiesta was attended by over 25,000 inhabitants of the region, with a sprinkling of poets, writers and historians. Chan, 'La Revista de los Gallegos', rhetorically defined the occasion as 'baquica, pantagruelica, forestal, acuatica, rubia y dolicocefala, donde suenan los estruendis pirotecnicos, corre el vino y ruedan por doquier panelas de mejillones y empanadas de raxo'.

The festival, like that of *Up-Helly-A*, a similar annual Viking commemoration at Lerwick in the Shetlands, began with the beaching at the ancient towers of a fishing smack transformed into a Viking longship, with carved-serpent prow and manned by helmetted Gallegans wearing long blonde wigs ('the Vikings were the first beatniks', says Chan) and carrying lances. To quote again from Jose Pineiro Ares' article; 'con sus remeros enfurecidos por "bestiales instintos" ', which scarcely needs translation, shouting bellicose threats and sounding their warhorns. The mock landing was followed by a joyous and gargantuan feast at which the concourse consumed '8,000 kilos de mejillones; 5,000 sardinas cabezudas; 2,000 kilos de carne de ternera; 3,000 de pan; 2,000 de pulpo; 6,500 latas de conservas variadas; 3,000 empanadas; 20,000 rosquillas; 15,000 litros de vinos del Ribeiro y pais, y 500 litros de queimadas ("burning drinks") y aguardiente'. The culminating point of the commemoration was the arrival of 'the terrible Ulfo', Conde de Dinamarca, followed by a hundred captive maidens ('doncellas') from an accompanying 'corsair hulk', after which everybody gave themselves up to dancing and wassaill

Cambados, functioning as a county town, with narrow beach, small harbour, fishermen's houses and the former 'pazos', incorporates three villages; Fefinanes, with an old and spectacular palace; Cambados, and Santo Tomé, containing the Palace of Montesacro—to-day a home for the aged. A short walk from the promenade, and its attractive gardens and enclosed children's playground facing the sea, at the top of a steep, cobbled street, repose—and they do indeed 'repose'—the beautiful and imposing ruins of the fifteenth century Church of Santa Maria D'Ozo, patroness of sailors, another 'Monumento Nacional' with a noble ruined tower and a series of remarkable, exposed romanesque arches which look, in the distance, like ornamental ribs of a gigantic skeleton whale. And in nearby Fefinanes one finds the huge sixteenth century palace of the Marquis of Figueiro, with typical architectural features of the Spanish colonial epoch which the *conquistadores* introduced into the cities they raised in the New World—low, spreading arches and low stone corner balconies with forged iron railings, and immense square towers. Directly opposite the Palace of Fefinanes, after traversing an open approach spacious enough to accommodate a division of soldiers, one climbs to an elevated stone platform above which rises the mediaeval parish church of San

Benito, with broad nave bathed, when I visited it, in a mellow, crepuscular light redolent of past centuries.

At the end of the seafront at Cambados, beyond the Palace of Montesacro, rises on the foreshore the lone and romantic tower of San Saturnino, all that remains of an ancient ecclesiastical foundation established here nearly ten centuries ago to serve the dual purpose of church and fortress-defence against invasion or piratical attack. One of the older inhabitants of the fishing quarter, gathering seaweed below the tower clambered over a dark mass of slippery rock to greet us with a mélange of Castillian and tortured Americanese, confiding that he had lived once in New York, and at Newark, New Jersey, or so I gathered.

On my last day at Cambados I drove towards the great Playa de Lanzada, facing the open Atlantic, with a three-miles stretch of fine white sands, and through the fishing village and popular summer resort of El Grove to the long, connecting causeway linking the mainland with the green and peaceful isle of La Toja, internationally known as a medicinal spa and leading holiday centre and place of repose, where the aromatic soaps and scents are manufactured which find their way all over Spain, and to many parts of Europe. (Years before I had visited the island with Madrid friends with whom I was holidaying at Bayona, accompanied by the two beautiful daughters of the Conde de Gondomar, a direct descendant of the notable Ambassador of that identical title of Philip II to our King James I. They had graced the occasion by spontaneously singing charming Galician folk-songs.)

I spent some time inspecting the unique chapel at La Toja, whose walls are covered with shells, the very scallop shell that became the distinguishing theme of the Santiago legend and of all the pilgrim hospices along the great pilgrim routes of the Middle Ages, known as 'los Caminos de Santiago'. Sir Francis Drake, as at Corunna and Vigo and elsewhere along the Galician seaboard, was here, too, on a spoiling expedition and is credited, or debited, with destroying a monastery dedicated to St. Michael on the nearby island rock of Tambo.

The chief dishes of Cambados are composed of seafoods from the *rias*, particularly scallops and lampreys from the Ulla river where there is also excellent salmon and trout fishing. The catches are eaten stewed, or made up into *empanadas* (pasties). Grilled sardines with potatoes and octopus *(pulpo)* are prime favourites, especially at fairs such as the 'Romeria Wikinga' at Catoira, previously described, while turnip-top soup, 'boiled ham fish', and pies made with almond candy, find mention on most menus. Local wines take their names from the districts where the grapes are grown, Fefinanes, Betanzos, Rosal, Valdeorras, Ribeira, and Albarino, which latter vintage bears the same name as the State Parador. The annual wine festival takes place here each August when the season's vintages are tasted and awards declared. A short while previous to my own visit the then Minister of Information and Tourism, Don Manuel Fraga Iribarne, had presided at the annual Festival of the Wines at Cambados.

FONTEYN AND GRAHAM, TWO QUEENS OF THE DANCE

by Alan Bird

THE last thirty years have seen an enormous interest in the arts, particularly those concerned with the theatre. Ballet has flourished to an extent which would have been unbelievable before the war when, apart from occasional seasons of ballet given by foreign companies at Covent Garden (which was always in danger of being closed), ballet was only to be seen in performances by the infant company at Sadler's Wells. On February 20, 1946, Covent Garden reopened with a dazzling production of *The Sleeping Princess* in which Margot Fonteyn led a superb team of dancers against iridescent costumes and settings designed by Oliver Messel. Ballet had been established in England. Record-breaking tours of Europe and America showed our pride in the Royal Ballet, as the Sadler's Wells company was now known, was not merely chauvinistic. Its fame enabled dancers and choreographers to leave and form or direct companies in Germany, Canada, Australia and Africa. The great names of that period were Constant Lambert, Ninette de Valois, Frederick Ashton, Robert Helpmann and Margot Fonteyn. The scene has greatly changed. Constant Lambert was lost by an early and untimely death, Sir Frederick Ashton has announced his retirement, Dame Ninette de Valois has already gone as a director, Sir Robert Helpmann gave up dancing years ago although happily he is still active in the theatrical worlds of Australia and London, and Dame Margot Fonteyn continues to delight us and to reign undisputed as queen of the world of classical ballet.

Meanwhile America has been developing a style of its own. Despite the lack of state aid there has been much private patronage on a generous scale. Numerous companies have sprung up to be directed by Paul Taylor, Cunningham, Balanchine and Martha Graham among others. To some extent the work of Balanchine, a veteran of the Diaghilev ballet company, has matched that of Sir Frederick Ashton; both are traditional classicists with a profound respect for the older works of the repertoire although they sometimes incline a head in the direction of newer movements. But the real leader of ballet in America is Martha Graham, undeniably the finest dancer that country has produced. With a host of other dancers, most of them indebted to her work and example, she has created dramatic and abstract ballet of a form and style which owes little to the classical elements descended from Petipa, Coralli, Saint-Léon and the great choreographers of the past. The recognition, somewhat belatedly, of Graham's genius as director, dancer and choreographer is really an admission of the new dance-forms coming into existence which she has consistently pioneered. In England, on the other hand, Margot Fonteyn, the greatest dancer in Europe since the retirement of Ulanova, has always been at the service of the Royal Ballet and its principal choreographer Sir Frederick Ashton. The Royal Ballet with-

out her is almost unthinkable. Two worlds of dance seem personified in Fonteyn and Graham; and a comparison of these two great dancers is not only interesting in itself but revelatory of the state of the contemporary world of ballet.

The linking together of Fonteyn and Graham may appear abitrary: one is a classical dancer *par excellence*, the other a dancer and choreographer who has worked almost entirely in the world of modern dance. Yet they have certain qualities in common. Both are musical, so musical that their bodies appear to add another dimension to the music that is being played in the theatre. Fonteyn's musicality is never in doubt: there is never a hint of her counting the rhythm, waiting for the beat. She phrases the music by her very movements, strengthening and lengthening Tchaikovsky's melodies by some mysterious and personal *rubato* of her own. Graham does not rely on the music of the past and inspires composers from all over the world to write for her. And *to* their music and *with* their music she creates movements and patterns that are an integral part of the composer's conception, even if he himself was never consciously aware of them. She dances (and trains others to dance) these movements and dramas created in a common effort with her designers and musicians. Like Fonteyn, she moves across the stage in effortless union with the music—with music she has herself helped to bring into existence.

Physically there are resemblances. Both Fonteyn and Graham have the secret of eternal youth so that their dancing careers, especially that of Graham, have stretched far beyond the span of more ordinary dancers. Looking at photographs of such famous Russian ballerinas as Kchessinskaya or Preobrajenska or even of Isadora Duncan one is struck by their near-matronly physiques—or, to use the Edwardian term, *embonpoint*. Costumes and corseting (and in the case of Duncan the lack of them) probably played a part in creating this effect, but even so it must have been difficult for them to have created the illusion of youth on the stage. Fonteyn and Graham, however, have guarded and preserved slim, youthful bodies. It is true that there are differences in this respect. Graham appears a tiny and fragile creature, if at times a singularly ferocious one. Fonteyn seems to fill the stage; and when she runs on in the second act of *The Sleeping Princess* there is no room for any other character. One sees the beautifully proportioned body, the long superb legs, the dazzling smile, the sheer delight in life and the pleasure of movement, the lovely and radiant creature that is Fonteyn as a young princess of sixteen. Both Graham and Fonteyn have sleek, dark heads and large gleaming eyes. Both smile widely and charmingly. Both have a hint of a Spanish or South American quality in the sudden open warmth of their smiles and laughter, and also something of the wanton and exotic languor of the early Josephine Baker. They have, too, a mysterious gift of being able, as it were, to strip themselves bare, of exposing their entire physique, of growing to meet the challenge of our eyes. Unless they so will it, there can be no empty space around them; they fill the stage. In other words, they have star quality. And just as stars of the cinema such as Dietrich and Garbo and Michele Morgan grew more beautiful with the passing of years, as age took

away their youthful plumpness, emphasised the facial bones and tightened the skin on their brows and cheekbones, so these two dancers have become more haunting, more striking, more memorable in appearance as performance has succeeded performance. Stripped of elaborate costumes these two dancers can bewitch us in tights or a simple chiton or the slightest tutu. Semi-nudity before which many dancers retreat in terror is a challenge which they triumphantly overcome by exploring to the full their personalities and distinctive physical qualities. Just as the more one saw of Garbo's face on the immense cinema screen, as for instance at the end of *Queen Christina*, the more beautiful it became, so Fonteyn and Graham overwhelm and captivate us every time we see them. They were born to be public personalities, to live and shine in the glare of theatrical lights and the relentless gaze of countless audiences.

There are other similarities in their characters. Both have a mischievous quality though neither has had enough opportunity to show it in the theatre. Fonteyn was silliness incarnate in *Façade* and *The Wedding Bouquet*, zany-like in her helpless and hysterical stupidity. Graham shone more demonically in *Acrobats of God* as a relentless ring-master, cracking a none-too-effective whip. Both have an innate sense of the dramatic so that they are able to carry an audience with them, even in moments of dancing which are apparently irrelevant or where a narrative or dramatic purpose is not immediately evident.

Graham and Fonteyn have a strong sense of the architectonic: both fit easily, effectively and elegantly into the settings in which they are required or need to dance. Graham excels here. Visually she can seem part of the wild Atlantic shore, at one with the drift-wood cleansed by sand and salt-water of all excess and impurity; and equally she is at home, spider-like, brooding or glowering in the caves and labyrinths in which so many of her ballets are set. This is not entirely fortuitous. Graham is not only a creative dancer but also an architect of the dance. She inspires music, costumes and settings. Never once has she betrayed her relentless advocacy of contemporary music or art. In this sense her ballet is entirely of our time. This is not the place to discuss her work as choreographer but it is pertinent to remark that Graham has been able to see her dancing as an integral part of the total conception of the ballet; Fonteyn, while wholeheartedly lending herself to the choreographer's intentions, has had to dance in unsuitable costumes and in settings which appear to have been conceived regardless of the ballets for which they were apparently commissioned. It is impossible to visualise Graham apart from the superb lighting, music and designs of her ballets; it is all too easy to remember Fonteyn apart from them.

Yet there has been an element of paradox in the careers of both these dancers. Neither seems to have been naturally destined for the kinds of ballets in which they have chosen to make their careers. How vividly Fonteyn darted on to the stage down a slope in *Daphnis and Chloe*, supremely happy, overflowing with the joy of summer sunshine and cloudless skies, and with what awful seriousness she danced like a true child of the antique world in *Tiresias* or led the Children of Light in movements of blissful

ecstasy in *Dante Sonata*! But for the most part one sees her like a sleeping princess imprisoned in fairy-tale castles and magical landscapes. She has never found a role which could draw forth all her qualities. For a while Roland Petit lured her to France where she danced in his *Demoiselles de la Nuit* and from which she returned to England with a new intensity and dramatic quality. But all too soon the roses and briars grew round the castle walls once more. It is true she is the supreme dancer in the world of the great classics but other realms lie within her grasp. With her talents at a greater pitch than ever before, she has still not found a ballet worthy of her. She has not been helped by the critics who have never applauded her in a role outside the conventional repertoire and who have always decried her appearances in works by foreign choreographers. Then, too, her career has been linked with that of the Sadler's Wells and Royal Ballet companies to which she has shown an entirely admirable loyalty. When the company began its new life in 1946 with *The Sleeping Princess*, it established its role as a guardian of the traditional classics and, indirectly, proclaimed a policy of conservatism. As a result it has lost its more promising dancers and choreographers, a fact which does not inspire much confidence in its future stability and progress. An equally unhappy consequence has been that Fonteyn has been tied to Ashton's progress through nineteenth-century romantic music. As he has worked his way through Meyerbeer, Glazunov and Mendelssohn (and *A Midsummer's Night's Dream* with its eternal to-and-froing is hardly worthy of a place in a national repertoire), César Franck and Bach, Fonteyn has been his willing interpreter. She has danced in all his Liszt ballets from *Apparitions*, *The Wanderer* (based on the Schubert-Liszt fantasy), *Dante Sonata* and *Camille and Armand*. In these and other works she has given glorious performances, proving that when she can escape from painted fountains, pasteboard pillars and Versailles-like throne-rooms her dramatic abilities are outstanding. For Fonteyn is essentially of the earth, with reserves of demonic dramatic power and energy on which choreographers have hardly drawn and which will last for many years yet. She reigns as *prima ballerina assoluta*—she might reign yet as Queen of the Dance, encompassing in her realm both ballet and the world of modern dance to which Graham has brought such genius.

Graham, too, has suffered some restrictions, to some extent self-imposed. She has made her home in the world of repressions and frustrations, violence, madness and murder—that secret world of the embittered heart of such American heroines as Lizzie Borden and Emily Dickinson. She has ruled unchallenged as Circe, Phaedra, Clytemnestra, Jocasta and Judith, queens of the realms of myth and legend. To the realisation of these characters she has brought dark and terrible intensity. The living myths of the Old World have been reborn into the glittering and violent life of the New. Yet sometimes it seems that Graham has thrown away the wings of the dance and the mask of comedy too precipitately. She has imprisoned herself in the many caves of the heart, bound herself to the rocky and barren earth by tangled webs of deceit and treachery, and lost all freedom to move with the wind, in the clear air, far away from and above the earth. For once—and perhaps

only once—one wishes she might have the freedom of an enchanted ballroom, a deserted palace garden, a melancholy lakeside. Despite the leaps and flights expected of her in the roles of classical ballet, Fonteyn is fundamentally a creature of the soil, a feline creature, a swan-like creature, a woman born of and devoted to the warm earth of the ancient world; Graham, despite her self-imposed exile in the realm of shadows and thunderous heart-beats, seems to long to spring into the upper element, seems at times to yearn to become a blessed spirit of the open heavens. Neither Fonteyn nor Graham is quite at home in their chosen realms; both are strangers to the paradises which should be theirs; neither have experienced the parts which would embrace and exploit all their genius.

We are thankful for the energy and the single-mindedness of spirit which these two women have brought to their public careers. Since her independent début in New York in 1926 Graham has had to struggle to form a company and find the means to present her work. Her fight has been long and relentless and she has never spared herself. This is true, too, of Fonteyn. Night after night she danced during the war years, appearing in ballet after ballet, sometimes as Odette when she would be seen cradling her head in her arms, dressed in swansdown, picked out from a sea of watery green gloom by a solitary white spotlight all too reminiscent of the searchlights restlessly scanning the night skies outside the theatre. Or backstage, in a rough theatre behind the lines in Belgium, before the performance, in solemn and silent concentration practising her steps and leaps as the Sugar Plum Fairy, a lonely figure in the cavernous shadows of the empty stage. Never once has she given way to exhibitions of wasteful temper or self-indulgence; never once has she failed an audience. Both Graham and Fonteyn have made their lives in the theatre, have made themselves models of artistic integrity and have enriched the lives of dance-lovers throughout the world. The careers of these dancers —and a dancer's life is tragically short—have been miraculously prolonged. Can we doubt this is because of their willing acceptance of discipline, training, artistic responsibility, and the need for never-ending and ever harder work? Britain and America have been richly endowed with two such women, so alike in some ways, so dramatically different in others. We shall not look upon their like again. As loyal and devoted courtiers — perhaps, too, as secret lovers from afar — audiences throughout the world have rendered them — and continue to give them — heartfelt and grateful homage.

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LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

EVOLUTION OF BRITAIN'S BUSINESS

Business in Britain. Graham Turner. Eyre & Spottiswoode. 451 pp. 60s.

The last decade has probably witnessed one of the greatest periods of industrial change as well as wider interest in the anatomy of British industry: its problems, battles, sense of social responsibility and its leaders.

Mr. Graham Turner, the B.B.C.'s Economics Correspondent, has made a three years' study which covers this enormous canvas. He deserves to be congratulated for a highly professional, detached and penetrating work. Inevitably perhaps there are gaps. Britain's tantalising labour relations and trade union traumas should have merited a chapter or two. At least the higher echelons of some giant companies allowed the author a penetrating insight into their mode of management, expansion and control.

Mr. Turner sets the scene with an historical flashback to the 1870s when Britain changed from being possibly the greatest industrial nation and lost her pre-eminence as others moved forward, often at a faster pace. This was a period when loss of supremacy provoked a mounting chorus of dismay and self-criticism: it was a strange, new situation for the easy-going, solid Victorian family-owned businesses. Dependence on traditional industries—textiles, coal, iron and steel—heightened the crisis. Our technology was outdated, investment low at a time when other nations' investment bounded ahead, often financed by British banks, at the expense of our own ailing industries. At least all this helped to open up markets for Britain overseas.

Yet other countries acted faster in recognising the need for concentration and large industrial empires producing standardised products. One of the worst drawbacks here was the slow progress of limited liability and with it the growth of public shareholding in British industry. For some reason, 'limited liability still had a connotation of either financial sharp practice or bad management, and businesses which resorted to it were often thought to do so because their debts were greater than their assets'. The mechanism for launching a new company onto the market was still both primitive and highly speculative, and it was seldom that either merchant banks or joint stock banks took part in helping promote new company issues.

Yet now, when major rationalisation is still suspect, it is useful to recollect some of the many early examples of mergers and amalgamations—Wallpaper Manufacturers, Associated Portland Cement, Imperial Tobacco. Perhaps the most important merger—much later after the upheaval of the first world war and the years of depression which followed, was the alliance which produced I.C.I. in 1926. One explanation may be the growing insurgence of American investment which even then reached a level of £540m.

The years which followed World War II will still be widely recalled: the financial props from America and Canada, devaluation in 1949, continuing controls, the battle to rebuild Britain's exports, recurrent wages and prices crises and inflation; increasing government intervention and involvement in business, especially when the Labour Administration came to power in 1964 and spread official tentacles through such instruments as 'Mintech', N.E.D.C., D.E.A., I.R.C. and P.I.B.

The main part of Mr. Turner's book, but also a cause of its limitation, is that devoted to three giant companies, Shell, Unilever and I.C.I., their fascinating histories, international ramifications and their differing forms of top level control. All three companies, curiously, are run by committees. An indication of their global operations and scale of investment is that Shell's top executives, for example, hardly regard themselves as part of life in Britain at all, but try to cultivate what they call 'the helicopter view'; while Shell alone in 1968 spent £553m. on capital investment, and expects to continue investing at about the same rate. Unilever sees itself as 'the most scattered and diverse company in the world', battling with the problems involved in maintaining a large imperial trading enterprise long after the empire has disappeared, and fighting to combat American giants in the most sophisticated markets in the world. Perhaps a sign that industry is finally becoming accepted by young men who once preferred to opt for the Colonial or Civil Service or the professions is that I.C.I. today employs about 7,000 graduates and continues to recruit new ones—scientists and engineers—at a rate of 600 a year, with a wastage of less than 5 per cent yearly.

Mr. Turner rightly points to the benefits of a strong American presence in Britain. Of course there is the danger of domination, yet American investment helps to keep a sluggish economy expanding. American management skills are disseminated at unofficial business schools like Procter & Gamble, and the intermittent purchase of British companies brings a welcome inflow of dollars.

Yet it is surprising that there are still many British companies which continue to survive and flourish under the influence of family control, albeit with the increasing infusion of professional managers. Nepotism, which dogged British industry for so long, is clearly on its way out; original members of the family nowadays maintain their position solely on merit—and this is amply proven in such boardrooms as Pilkingtons, Sainsburys, Marks & Spencers, Wates and McAlpines.

If there is one particular area of industry of which Britain can be proud it is retailing, where pioneering, leadership and innovation, based on a combination of entrepreneurial enterprise, autocratic control and professional management has led to successive revolutions and developments widely envied. Mr. Turner does well to examine the force and impact of the new managers Lords Kearton and Stokes and Mr. Arnold Weinstock, and their formidable tasks; the effects of massive rationalisation moves of the last few years—for example in Britain's electrical, car and textile industries; and the organisation and operations of state endustries.

Unfortunately there is more than a germ of truth in the author's view that the great problem with British industry is that there are not enough leaders who take the line: 'I am sure we can do better', but prefer to think 'thank God it's running at all'. There is still too much sniping at profits, taxes are exorbitant, the status of business is still too low, and government interference and demands on executives' time and energies ridiculous. Yet change is—and has been—the order of the day for some years when one considers the changing structure of industry, the quality of leadership and enterprise in a growing number of concerns, and the nation's improving export performance.

'What is needed,' Turner argues, 'is a complete revolution in the attitude of our society to industry and its purposes. Anything less will merely be tinkering with the problem.' What Britain really needs is to combine business with humanity; a task which calls for a new lead from trade unions as much as from managements.

WILFRED ALTMAN

EUROPE IN THE MAKING

Done This Day. Oliver Crawford. Rupert Hart-Davis. £5 5s. 0d.

Oliver Crawford, whom I have known since he was at the College of Europe in Bruges, is a thorough and conscientious student of his subject, while still retaining the enthusiasm of the pioneers who attended the Hague Conference. His subject is the Council of Europe and it is a tribute to his importunity that he has devoted many years of work and nearly 400 pages of print in an attempt to convince his readers that a Federal Europe is in the making.

Sir Geoffrey de Freitas, who as the most recent President of the Consultative Assembly of the Council of Europe at Strasbourg writes the Introduction, insists on the importance of parliamentary control. But the root question, which neither Mr. Crawford nor Sir Geoffrey de Freitas face, is the reluctance of sovereign States in Europe to surrender their parliamentary privileges to a supra-national or federal assembly. Mr. Oliver Crawford reads rather more than most of us into the forty-seven European Conventions and Agreements signed by many of the eighteen members of the Assembly.

Let me be fair. Scores of distinguished statesmen from Paul Henri Spaak and Robert Schuman in the early days to Sir Alec Douglas-Home and Harold Wilson have appeared before the Consultative Assembly at Strasbourg. There still exists the relation between the six Committees of the Common Market and its so-called Parliament and the larger Assembly which includes not only Scandinavia, but Austria, Ireland, Cyprus, Malta, Turkey and Switzerland. Even more difficult, there still exist the countries of Eastern Europe. The author speaks—'of all Europe, for all time and founded on the perpetual defence and extension of human rights'.

A pragmatist well-wisher may be excused for asking the author to be more earth-bound, though applauding the detailed study of particulars which has engaged his minute examination.

KENNETH LINDSAY

THE FALL OF NAPOLEON III

The Fall of the Third Napoleon. Theo Aronson, Cassell, 45s.

It is significant that a detailed account of the fall of Napoleon III should appear in 1970, one hundred years after the event. It is significant not because the book marks a centenary but rather because it indicates a desire to find an element of romance in political events. In an age when politics often seem to be swallowed up by economics and statistics, it is appealing to see a political situation in which outstanding individuals play decisive roles. Napoleon III, the Empress Eugenie and Palikao played such roles in 1870 and herein lies their appeal today.

Mr. Aronson's work is most readable—indeed the book's readability is its most outstanding characteristic—and it draws a sympathetic portrait of Napoleon and Eugenie. But while the author's sympathy with the imperial couple enables him to draw them in vivid colours, it also pulls him, in certain passages and in general approach, dangerously close to viewing historical events as if they were acts in a Greek tragedy in which the hero (and heroine) see, fight and are defeated by an evil Fate (acting through Bismarck, inept French officials and Parisian mobs) as well as by individual inadequacies.

Another danger to be faced in 'tragedian history' is the arbitrary and misleading division, even if not intended, of the *dramatis personae* into protagonist and antagonist. Thus Prussia and especially Bismarck are painted in heavy and sombre tones and too much credulity is placed on Bismarck's memoirs so that the events of 1870 take on too planned an air. The author comes close to accepting the discredited if not false thesis that Bismarck intended to unite all Germany under

Prussia, because this was what happened in the event and what Bismarck later said he meant to do. The reader's understanding of the events of 1870 would have been enhanced by an analysis of the belief held by the Kaiser, by Bismarck and by many others both inside and outside Prussia that in fighting Napoleon III Prussia was fighting against 'the Revolution' as well as for order and European security. But Mr. Aronson's pro-Napoleonic and anti-Prussian bias and his 'tragedian's' interpretation make such an analysis impossible.

Finally, one problem which arises in a work like Mr. Aronson's is the task of bridging the difference between 'professional' and 'amateur'. The historian who is writing for the non-historians should seek to show the difficulty of writing history, the dependence on records and the role of interpretation, not only of the writer but also of the authors of his sources. This can be done to an extent by the use of footnotes giving the source of quotations and by the inclusion of a critical bibliography. While the author's bibliography is sizeable it is not critical nor are there any footnotes; thus the reader is often left in a quandary as to the source of a relevant 'fact' or opinion upon which is built an interpretation. This makes history appear too simple, too easy—too smooth.

Thus Mr. Aronson's book is not as critical as it perhaps could be nor does it render as great a service in bridging the professional-amateur gap as it could. It is nevertheless a good book in that it does collate for the non-historian the bulk of historical writing on the period along with memoirs, diaries and letters to produce a story which is most readable and enjoyable. Mr. Aronson's obvious sympathy with the Emperor and especially the Empress makes his story an engrossing one. Its major failing (its lack of scholarly criticism) is also the basis for its major appeal for both the historian seeking a good story and the non-historian seeking readable history.

J. E. B. MUNSON

NEW THEATRICAL VALUES

Experimental Theatre. James Roose-Evans. Studio Vista, 50s.

Notwithstanding a lineage that extends over fully a century, the productions of the experimental theatre are still a puzzlement to the many people who come to the theatre with a pre-programmed concept of the theatre as a place of entertainment pure and simple—a play house, an arena of communication. For them, plays are comic, tragic, or perhaps propagandist artefacts, existing 'out there' and impinging 'in here'. They are a mirror, albeit sometimes distorting, of life. The experimental theatre does not, however, necessarily seek to mirror reality, but rather the feelings—reflections vague and visionary—that life subjectively engenders. Mr. Roose-Evans' book essays, and most successfully achieves, a rationale of the experimental form.

In the beginning is the concept. Stanislavsky's concept is the sovereignty of the actor. Craig's concept is the scenic impact, moving abstract masses. Meyerhold considered the director monarch. Appia saw the use of light as crucial. Brecht regarded didacticism as of central importance. Artaud strove after intimations beyond the reach of words.

But the concept *is* only the beginning, the means and not the end. And that end, as exemplified by the work of Jerzy Grotowski, probably the greatest contemporary influence in Europe and America, is not to provide entertainment, illusion, magic or instruction: not to seek communication, but communion—communion with the sources of creativity which make it possible for the spectator to renew himself from within. In this process one can conceive of the actor as catalyst, the stage movement as a kind of Shamanizing that encourages the opening of the inward eye of the beholder.

Although the greatest influence on world theatre in the first half of this century undoubtedly stemmed from Russia, Mr. Roose-Evans maintains that it now belongs to America, and that it owes most to Antonin Artaud and John Cage. Artaud has been largely responsible for the increasing concern with environmental theatre. To Cage must go the credit for the use of chance and indeterminancy in music, writing and theatre: that is to say the permissible limits within which performers may choose alternative material provided by the author or director. It is useless to base a critical approach to experimental productions upon traditional concepts, for the new theatre eschews such things as story-line, plot, naturalistic representation, suspense, climax and denouement. But this is not, as Mr. Roose-Evans is at pains to make clear, rejection for the sake of rejection. The end to which the means are directed is 'to assault and directly involve the viewer'.

The new theatre is a theatre of feeling rather than of thinking. As Ann Halprin has put it, '(the artist) is no longer a solitary hero figure, but rather a guide who works to evoke the art within us all.' Step by step, stage by stage, this book traces the, at first theoretical, katabolism of the old theatrical values, and the anabolic processes which have employed fragmentation, discontinuity and multi-sensation, in the formation of the avant-garde synthesis. The author succeeds in the complex task of giving meaning to the 'meaningful', so that seeming absurdities cease to be absurd, and difficulties dissolve as neatly and purposefully as the old transformations beloved of the Victorian traditionalists.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN

COLERIDGE AND WORDSWORTH: THE POETRY OF GROWTH

Coleridge and Wordsworth: The Poetry of Growth. Stephen Prickett. Cambridge University Press, 45s.

The key to the long and weighty argument conducted by Mr. Stephen Prickett in his timely contribution to the Wordsworth Birth Bi-centenary lies in its sub-title, 'The Poetry of Growth', *i.e.* the growth of a poet's mind through the creative power of Imagination. He describes in close detail the collaboration of the two poets during the period 1797-1807 when—even in disagreement—their work formed part of the same 'romanticism'. 'For example', the author says wisely, 'a cherished popular notion about "Romantic" artists is that they believed themselves to be "inspired"—in the sense of foregoing some conscious control of their work. But for Coleridge, as for Wordsworth, however much art may have reflected, at times, a transcendent vision, it was always the product of close conscious organisation . . . both partners were, in their own ways, continually trying to account for what they felt was actually going on in their minds when they wrote a poem.'

Mr. Prickett comments on the two poets—Coleridge in thousands of letters, books on criticism, philosophy and religion, lectures on education, drama and art, has left us a running commentary on how his mind developed; while from Wordsworth we have not only the two Prefaces to the *Lyrical Ballards*, but *The Prelude; or Growth of a Poet's Mind*, the great autobiographical poem which, though completed in 1805, was not published until after his death in 1850, and then after frequent revision in the years between. What they have recorded for us in minute and scrupulous detail is 'the *structure* of creativity'. Both men called it 'Imagination', which took Coleridge 'almost a life-time to define what he meant by it', but which Wordsworth linked in its origin with 'emotion recollected in tranquillity: the emotion is contemplated till, by a species of reaction, the tranquillity disappears, and an emotion, kindred to that which was before the subject of contemplation, is gradually produced, and does itself actually exist in the mind'.

The difference between Coleridge's products of the Imagination and Wordsworth's was noted by their contemporaries and by nineteenth century critics. The one supplied 'incantatory magic' in *The Ancient Mariner, Kubla Khan and Christabel.* The other's chief appeal came in his insight into Nature and his effect on the reader's emotions: as Matthew Arnold wrote on Wordsworth's death in 1850:

> Others will strengthen us to bear—
> But who, ah who, will make us feel?

Other poets than Wordsworth, of the quality of Thomson and Akenside (both of whom were dead before he came on the scene) had written of natural scenery. They have been called 'optical' poets, but it was left to Wordsworth to bring the full power of imagination to irradiate what the mechanism of his sight recorded, *e.g.*

> My heart leaps up when I behold
> A rainbow in the sky;
> So was it when my life began;
> So is it now I am a man:
> So be it when I shall grow old
> Or let me die!
> The child is father to the man;
> And I could wish my days to be
> Bound each to each by natural piety.

With his deep response to nature in all her moods it is not surprising that Wordsworth's perception of the rainbow in manhood was one of wonder and excitement as in childhood, and as it must have been in old age. Mr. Prickett devotes several fascinating pages to tracing the effect of Newton's *Opticks* (1904), recording his discovery of the spectrum and his effect on 18th-century thought. While Thomson and Akenside had observed the rainbow with Newtonian scientific accuracy of description, Wordsworth had brought imagination to his vision, but afterwards, in *The Prelude*, he could write a tribute to Newton's statue in Trinity College Chapel, showing how closely he could relate the scientist's discovery with the glow of the Imagination:

> Newton with his prism and silent face,
> The marble index of a mind for ever
> Voyaging through strange seas of thought alone.

This is but one aspect of Mr. Prickett's valuable study of the Wordsworth-Coleridge association.

WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR

AFFECTIONATELY, T. S. ELIOT

Affectionately, T. S. Eliot: The Story of a Friendship 1947-1965. William Turner Levy and Victor Scherle. Dent, 28s.

This engaging book tells of a friendship which began between Dr. Turner Levy and T. S. Eliot in 1944, when the former, then aged twenty-two and serving with the American Army in England, called at the offices of Faber & Faber in Russell Square in the hope of meeting Eliot. T.S.E. was not in, however, and it was not until 1948 that the eager young man and the sixty-year-old poet met for the first time. The visitor brought with him a first edition of 'The Family Reunion' for signing and two large cans of American mints—at a time when candy was short in old England. The book was signed, and over tea Eliot said he was fond of some of the poetry in 'The Family Reunion', 'but with the passage of time I have come to think it a failure as a play'. In that first conversation he referred

to early teaching experiences and confessed that what he liked least about teaching was marking papers. Before they parted, and after looking from the window over Russell Square, Eliot reminisced about fire-watching on the roof during the air-raids and quoted lines from 'Little Gidding' beginning 'Ash on an old man's sleeve', explaining how 'the accumulated debris was suspended in the London air for hours after a bombing. Then it would slowly descend and cover one's sleeves and coat with a fine white ash'. It was an auspicious meeting, resulting in a friendship which was picked up where it left off, on either side of the Atlantic, until Eliot died in London on January 4, 1965.

During those years Turner Levy was ordained an episcopalian minister, recognised by Eliot with the gift of a silver and walnut crucifix; and the poet's American lectures and readings presented periodical opportunities for meetings and conversational exchanges. In New York they went to the Zoo, and at the opossum's cage Eliot mentioned that it was Ezra Pound who had dubbed him 'Old Possum'. He was dogmatic on cats: 'Pedigree cats are no good, stupid, nervous and of feeble character. The Common cat, on the other hand, is either good or bad, but is apt to be a cat of strong character, whether for good or evil'. Many owners of princely Persians would disagree but admit that Macavity, the Mystery Cat, had his points.

The drift of mellow talk sometimes yielded charming revelations, as when Eliot said, 'I first read "The Hippopotamus" at a Red Cross affair. Sir Edmund Gosse was in the chair—and *he* was shocked! . . . It is the only poem of mine that I know Joyce read: in Paris he told me, "I have been to the Jardin des Plantes [the Paris Zoo] and paid my respects to your hippopotamus!".'

Once Eliot was asked if he was bothered a great deal by people who want to question him about his work.

'Tom answered, "When I travel I am; for instance, once in Chicago, some time ago, a newspaper reporter bluntly asked me at the railway station, "What was the love life of J. Alfred Prufrock?"

' "And what did you tell him?" I asked.

' "I told him, as I hastened on, I am afraid that was precisely Prufrock's trouble—he hadn't any!" Tom threw back his head and laughed.'

This is a book of quiet wisdom, deep feeling and gentle humour.

WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR

SHORTER REVIEWS AND NOTICES

Family Policy (Michael Joseph. 65s.). This is an important study in depth by Margaret Wynn, whose earlier study on *Fatherless Families* is well known. In this latest book, Miss Wynn brings together and analyses a large amount of factual material on the economic and social condition of the family unit, right through from marriage to the growing up and dispersal of the children. The responsibility and burden carried by parents in the national context is emphasised when she points out that 'three-quarters of all dependent children are in only 22 per cent of United Kingdom households. Over half of all dependent children are in less than 13 per cent of all households'. While acknowledging the partnership between school and parent, 'it is the parents who make the greater contribution in time, trouble and money'. Much of this book is devoted to family needs, and the author has drawn greatly upon comparative information abroad particularly from America, and Germany where social security is perhaps most advanced. In a useful epilogue, on the birth rate, she argues that 'simple economic measures' such as tax allowances and family allowances, 'are likely to prove quite inadequate as a

means of increasing or decreasing the birth-rate'. She emphasises time and again the heavy strain, in terms of income and housing imposed on the family unit with three or more dependent children. Among her proposals are a plea for allowances for children to 'increase with age at the rate at which the cost of maintaining is found to increase'. She also wants 'special and priority consideration' to be given to allowances for dependent adolescents. Economic pressures on families during this stage 'no doubt . . . contribute to juvenile delinquency'. She also urges allowances to be higher in the winter when family needs 'are substantially higher'. Analogous to Liberal proposals, she advocates that social security contributions be made 'a percentage of income'. If some of her views on reform are controversial, her objective study and presentation of material will be gratefully used by parents, social workers, politicians and all concerned with the well-being of the family.

Words in Sheep's Clothing (Allen and Unwin. 40s.). This latest linguistic study by Mario Pei is concerned with 'how people manipulate opinion by distorting word meanings'. His aim is to provide in narrative form a substantial sampling of terms that 'have undergone shifts of meaning by deliberate action on the part of groups with an axe to grind', so that the meaning is hopelessly distorted and twisted. The author follows Theodore Roosevelt and describes these terms as 'weasel words'. Politically such words as 'democratic' and 'liberal' in particular circles are glaring examples. Nonetheless, there is a continuing struggle against the abuse of such terms, a factor which the author does not fully accept. This abasement of words, whether calculated or not, appears in most fields, including politics, commerce, the arts, journalism, the law and even science. The author provides a wide selection, drawn mainly from American usage. Nonetheless it has a relation to English usage in the United Kingdom; for, as Mr. Pei remarks, 'in these days of rapid communications and easy interchange, such differences are less important than you would think'. This is clearly a book for the library and the individual who is interested in the use and waywardness of the English tongue.

Memories of Lenin (8s.). This is one of two reprints being published by Panther paperbacks on the occasion of the centenary of Lenin's birth. This remarkable account of Lenin's life by his widow, Nadezhda Krupskaya, covers the period from 1894 until the October Revolution of 1917. After being out of print in English for thirty years, this reprint with a short Introduction by Andrew Rothstein will be widely welcomed. The other volume in this series is the reprint of Lenin's study of revolutionary technique, **What is to be done?** (8s.), written in 1902. This edition contains a new set of Notes designed to clarify references in the text.

Paladin Paperbacks (Granada Publishing Ltd.). This is a new series, mainly of reprints, 'committed to publishing across the widest range of non-fiction subjects with both student and popular appeal'. Among the first twelve titles issued are Leslie A. Fiedler's controversial **Love and Death in the American Novel** (15s.) and **Homo Ludens** (12s.). Johan Huizinga's interpretation of culture was in print only for a short time after its first publication in 1944, and this reprint with George Steiner's Introduction will be welcomed.

CORRECTION

The author of **H. G. Wells: His Turbulent Life and Times**, (Macmillan, 63s.), reviewed on pp 160-161 in our March issue, is Mr. Lovat Dickson and not 'Lovat Dickinson' as printed. We much regret the error.

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BRITAIN: EAST AND WEST OF SUEZ

by Ian Harvey

SUEZ has become one of the most documented names in the annals of international affairs since 1956. There is no need to spell out the reasons. For some in Britain it is a dirty word: for others it is an unhappy memory. It is, nevertheless, of great significance for those who plan the Foreign Policy of this country in the seventies. It is most devoutly to be hoped that, whoever they may be, the lessons of what has occurred around this territorial flash-point will have been learned.

One of the most important of these is the danger of making false appreciations and the damage that is done as a result of having no clear objective. The false appreciation of 1956 was based on the assumption that the withdrawal of troops from the Canal would be compensated for by a British presence in Cyprus and that, in any case, Egypt would honour her obligations under the renewed Canal agreement. Both these conclusions proved to be incorrect and the 'Suez Group' in the House of Commons were vindicated in their condemnation of their own government's policy. The arguments for that policy were, incidentally, presented to the Conservative Party's Defence Committee by a formidable trio, Churchill, Field-Marshal Alexander and Antony Head who must be held largely responsible for what subsequently transpired.

It was never clear whether the objective of the British Government was to restore the *status quo*, to force Nasser to make a new agreement which was acceptable to the 'amour propre' of the Egyptians, or to overthrow the Nasser régime. The outcome of the military operation, which had to be delayed for three months because, contrary to the assurances of the Ministers concerned, it could not be mounted from Cyprus, was the virtual destruction of what remained of British authority in the Middle East. Anglo-American relations were seriously breached, Soviet influence in the area increased, and the Egyptians were encouraged to believe in a military prowess which they did not possess and which greatly added to the Arab-Israeli conflict.

A further outcome was a deplorable display of internecine warfare in the

House of Commons which undermined Britain's information services in the Middle East. The failure to establish a bi-partisan foreign policy is one of the weaknesses of a democracy in its international activities, especially in dealing with the Communists who tolerate few internal arguments. To achieve this demands concessions on all sides and the acceptance of a general consensus. This has been impossible to obtain so far because of conflicting ideologies, divided objectives, and differing methods. All these affect, in varying proportions, Britain's dealings with other countries, her role in the world, her associations within the Commonwealth, the organisation and deployment of her defence forces and the conduct of overseas information, which is the polite name for propaganda.

The two major parties and the Liberals are in process of writing their manifestos prior to the confrontation which approaches. Foreign affairs have, in the past, received scant mention in such documents because the electorate is more concerned with what goes on in Britain. It would, nonetheless, be valuable to have a clear statement on the one subject on which the whole future of the country depends. If this is not forthcoming the best that can be done is to assess the major problems which confront whoever governs Britain in the years ahead.

These can reasonably be divided, for the purpose of analysis, into two parts: short-term planning and long-term thinking. In practice these two parts are indivisible. The short term is that in which Suez provides geographically a dividing line between the two predominant spheres of action, the Far East and Europe with the mid-way entanglement of the Middle East. The long term demands consideration of the future construction of the Commonwealth, a new look at the so-called Anglo-American Alliance and an endeavour to think straight about international Communism.

The Labour Government has made its position clear with regard to a British presence in the Far East. It has based its decision on the financial expenditure involved and on the view that Britain's primary role is now in Europe. At the time that decision was made, it was also assumed that the defence of the Far East could be left to the Americans. That could well turn out to have been a miscalculation. The Conservatives are in two minds on the subject although Edward Heath clearly favours a reversal of Labour policy. Whether he would remain of the same mind if he became Prime Minister remains to be seen in view of Conservative promises to cut taxation and government spending. To restore a British presence would involve an increase in defence expenditure which the Conservatives put at £100 million and the Labour government at £300 million. In the light of such experiences as the cost of the *Concorde* it would be wise to put it at £450 million.

The value of a British presence is, in any case, debatable. If it is not possible to have an effective presence, it is better to have no presence at all. The strongest argument is the defence of British trading interests and her financial investments which are considerable. Here again it is dubious whether a military sanction achieves the desired effect short of intervention; it is resented as a form of blackmail and it ensures that Communist military pressure will be maintained in the background.

The future in the Middle East is unpredictable. All the Arab States are liable to rapid changes of government through violence. They lack the ability to co-operate despite their united hostility to the State of Israel whose international connections would, ultimately, actively oppose her destruction: and with a highly efficient and technically qualified set of people at the head of her society she is in no real danger from within the Arab world. The continuous sniping across her borders means that she must maintain a state of continuous military readiness which absorbs her manpower at a time when it could be more profitably employed in internal development. Neither Israel nor the Arabs are willing to make concessions which would result in a settlement at the present time and the struggle could go on indefinitely. The real danger is that the Middle East could become an international cockpit with the United States on one side and the Soviet Union on the other.

Britain has no longer any obligations to Israel. The terms of the Balfour Declaration have been fulfilled. She has a very real interest in the oil of the Middle East and it is on the route to the Far East. Although Greece and Turkey are more directly involved, she has a responsibility to Cyprus. Her real concern must be to keep the balance and to prevent a major conflagration which would have serious repercussions elsewhere.

Britain's main interest is, therefore, Europe. All the political parties are committed to supporting the British application to enter the Common Market, provided that the conditions are acceptable. The main debate will come when those conditions are known. Already there have been some electioneering skirmishes on the subject. As things stand it is unlikely that the issue will be sufficiently clearly defined by the time of the General Election. As a result the decision will have to be made by the next Parliament and this will undoubtedly mean that there will be demands for a National Referendum; there are already rumblings to that effect. It is, however, the function of M.P.s to guide public opinion and not to be dictated to by it once they are elected. It will be a test of their courage and their belief in the democratic system to face up to this responsibility when the time comes.

So far the discussion has centred around the economic problems of entry into the Common Market. Of equal, if not greater, importance are the political ones. France has survived the departure of Charles de Gaulle, much to many people's surprise, particularly that, one suspects, of the ex-President himself. Under the outward calm of the Pompidou régime there is a dangerous undercurrent from the extreme left which has remained ominously uncommitted. The statement by Herr Willi Brandt that Germany will never be a great country again cannot have endeared him to many Germans. No one who knows the Germans will believe this; not that he believes it himself. It must be regarded as an attempt to allay the suspicions of the Russians over his attempted *rapprochement* with East Germany and to comfort the French who realise that West Germany is fast becoming the most powerful nation in Europe. Italy is in much the same condition as France was before the second coming of de Gaulle: how long the

perpetual rise and fall of governments can go on is extremely doubtful. Joining the Common Market means that Britain will be directly associated with the political future of all these nations and the implications of that association must be taken into full account. The fact is that Europe in the seventies is by no means safe for democracy any more than it was in the thirties. That may be an argument for staying out; it is an even stronger argument for going in if Britain really claims to be a European nation and if she values her own democratic future.

This raises at once the question of the military commitment. Any discussion of this must be conducted in the light of the present condition and future role of N.A.T.O. It has now been admitted by the Minister of Defence that N.A.T.O. would be incapable of resisting a Russian invasion by conventional forces. This makes the warning to Russia over Czechoslovakia either ridiculous or downright suicidal: fortunately Russia took no notice. In any case, N.A.T.O. was not created to intervene in Central European affairs which were admitted both at Yalta and at Potsdam to be a Soviet sphere of influence. The fact that the nature of that influence was not properly appreciated was a miscalculation but there was, in effect, no other calculation that could have been made at the time, short of continuing the war; this time against Russia. No one was prepared for that.

It would seem highly improbable that Russia contemplates any such operation: she has troubles enough elsewhere. One of the lessons of the last war was that to try to hold down hostile communities from a distance is an extravagant, and ultimately a self-destructive, process. When, in the light of existing conditions, the Soviet Union could well achieve her international objectives in Europe through subversion it is unlikely, unless her government were taken over by military extremists that she would resort to force. There is therefore a clear case for examining the organisation of N.A.T.O. in the event of Britain joining 'the Six'. As an integrated force in a United Europe it would make sense. That France, and any other new members joining with Britain, should form part of it would be fundamental. The function of the Americans would be more difficult to define. Their continued membership would undoubtedly serve to continue Soviet hostility: their absence would, on the other hand, severely weaken the military authority of Western Europe.

No one in their right senses would suggest that the short-term problems of the seventies, despite the atmosphere of hopeful elation with which the new decade has been greeted, are easy. If it is not to be a false dawn, very careful thought must be given to the long-term issues which present no immediate prospect of solution. First amongst these is the future of the Commonwealth. As has been the case with all Empires in history, the British Empire has passed away. The Commonwealth which succeeded it has had a less happy career due, in the case of Africa in particular, to an inevitably premature birth. For that reason it is as well not to be too hasty in passing judgement on the policies of South Africa and Rhodesia, however disagreeable they seem to be in British eyes, some of which have never looked further than the Isle of Wight. There is great danger in assuming that the

practice of democracy, as developed in Britain over a period of centuries, can be applied by emergent nations in a decade because, it is argued, they have had the benefit of learning from our experience. This intellectual arrogance makes political nonsense.

The last Commonwealth Conference in London, despite the splendid receptions and the smiling group-photographs, was not an impressive occasion. It must have been obvious then, and it is even more obvious now, that, if the Commonwealth is to continue as an effective entity, a new formula is required. What should emerge is a British Democratic Union with a greater degree of central consultation and a closer identification of interests than exists today. With the advance of communication it is no longer necessary for this to be centred entirely on London nor for all meetings to be held there.

Such a development would be liable to be complicated first by Britain's decision to join the Common Market and secondly by the racialist disagreements on both sides. As one of the reasons for the creation of the European Common Market was to establish a community which was able to compete economically with the United States, this would lead to a conflict of interests within the Anglo-American Alliance. It is hardly likely that either the Canadians, the Australians or the New Zealanders would be party to any anti-American exercise although commercial competition is both justifiable and healthy.

In view of the somewhat nebulous statements by Mr. Harold Wilson on his last visit to the United States and their frigid reception by the American press, it is obvious that the Anglo-American Alliance is fast becoming a meaningless term. Anglo-American interests in the Far East, in Europe and to a lesser degree in the Middle East demand that this should be changed and the next Government must seek to re-define the position. There is a tendency in the Western World to allow national interests to outweigh international ones. In the light of Communist intentions this is foolhardy and can lead to disaster.

Because of the secrecy imposed by the Communist régimes, it is difficult to have a clear idea as to exactly what goes on in the Communist mind, particularly now that it is split between the Russians and the Chinese. After fifty years of progress since the feudal Romanov dynasty was swept away, it is not surprising that the peoples of the Soviet Union should wish to think for themselves and to know more of what goes on beyond their borders. A nation with so great a cultural background which has had its talents unleashed from one yoke must find it hard to endure the restrictions imposed by another. In certain respects mental repression is more painful than the knout.

China is even more difficult to penetrate than the Soviet Union and no one knows what will happen when Mao dies. It seems probable that there will be a leadership struggle along the lines of that which occurred when Stalin died. This could result either in an increase or a decrease in Chinese aggressive policies towards Russia. It could have the same effect upon her policies in the Far East.

In all these unpredictable circumstances it is in the interests of the peaceful progress of the seventies that there should be an attempt by Britain to reach closer understanding with the Soviet Union. The purists and the anti-Communists of all colours will denounce this as a policy of weakness and of seeking to make friends with the mammon of unrighteousness. It is, on the contrary, a policy of political realism. It has within it the ingredients for the reduction of fear and mistrust which are the most destructive elements in the conduct of international relations.

In the conduct of those relations over the post-war years an important factor has been the increase in the power of communication of all kinds, particularly through television. It is now all the more essential that Britain should be sure that her voice is clearly heard. It is therefore disturbing to read the most recent recommendations on the subject contained in the report of the 'Review Committee on Overseas Representation' which the Government is in process of implementing. The Committee is obsessed with the conception of 'The New Diplomacy' for which it proposes to convert British diplomats into a dynamic sales force which will present Britain as a trading power with a great culture and democratic tradition. In principle there is much to commend this but in practice the Committee's proposals will ensure that these 'detergent diplomats' will be incapable of doing their job through lack of funds. The Committee finally condemns itself in the eyes of anyone who has any experience of publicity, but apparently not in the eyes of the Government, by stating that 'information is essentially ancillary in character and is only necessary in so far as some other work requires information-type support'. What language!

It was this approach to propaganda by the democracies which made life easy for the Nazis: it will make it even easier for the Communists, particularly in the emergent countries, in countries where there is too great a degree of wealth next to extreme poverty and in countries where the people are held down by authoritarian régimes. At a time when British military influence is being cut down it is essential that her information services should be strengthened, not reduced. But information, like defence, is an instrument of policy and it is upon that policy that all else depends. The future security of the nation and its foreign policy are indivisible. Those who seek to be the leaders of the nation in the seventies will omit this factor from their calculations at their peril.

THE MIDDLE EAST REVIEWED

by W. J. Barnes

NOT to be minimised, or under-played, in a commentary on the Middle East now involving the 'Big Four'—as it has been customary to refer to the United States, the Soviet Union, Britain and France—and therefore Peking, and as we have already witnessed since the abortive Summit talks at Rabat, a greater part of North Africa, Libya particularly, is the impact made by the speedy growth of the world's oil-fleet and the size of present-day tankers. Admittedly, it is permissible to suggest (as some authoritative sources have done) that this increase in both the number of tankers and their tonnage has been hastened by continued crises resulting in the shutting of the Suez Canal. It is also reasonable to suggest that unless the 'Big Four', aided presumably by the United Nations, effect either a truce between Egypt and Israel and cool some of the 'hot-heads' in the oil-rich Arab countries and, to be impartial, militants in Israel, war on a big scale may be inevitable.

In the view of others equally well-informed, the growth in the oil-fleet has been dictated by economic considerations and is a logical outcome of a developing and now largely independent Third World. Most of us put the 'bread-and-butter' facts of life before devastation wrought by war, and are beginning to think that too much attention is being paid to what has been called the strategic value of Suez and far too little to the requirements of newly independent countries, the majority with a vote in the United Nations and already realising their own value as producers of essential commodities.

As *The Times* said in its main leader, headed 'Open and Shut', published on November 17 last, to mark the one hundredth anniversary of the opening of the Canal, the surprising thing was how easily the world had managed to get on without it.

'From the days of Disraeli,' the leader-writer added, 'it had been a dogma that it was an essential link in the lifetime of empire. The fact that the bulk of Western Europe's oil supplies came from the Persian Gulf by way of Suez was taken to prove the Canal's irreplaceability. The sudden imposition of petrol rationing in 1956 seemed conclusive. In the event, of course, the oil companies have found alternative means of getting their oil out, and alternative sources of supply. No European country is any the worse for the closure. The countries that have suffered are those small or medium-sized states to the East of Suez whose exports to Europe now have to go all the way around Africa.'

There followed a point which is still being overlooked, one which many have called (as this leader-writer implied) the crux of the current inability to reach even the semblance of better relations between Egypt and Israel; namely the irony of a situation whereby the Soviet Union, although apparently determined to keep its grip on the Middle East by holding Egypt in

pawn, must want or would like to keep the Canal open if only to be able to secure an uninterrupted passage for her fleets from the Mediterranean to the Indian Ocean. In this respect it can be argued that the United States, if only for this reason, would rather have this man-made waterway permanently closed. Some leading Americans have already criticised even the existence of the Canal. In the circumstances, is it likely that the world can expect to obtain worth-while or unbiassed advice from either the Soviet Union or the United States? Much the same could be said of all other countries becoming involved in the current struggle for supremacy. It could be that Moscow is genuinely afraid of Peking. It may be that President Nasser, although a pensioner of Moscow, is shrewd enough to appreciate that without the subsidies he has been receiving from Arab countries rich in oil, to replace revenue lost by the closure of the Canal, Egypt has become dependent on help from Arab allies as well as having lost face by the humiliation of defeat at the hands of Israel in 1967 *in six days*. Also beaten in that short period were Syria and Jordan, the latter in one day.

It is because of these factors that those with personal knowledge of Middle East countries are now beginning to put economics before threats of war. It is also fair to state that Israel, despite proved superiority in war, must also appreciate how dependent she has become on outside economic aid to survive. Israelies, like many Egyptians, know that they cannot live on success or failure, in 'dog-fights' over the Canal area, or by the action of 'guerillas'. Arabs especially must appreciate the fact that, but for the courage of King Hussein, Jordan would now be a guerilla-run state, overrun by gangsters without regard for family sanctity, Arab or Jew.

This might explain why Hussein has been reported as having used every effort to persuade Nasser to avoid going to war in 1967. It might also be one reason why the Summit talks at Rabat came to nothing and why Nasser approached Libya for oil Egypt must have *not necessarily only for war*. As has been repeatedly stated, Nasser is at heart shrewd enough to realise, if not to appreciate, that the world is 'shrinking' geographically in the sense that it is no longer 'a far cry' to anywhere and that this 'cry' must become less audible as communication or contact between nations however ideologically posed, must develop if for trading reasons alone. Nasser, like most prominent Arab leaders and Mrs. Golda Meir and others sharing her views in Israel, know that Anglo-Russian trade has increased rapidly in recent years and also that delegations from Britain have visited Moscow and that Anglo-Soviet talks on a wide range of subjects are being held. It is assumed that these discussions cover Middle East crises but it can also be assumed that priority is not necessarily being given to them.

It may be appropriate at this stage to repeat, in support of the growing feeling that behind the bombast and threats of violence uttered almost daily by Nasser and some Israelies, Dayan for instance, a statement published by *Al-Ahram* on March 19 last. As a preamble, it should be said that this great Egyptian newspaper has been looked on as the mouthpiece of President Nasser, expressing his views on every vital subject since he achieved power. It is reasonable, then, to suggest that this paper is authoritative. It carried

on the date I have mentioned, March 19, an Italian proposal to the effect that the 'Big Four'—named as America, Britain, Russia and France—should jointly call for the restoration of an Arab-Israel truce to help in solving the Middle East crisis. Furthermore that consideration should be given to the Italian suggestion to the effect that an international committee comprising the 'Big Four' and three West and three East European states should be formed to supervise an arms embargo to the Middle East. (Poland, Czechoslovakia and Hungary would represent the East, and Italy, Belgium and Switzerland the West.) Bearing in mind the hold Nasser appeared to have on *Al-Ahram*, is it unreasonable to infer that details of this Italian plan were either submitted to him for his approval before publication, or that he was obliged to permit publication as a 'pensioner' of the Russians? If either suggestion has any basis of truth, then it is reasonable to suggest that Nasser is beginning to resent the Russian grip and to appreciate the real meaning of the phrase 'loss of face' and possibly why he has yet to receive other than lip-service from Arab states in respect of another war aimed at exterminating Israel.

Egypt's military performance in the Six-Days disaster cannot have aroused their desire for another failure, and always to be remembered is the fact that loss of revenue from Canal closures means that more money has to be paid by his allies. While it is unlikely that Arab countries would willingly accept the terms of peace apparently insisted on by Israel, it is extremely unlikely that Arab states, many of whom resented Nasser's attempts to assume the leadership of the whole of the Middle East before his defeat in 1967, are willing to risk further defeat at the hands of Israel. Arabs, like any other race (the British included) need economic stability and are wise enough to realise that to put themselves in the grip of outside powers is the surest way of surrendering their independence. It might also be taken into consideration that there is no 'love' between Egypt, a nation without oil and not basically Arab, and those Arab nations rich in oil and consequently in possession of a bargaining point denied to Egypt. At present, superficially at any rate, Nasser like Dayan of Israel would appear to be in no mood to consider peace other than that achieved by victory in war. But in view of that *Al-Ahram* statement, many Egyptians must now be thinking of their leader as a man of 'straw'. Why, for instance, did he find it necessary to approach Libya if not during the Rabat meeting, immediately after it, in it is said a fit of anger? Why was it necessary, they ask, for Nasser, having they argue rid Egypt of (let us be honest) British domination, allow his proud and ancient nation to become the prisoner of Russia known by most to be genuinely fearful of the growing menace represented by Peking and chary of further antagonising Washington.

Having lived for many years in the Middle East I have some knowledge of Middle Eastern mentality. I know the contempt the average Egyptian then had for the Sudanese and the Copt. In the view of many, what is called apartheid, applying politically apparently only in South Africa, existed throughout Egypt. Is it likely that Nasser, weakened politically by being a pensioner of the Soviet Union, and humiliated in war, can expect to receive

assistance from the Sudan?

It is not wise to forecast the trend of events. Many recall that a superficially peaceful Baghdad was followed by the brutality with which Iraqi leaders were murdered. It is always possible for an eruption on 'Vesuvian' lines—in this sense fighting—to occur, regardless of reason, but it is also possible to suggest that the very nature of that Iraqi brutality may act as a check to its repetition. It is not pleasant to see anyone hanging from a lamp-post, or dragged dead along public thoroughfares.

At this stage in the Middle East crisis, the reluctance of either Egypt or Israel to meet and discuss a reasonable settlement, it is legitimate and logical to ask but this question. Are we not witnessing the break-down of what may be called a feudal system? This is happening or has happened in nearly every part of the world. It is no longer wise for anyone at the head of Egypt, Nasser or those lined up to succeed him, to expect as of 'right' the power and the arrogance characterising the rule of Farouk. In his lifetime there was a fantastic difference between the lives which ordinary people were obliged to lead and the extravagance of Farouk and his sycophants. Similarly, is it reasonable to suggest that the extraordinary difference between the wealth of the Sheiks and Emirs acquired by the accidental possession of oil and the status and pay received by their workers should exist much longer?

It is the conviction of many outside the Middle East, many who have never been to the Middle East nor have any desire to go there, that from a purely sociological point of view the difference between a palace and at best a hovel, is as contributory a source of continued unrest as the alleged quarrel between Jew and Arab, Semitic races both. Some of us can never erase from memory the sight of leg-less boys strapped to boards propelling themselves by hands rendered large by propulsion, begging for piastres in fashionable thoroughfares in which could be purchased articles priced at the equivalent of hundreds of pounds, nor the holes in the banks of the Nile in which families were obliged to live. It is this great contrast between the fantastically rich and the very poor which some maintain must eventually lead to the end of feudalism throughout the Middle East, as elsewhere.

Examples of this disparity can be found everywhere in the Middle East (with the possible exception of modern Israel) and may be taken as a factor which must receive consideration. As has been demonstrated in Persia, fully 70 per cent of workers in that country have never received any education and consequently it is maintained by those in authority that in future there must be provided educational facilities for everyone if Persian productivity is to be improved. At the risk of being too cynical I am going to suggest this decision may have been 'forced' on Persia by the fact that, although elderly Persians cannot read or write, they have ears and eyes and are now able to listen to radio transmission and see television programmes. They are therefore becoming vulnerable to propaganda aimed deliberately at creating unrest.

It may be too far-fetched to state that the whole of the Middle East has reached, or is reaching the position most of Britain was in at the beginning of this century when, by the introduction of largely state-aided education in

what were then called 'board schools', a generation grew up athirst for news. How men of the foresight of Harmsworth met and overcame the challenge that desire represented is ancient history here. Is it too utterly fantastic then to imply that, with Britain out of the way, the Soviet Union would be among the first to see propagandist value in this inequality and disparity?

To-date only King Hussein, by displays of courage and wisdom, appears to have appreciated and understood that conditions which prevailed in Jordan years ago cannot be repeated. By his recent statements and acts, he is making it possible for Jordanians to realise that a monarchy run on strictly democratic lines—as in Britain, may it be suggested—is to be preferred to a state ruled by gangsters.

Also to be taken into consideration is the fact, as Britons employed as technicians in the Middle East at present, employed because of their technical skills, say, there are *two calendars* in the Middle East—the 14th and the 20th, the former by modern Israel fighting for survival and the latter by their opponents who have yet to grow up.

From what has happened in Britain and in most other countries (with the possible exception of the Soviet Union, still worried over events that could take place on her Eastern frontiers), it is logical to assume that, however deep or sincere is Nasser's expressed hostility for Britain, he must realise that any success effected by Egyptian use of Russian-supplied armament must automatically incur the enmity of Communist China and the United States.

There should also be taken into consideration the lack of unity among Arab countries as well as their reluctance to make further subsidies to Egypt: further, that whatever steps are taken to make Jerusalem a Holy City representative of all Faiths, the Soviet Union is largely an atheist nation.

As a footnote, may I suggest that in view of the foregoing, the Rabat Summit will be followed by more 'Summitry'. In stating this, I would like to protect myself by repeating that in the Middle East the unforeseen can take place. Against this can be set the simply-expressed fact that radio programmes and television techniques have already effected big changes in the lives of workmen who must resent the great disparity between life in a palace and the lives which many of them are still obliged to lead.

THE EXPLOSIVE ASPECTS OF THE PHILIPPINES' REGIME

by Joseph S. Roucek

ON beginning his first term, President Marcos of the Philippines said that he hoped his country would be able to demonstrate the value of democracy to other Asian nations: 'We have the strength and potential,' he said. 'We have . . . skilled and intelligent labour, rich soil, and ample resources. In all this part of the world, where will democratic ways work if they fail here?' Yet, during the recent months the Philippines has been plagued by a series of wraths against this President who won 27 U.S. and Filipino medals for bravery in the Second World War and became perhaps the island Republic's number one national hero. Marcos, who throughout his political career has championed such popular causes as civil liberties, land reform, and trade unionism, is now bewildered by abuse beating upon him, only three months after his triumphant re-election to the country's highest office.

It is apparent that, despite abundant natural resources, the country suffers from awesome economic and social problems which Filipino politicians have for too long a time tried to sweep under the rug. During the past year prices spiralled upward, the average family's buying power slipped, and economic development slowed down. The gap between rich and poor has kept widening. There is a vast discrepancy between living conditions of the masses and what President Marcos has called the 'conscienceless rich'—that affluent minority élite which lives with ostentatious lavishness.

Of the Philippines' seven million people, over two-thirds live on a money-income of less than $100 a year per person. About 40 per cent of the land suitable for farming is owned by a tenth of 1 per cent of the population. The tiny minority of rich Filipinos live in luxurious Spanish-style mansions in Manila's suburbs or on vast countryside plantations. A resident of a lavish Manila suburb spends more on an evening's entertainment than a farm family in central Luzon, where 70 per cent of the peasants are sharecroppers, can expect to earn in a lifetime. These glaring contrasts are heightened by the fact that the Philippines, like so many countries with a soaring birth-rate, is today a nation of the young. Half of the people are under 20, and more than two-thirds are under 25. Every year 800,000 young people, many of them college graduates, are dumped on the labour market. Thousands never get jobs. Manila is glutted with college degrees; lawyers drive taxis, doctors of philosophy wash dishes or sweep floors at the new Manila Hilton Hotel.

Young people see highly unequal land-distribution, official corruption, and lack of economic opportunity ignored by most of the country's leaders. They feel that politics is a meaningless charade—with leaders of the two main parties, Nationalists and Liberals, thinking merely of their own self-interest. (Each Filipino Congressman receives a tax-free allowance of $40,000 a year.) The upshot is that the more impatient young people look around for revolutionary solutions to their island nation's problems.

STUDENT CONFRONTATION

The explosive undercurrent against the Marcos government occurred on December 29, 1960, when a small bomb and a stone were thrown at Vice-President Agnew's limousine outside the U.S. Embassy in Manila. Vice-President Agnew, who had been less than mellow toward anti-war demonstrators at home, brushed off his first encounter with demonstrators abroad as a 'tactic of modern life' that free nations will have to learn to live with. Such incidents are 'stimulated by leftist student elements in various countries,' he said, and will continue 'wherever a nation is taking a strong course to preserve a free enterprise system for itself and to encourage others to do so'. But the incident underscored rising nationalist sentiment in the Philippines and served to point up the delicacy of Vice-President Agnew's goodwill mission in Asia. Then, on January 30, 1970, rebellious students pelted President Marcos and his attractive wife, Imelda, with bottles and sticks.

In fact, although he had won an unprecedented second term as President of the Philippines in the November, 1969, elections, this victory has, so far, brought little but troubles to the President. First, his opponent cried fraud and would not concede. Then, on February 3, 1970, when Marcos failed to state unequivocally that he would not seek a third term, the students hoisted the Philippine flag upside down and tried to storm the Presidential Palace. An all-night battle with police and squads of troops left five students dead and more than 150 wounded; and the police arrested about 100 young people. Seven vehicles, including two fire trucks and a bus, were burned in what was termed the worst peacetime rioting in the memory of Manila citizens. Policemen and soldiers, responding to rocks, slingshots and gasoline bombs used by the demonstrators, fired rifles and tear-gas grenades and employed rifle-butts, fire hoses, nightsticks and heavy batons and protected themselves with wicker shields.

Under the present Constitution, no President can serve more than two consecutive four-year terms. Many students fear that Marcos will try to get the constitutional convention to open the way to a third term. They had been agitating to get Marcos to declare categorically that he would not run for another term and they seek the agreement of both major parties (the governing Nationalists and the opposition Liberals) that the constitutional convention will be free of partisan politics. The battle widened the gap between the revolution-minded younger generation and the conservative landowning political and business élite which has run the country since independence was granted by the United States in 1946.

In an interview, Marcos ascribed the violence to communist agitators who had infiltrated student ranks and 'utilised demonstrations to push their subversive ideology'.

The President has held to this thesis since the incident occurred, citing as proof photographs of slogans hailing a Communist guerrilla chieftain and of pistols captured from some of the rioters. At the same time, the President acknowledged that many of the grievances voiced by the students were legitimate, and claimed that the Communist threat in the Philippines

was not serious; he said that there were only a few hundred armed guerrillas in central Luzon, split three ways between orthodox old-timers, younger pro-Soviet and pro-Chinese elements. 'But if we don't do anything about removing the threat,' he continued, 'removing social inequities, creating more jobs, continuing land-reform, helping labour, Communism could escalate into a serious threat.'[1] The demonstration was evidence, the President said, that the Communists were trying to open up a new front, this time in the cities.

The 'final and ultimate problem' of his second term, which had just begun, was a 'moral gap, in government as well as among the people'; he added that what was required was to 'remodel government machinery', to 'reorient the people, not only to think of nationalism, which can be chauvinistic, but to give of themselves, to change their hearts and spirit'. The immediate problem, the President claimed, was economic: solving an acute balance of payments problem, increasing exports, moving from agricultural to industrial development. 'The ultimate objective must be an agro-industrial economy.'

Marcos, who was re-elected in November, 1969, by an overwhelming majority—he had been accused of large-scale vote-buying and armed coercion—reiterated his intention not to run for a third term. Another riot, however, broke out at night on February 18, 1970, with the students storming the United States Embassy.

For some of his financial worries, Marcos has himself to blame because of vast public works and doles passed out during the election campaign. In the first nine months of 1969, the government deficit more than doubled to $167.3 million. At the same time, 'Filipinisation' of the economy has made foreign investors wary although such investment is desperately needed. Still to be worked out are also relations with the United States and demands of the nationalists that the United States vacate its Philippine bases which pour $200 annually into the Philippine economy and give employment to 40,000 Filipinos.

Yet, it must also be noted that, whatever else President Marcos' administration may be, it is one elected by a massive mandate from the Filipino people. Despite charges of vote-buying and election irregularities (now routine in the Philippines), few dispute that President Marcos was the actual victor over a lacklustre candidate for the Presidency presented by the opposition Liberal Party.

In his first four-year term, President Marcos chalked up achievements rated substantial in such fields as road-building and school-building, and in increasing production of the vital rice crop. Although there seems general agreement that though the Philippines are now teetering on the brink of financial crisis, the situation would not have been much different had the Liberals, instead of the Nacionalistas, been running things.

But this latter thought is of little comfort to the youth of the Philippines, frustrated by lack of economic opportunity and the inability of the government to slash through some of the problems endemic to the country. Basically, with increasing militancy, Philippine students are calling for fundamental changes in a political system that many see as perpetuating the

rule of the rich at the expense of the voiceless poor. And the logic of many young people seems to be leading them progressively away from belief in the possibility of changes through normal electoral processes into advocacy of, or resignation to, violent upheaval as the only means of obtaining the fundamental changes in society that they desire. The moderates hope to bring a fresh breeze into Philippine politics through such means as changes in ballot-inspection procedures to make it possible for poor, honest candidates to win an election without vote-buying or armed coercion—two practices widely deplored but just as widely indulged in, especially by the party in power. The radicals propound that it is foolish to expect the present power élite to give up or even to dilute its privileges through a process of constitutional revision.

ANTI-AMERICANISM

The coming test of President Marcos' intentions to weaken the hold on the country of the privileged minority that has dominated post-independence Filipino society will also be a test for the United States which retains a substantial economic and military presence in the islands it once ruled. There is a widespread conviction in the Philippines that this lingering American influence leans too strongly toward the *status quo*, favouring all effective political and economic power that is in the hands of only one per cent of the island's 37 million inhabitants. The anti-American student feelings came to a head in September, 1968, when Filipino students demonstrated outside the U.S. Embassy, protesting a statement by a State Department spokesman that the United States recognises Sabah as part of Malaysia. Demonstrators denounced the U.S. for what they described as its insincere neutrality on the Sabah question (and criticised Britain for 'intimidating acts' against the Philippines).

THE SABAH ISSUE

Sabah was a part of the old Sulu Sultanate which was ceded to a British syndicate in 1878 and became a state in the Malaysian Federation in 1963. The Philippines includes the remainder of the Sultanate and now claims Sabah also. Both Britain and the United States recognise the Federation of Malaysia. Sabah, the former Crown Colony of North Borneo, has been the centre of a territorial feud between Malaysia and the Philippines since 1963, when Britain handed Sabah over to Malaysia. Manila's claim to Sabah is based on the argument that the territory, originally owned by the nineteenth century Sultan of Sulu, still rightfully belongs to the Sultan's present-day Filipino descendants. However, residents of Sabah voted to join the Malaysian Federation in a 1962 plebiscite.

Sabah, rich in rubber, timber and fisheries, is a state of 29,338 square miles, a bit smaller than Maine. It lies at the northern tip of Borneo, the world's largest island, and its coastline meets the South China Sea on the West, the Sulu Sea on the north and the Celebes Sea on the east. At some points, the Philippines' southernmost islands, the Tawitawi Group, lie only 20 miles away. Sabah's population of about 500,000 includes mostly Malay native tribes with a Chinese group of 100,000 holding a dominant economic

position. The population is predominantly Moslem, as is much of Malaysia, but Sabah's connections in the past have been largely with the Philippines to the north. The Dusuns, the largest indigenous group of people in the territory, resemble Filipinos more than they do others in Borneo.

There is rubber-planting in Sabah but its hardwoods are more important to the economy. Japan is its best customer, with Singapore and Britain close behind. Sabah is soundly prosperous. Its capital, Jesselton, with a population of over 21,000, has a good port. The Chinese inhabitants control most of Sabah's trade, and about 2,000 Europeans manage plantations and have posts in commerce. History books mention Borneo as early as the seventh century, when it was on the route of Far East traders searching for gold and spices. Sabah's first European visitors were Spaniards and Portuguese.

THE ANTI-AMERICAN RIOTS IN FEBRUARY, 1970

Another anti-American riot took place on February 18, 1970, when rampaging youths shouting 'Down with imperialists!' assaulted the United States Embassy with stones and flaming objects and then spread out to the well-to-do Ermita district of Manila, smashing windows, burning cars and mauling people who got in their way. More than 100 people were arrested for involvement in the riots at the Embassy and in other parts of the city; more than 50 were injured, including Col. Mariano Ordonez, chief of the metropolitan police command; three cars were burned out and hotel and restaurant buildings, including the Manila Hilton, suffered considerable damage. At the Embassy, by the shore of Manila Bay, glass doors and windows, metal gates and furniture were smashed before the demonstrators were driven back by U.S. Marine security guards using tear gas.

Later, another group of about 200 youths assembled at Mendiola Bridge, four blocks from the Malacanang Palace, the President's official residence, confronting the special anti-riot police force. (This was the area of the riot of January 30 that resulted in the death of four students and two bystanders.) For four hours the group halted traffic and terrorised passers-by before they were dispersed. A force of 300 soldiers joined the police, who used tear gas, truncheons and rifle-butts, against the defiant youth. More than 20 students were hospitalised as a result of the clashes in the Mendiola Street area.

Speakers during the riots vied in strident denunciations of 'American imperialism'. Grievances against U.S. military bases, the Laurel-Langley trade agreement (which gives Americans special rights in the Philippines) and U.S. economic policies were aired. In a dramatic skit, ugly characters portrayed 'imperialist America' and President Marcos was shown as a puppet. Some speakers among the 18 participating groups preached revolution as the only salvation for the Filipino people. While most blamed the Americans for the country's ills, some denounced Marcos for his role in sending the Philippine Civic Action Group to serve in South Vietnam and accused him of responsibility for many frauds and terrorism during the elections in November, 1969. (Of interest is that the U.S. General Accounting Office verified in March, 1970, that the Pentagon gave $3.6 million to provide additional pay for a Philippine unit sent to South Vietnam. The U.S.

Senate Foreign Relations sub-committee also learned that in 1966 the U.S. and the Philippine governments agreed to assign a 2,200-man Philippine construction battalion to South Vietnam; the unit returned to the Philippines late in 1969.)

THE HUK REBELLION

In addition to the problems we have outlined facing President Marcos, there is also agrarian unrest that has punctuated Philippine history both before and after independence. The Hukbalahap, or Huk Rebellion, which seriously threatened Philippine economic and political stability during its military phase, 1950 to 1954, was a movement in which peasant discontent became the tool of a Communist effort to overthrow the Republic. The Huk movement started in 1942, during the Japanese occupation of the Philippines, as a guerrilla movement against the Japanese. The rank and file was rural, but the leadership was urban. Some of the leaders were Communists trying to carry out 'land reforms' in the areas where the movement was strongest. When the Americans arrived, the Huks refused to give up their arms or the land they had taken. For about four years, Huk activity shifted from emphasis on military to political measures, with sporadic guerrilla attacks. By 1950 full-scale warfare was underway. In 1950 Ramon Magsaysay became Secretary of National Defence and took charge of putting down the Huk Rebellion; capital punishment was imposed for membership in the Communist Party and a few reforms were pushed through during his term as Secretary of Defence and later as President. However, since his death, more effort has been expended on the military and publicity aspects of the programme than on reform. (Even Magsaysay's measures were inadequate for the long run, but the people were convinced that he had their best interest at heart.) Today, many signs point to mounting instability in the form of a resurgence of Huk activity, both political and military. Vested commercial interests continue to oppose land reform and other improvement projects. The resulting disaffection among Filipino peasants creates a political climate in which Huk activity can flourish, and 'Beatles' and 'Monkees' have been racking the Philippines with an increasingly deadly rhythm of terror and violence. 'Beatles' is the name given by Filipinos to the armed liquidation squads of the reduced but still active Huk insurgent movement in Central Luzon. The squads were dubbed *Beatles* because their members often concealed automatic weapons in guitar cases and so evoked the British singing group, which is highly popular there. Beatle groups are said to be roaming throughout central Luzon, shooting political opponents, providing instant justice for peasants and collecting 'taxes' for the Huk movement.

Formed during the Second World War, the Hukbalahap movement took its name from the acronym of the Tagalog words for People's Anti-Japanese Army. The movement was broken by the government between 1950 and 1952, but has staged sporadic revivals since then. The Philippine government has officially abandoned military reprisals against the Huks. Government policy now is to try to pacify the central Luzon countryside through

economic and social measures. But around 1968, counter-insurgency groups started tracking down and destroying the guerrillas. These hunters were promptly named 'Monkees' by the music-loving Filipinos, after another rock group. The government has repeatedly denied any affiliation with the *Monkees*, whose operating methods have aroused criticism. The counter-insurgency bands, enlisted largely from former Huks and former convicts, are reported to have murdered politicians dealing with the Huks as well as innocent peasants, including women and children. Philippine opposition party politicians insist that the Monkees are Government agents or, at least, financed by the government.

Another lethal beast in the Philippines is the 'Gorillas', the name given to the professional killers who are widespread in Manila, at Angeles City outside Clark Air Force Base and around other American military installations. They do not pretend to any ideology but are simply thugs who operate protection rackets, hijack American post-exchange shipments and commit murder for pay. (Some observers equate the gorillas and the Beatles, claiming that the Huks are no more than bandits and that both groups are simply different families of the same Mafia-like crime organisation. But it is more widely believed that the Huks in central Luzon represent a continuation of the Communist-oriented movement that nearly overthrew the government 20 years ago.) According to one estimate, there are no more than 300 armed Huk terrorists, supported by a political cadre of between 6,000 and 8,000 and relying on a base of some 16,000 sympathisers.

The Huk movement seems to be limited to one province, Pampanga, and seems to have no strong ideological leadership; still, the government fears it as the potential core of rebellion, particularly if it receives outside aid. Even more worrisome to the government is the soaring crime rate, due largely to the activities of the Beatles, Monkees and 'Gorillas'. Serious crime, particularly murder, has been growing so fast that it has become the Philippines' major domestic problem. Almost every business concern, retail shop, restaurant and public building in Manila hires its own armed guards. (It is believed that there are more private policemen than official ones in the country.) Almost every citizen who can afford it carries a pistol. Politicians keep hired gunmen on hand at all times for protection.

THE FILIPINO ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH UNDER FIRE

Attacked from the right as revolutionary and from the left as reactionary, the Roman Catholic Church in the Philippines presents another growing problem. It is also a church divided by the social ferment now gathering momentum there. Except in the predominantly Moslem southern area, most Filipinos are at least nominally Catholic, and the Church still carries great authority with the masses. But the church hierarchy has been badly split by the growing protest movement started by Manila's university students. At the end of February, 1970, President Marcos ordered an investigation of 'religious personalities actively engaged in various efforts to promote restlessness and disorder in the country through continuing demonstrations and riots'. (A little earlier, there had been a report that the President had asserted

that members of the Jesuit order were inciting the people to revolution.)

Meanwhile the Philippine church is becoming a major target for the left wing of the student protest movement; in criticising the church, the young radicals claim that 'clerical fascists' are intent on holding on to power and property. Furthermore, a rising tide of nationalism is producing antagonism against the church because much of the clergy is foreign, particularly American and European. Basically, the church is badly divided, with both liberals and conservatives moving to more extreme positions; this confuses the parish clergy and the educated laymen, who are looking for leadership and direction. There is no question that progressive and even radical members of the church, including some members of the hierarchy and of the lay Christian Social Movement, are playing active roles in the broadly based movement to correct social, economic and political abuses. And the reformers, perhaps most active at the parish and diocesan level, crop up in many unlikely places in unlikely roles.

The Christian Social Movement, led by Paul S. Manglapus, a former Secretary of Foreign Affairs, is seeking to institute sweeping reforms by influencing the formulation of a new constitution (for which a constitutional convention is to be held in 1971). Membership in the Movement is estimated at 80,000 to 100,000 and includes some Protestants. Its membership includes some landlords and wealthy businessmen, a fact which has produced criticism by some of the more radical Catholics.

THE FUTURE?

The Philippines' most urgent problems are economic. Graft, inefficiency and official indifference are epidemic. The demand for reform in a nation where political and economic power is concentrated in the hands of a tiny minority is rapidly turning into a populist movement embracing workers, peasants, middle-class intellectuals, clergy and moderate students, as well as the radical-revolutionary students. In the wings, of course, is the outlawed Communist party and the armed guerrillas are its New People's Army.

The Philippines is evidently due for several years of austerity. In the meantime, the prospects are for rising prices, rising unemployment and above all, rising dissatisfaction with the Marcos régime.

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[1]Quoted by: Takashi Oka, 'Marcos Asserts Nonviolent Protests Help Him Fight Corruption,' *New York Times*, February 5, 1970.

LOSS AND GAIN

by George Soloveytchik

THOUGH the British public is by now fully accustomed to a life of troubles, it particularly dislikes uncertainty. More than any other section of the population, it is perhaps the business community that hates most not knowing what is going on and what to expect—not that this would necessarily mean they would *do* anything about it if they had that information.

So far 1970 has been full of uncertainties on an even greater scale than usual. First of all there is always the Budget which, despite its traditional shocks, disappointments and frustrations, is at least a regular annual event to face and to get over with in mid-April. But this year there are many other and deeper ones. The Common Market Debate, the Elections, the non-ending strikes—likely to break out at any time and anywhere, causing the maximum of damage to groups completely uninvolved as well as to the nation's economy as a whole; the explosion of wages and prices with its inflationary consequences; the growth of racial tensions (with its Enoch Powell) and the political-religious struggle in Ulster (with its Protestant Savonarola in the person of the Rev. Ian Paisley); these, together with many lesser ones on the domestic front, are enough to upset even the most phlegmatic of citizens. Abroad the war in Vietnam (or a wider region now); or the permanent crisis in the Middle East; the social, racial and economic difficulties of the U.S.A.; developments within the Common Market and within the E.F.T.A. countries, all add to Great Britain's uncertainties since this nation is deeply involved in and affected by the problems of its friends, enemies, neighbours and the outer world.

All of a sudden new uncertainties come up and acquire a character of urgency. Thus, until recently, the question of agricultural adjustments seemed to be the main obstacle to a harmonious functioning of the Common Market and also to Britain's potential membership. But now it has become quite clear that international monetary adjustments constitute an even greater and highly controversial issue. Neither the future of the dollar, nor the U.S.A. balance of payments headaches, which plagued the world in 1968 and which seemed neatly settled in 1969, are settled at all. Whether Britain joins the Common Market or not, she will clearly have to take an active part in evolving some new European monetary system which works, and is not merely a short-lived substitute for a more durable solution. The question of how this can be achieved, in itself raises a mass of uncertainties.

But let us return to the Budget, which was the least damaging uncertainty of them all, since it was obvious that no great changes could or would be made by the Chancellor. After its detailed discussion in Parliament and in the press only quite recently, there is no need to go over the figures once again. What appears important is what the Chancellor did not do, rather than what he announced. First of all, he did not create any genuine incentives for anybody, big or small. Secondly, he has done absolutely nothing about

combating, or at least slowing down inflation, and nothing about the wage-price spiral, even though he did mention the danger. Thirdly, he has done nothing about reducing the standard rate of income tax or abolishing the obnoxious and costly S.E.T. Of the 220 million pounds he is said to be 'giving away' it can be said that the two million people at the bottom, who have been freed from tax liability altogether, did not pay much tax in any case and that price rises will soon wipe out whatever short-lived benefits they may enjoy. In fact, nothing has been done for the old people, the pensioners, the retired and the middle classes who are being ruined by price rises and the consequences of devaluation. Recalling the pathos with which Wilson and Callaghan were declaiming about the criminal cruelty of inflation and devaluation, the present cynical attitude of the government appears particularly lamentable.

Mr. Heath has ironically congratulated the Chancellor on 'reducing the Bank Rate to a crisis level'. He should have been more explicit and said 'from a panic level to a crisis level'. In any case, it is not the bank rate that prevents capital from seeking investment in industry. In a political and social climate where the profit motive is apparently legitimate only for trade unionists, but is held up to opprobrium and is combated by government restrictions for the rest of the citizens, it is hardly surprising that nobody at the present should be eager to invest. Nor does the credit squeeze enable the rare exceptions to borrow money for that purpose, while taxation makes savings extremely difficult. And not only taxation: it was announced in April that telephone charges would shortly be going up by 25 per cent, while an increase in postal charges is also under discussion. A member of Parliament who does not wish to be named, has observed that it is much more important for Britain who the Postmaster General is than who the Foreign Secretary is. The Post Master General, he said, at least runs his own department and his decisions affect the whole British nation. Whereas the Foreign Secretary does not run his own department and his decisions do not affect anybody in the United Kingdom.

While on the subject of money, even though this has nothing to do with the Budget, it is perhaps worth mentioning that Members of Parliament are eager to vote themselves a substantial increase—at the taxpayers' expense, of course! There is hardly another country where such a thing is possible and if the proposals go through they will not enhance the prestige of the present House of Commons or bring additional authority to the Government's plea for restraint. Of the many uncertainties connected with the coming election, one thing at least is becoming obvious and this is that money—viewed from every conceivable angle—will be a hotly debated issue.

The government, quite legitimately, claims a great deal of credit for the striking change in Britain's balance of payments which has turned from a deficit to a surplus account. But the heavy cost of this operation is seldom mentioned and figures given are far from complete. Much emphasis is being placed on foreign debt repayment within the last fifteen months. This is a welcome process. In his Budget speech the Chancellor of Exchequer said: 'Our outstanding short and medium-term debt, expressed in dollars as it

usually is for purposes of foreign exchange dealing and settlement, has come down from over eight thousand million dollars to under four thousand million dollars . . . Assistance under short-term facilities of the swap variety is down from over four thousand million dollars to 800 million dollars.' So, despite a truly impressive effort, there still remains the equivalent of 4,800 thousand million dollars or exactly two thousand million pounds sterling to repay. But Mr. Jenkins did not bother to specify whether his reference to 'swap variety' only covered such a type of transactions with the U.S.A. alone or whether it also included the central banks of other countries. He did not even mention the loans repayable over longer periods, e.g. to the United States and Canada which total nearly another two thousand million pounds and which require annual repayments of interest and principal of about 80 million pounds.

The Budget figures and the debate that followed gave the impression that a spring election was out of the question and Mr. Wilson would decide to go to the polls in October—perhaps in the last resort in the spring of 1971. But towards the end of April the growing bitterness of pre-electoral oratory of both the leading Government and Opposition Spokesmen; the Premier's violent personal attacks on Mr. Heath and a puzzling series of Government interferences with free speech—coupled with its odd application to the press of the Official Secrets Act; finally the impact of two opinion polls which seemed to favour the Socialists, combined to revive a strong rumour that Mr. Wilson would decide to have an election before this summer. Thus not only the eventual election result, but the very election date constitutes an even greater uncertainty than before. Of the obvious issues, we have already mentioned monetary problems as one of them. Industrial anarchy would certainly constitute another. The Common Market may easily become an important issue. With the ever growing crime wave, 'law and order' is sure to loom largely in the fight. So would race relations, national defence, foreign policy and, perhaps, Ulster. The experts still believe that Mr. Wilson will choose October, but who can say?

Though the 'off year' elections in the U.S.A. are not due until Tuesday, November 3, almost all coming developments must be viewed as pre-electoral moves. This applies as much to the handling of the war in the Far East as it does to the principal domestic issues, such as inflation, the negro question, student anarchy, crime and urban reform. Since the whole of the House of Representatives, one-third of the Senate (35 seats this year) and a substantial proportion of state posts—35 Governors, including New York, Mayors, Judges and other officials down to the proverbial municipal dog-catcher—come up for election this November, it is naturally a matter of the greatest importance to the President that his position should become strengthened or at least maintained in preparation for the Presidential elections of 1972. Until recently it looked as if Mr. Nixon would have a good chance of winning control over one of the two Chambers, or even both, this November. With the Democrats leaderless and in disarray; with the old coalition between liberal Democrats and liberal Republicans severely shaken; with the 'conservative' views of Vice-President Agnew apparently gaining much

support throughout the nation, the coming 'off year' elections seemed promising for the President.

But all of a sudden the situation has undergone a change. Twice the old liberal coalition in the Senate has managed to reject his candidates for a vacant seat on the Supreme Court. His reports, comments and promises concerning not only the war in Vietnam but also growing involvement in Laos and Cambodia are unimpressive. There is the same credibility gap as there was during the last two years of President Johnson. There is also a growing credibility gap as regards the government's fight against inflation. So far this struggle has produced the maximum of difficulties, uncertainties and inconvenience, but no positive results. The slowing down of business is serious, yet nobody knows whether this will turn into a recession or whether such a development can be avoided. There is a fairly general assumption that the President cannot afford a recession on the eve of elections and that therefore there is bound to be a reversal of policy before long. Despite the logic of this argument, there is no certainty that Mr. Nixon and his advisors either can or are anxious to abandon the present policy of credit restrictions and dear money. Meanwhile prices are rising at great speed, the various claims for wage increases are enormous, the balance of payments deficit is predicted to reach a record total and there is little doubt that the Budget, far from achieving even the smallest of surpluses, will reveal a considerable gap. The American economy is inherently so strong that it can overcome any difficulties. But the present situation, both political and economic, is not as propitious to the President from an electoral point of view as it seemed only a few months ago.

As to the Common Market countries, each of them has headaches of its own. In Italy, after ten weeks of fruitless political haggling, Signor Rumor has succeeded in rebuilding his old precarious coalition. The new government is even weaker than its predecessor, since not only are there fundamental divisions between the parties composing it but also within the parties themselves. The country is plagued by strikes and there has been a considerable flight of capital. And yet, miraculously enough, the reserves are growing. This is largely due to good exports, tourist spending and the thrift of Italian workers abroad (over 600,000 in Switzerland alone) who remit foreign currency to their families. The strong and able team running the Banca d'Italia deserves much praise for keeping the position on an even keel.

On April 21 the French Finance Minister, Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, proudly announced that the two years of economic uncertainty were over at last. He reported that the 1.55 thousand million dollars of short-term debts to foreign central banks had been fully repaid; that France's reserves were once again growing at a record rate, and that he could now begin to dismantle the various controls which had been imposed step by step after the riots of June 1968. The public will, no doubt, enjoy the increase of tourist allowances while the business community will welcome a certain reduction in credit restrictions. But there is still a long way to go. As the Finance Minister pointed out, there is a medium-term debt of 985 million

dollars to pay off to the International Monetary Fund and about 387 million dollars to French commercial banks. These are large amounts, but on the whole the economy is performing much better than could have been expected a year ago. Occasional sporadic strikes still bother the public, but the intensity of political strain and the frequency of students' riots have much diminished. The popularity and authority of President Pompidou has visibly grown. The only thing that seems beyond control is the continuous sharp rise in prices. Food, public services and other necessities keep on going up, and the fact that this is now a universal phenomenon does not make the plight of those with a small fixed income any easier.

The Federal Republic of Germany appears as something of a paradox. The economy is booming, expansion continues unabated and yet the country is afflicted by all the same inflationary difficulties as its Common Market partners or most other nations. The cost of living is rising, interest rates are high and the government's efforts at stabilisation have so far shown little success. More than any other nation the Germans know what inflation means. They have been through it several times and there are still enough people around who experienced the full horrible impact of it between 1918 and 1923. The spectacular return to prosperity since the end of the Second World War and the constant expansion of it have come to be regarded as a permanency. But the price of this is the creation of a new inflationary situation and a most unhealthy inflationary mentality. The authorities and the leading bankers are very much aware of this.

A change has come to the northern countries which for so many years had been Europe's quiet corner. Taken as a group, they have been going through the hopes and disappointments of a plan to create a customs union of their own under the name of 'Nordek' embracing Denmark, Finland, Norway and Sweden. The cultural, social and economic co-operation between these four countries had advanced so rapidly, and commercial relations between them had grown in such spectacular fashion during the sixties, that the idea of institutionalising all this looked, on the face of things, most promising. A team of exceptionally able top civil servants, appointed by each of the four governments, have managed to work out a plan which is both imaginative and practical from a purely economic point of view. But it was not the task of these excellent civil servants to deal with political and personal imponderables of the plan, while their respective governments either ignored this aspect of the problem or else took far too much for granted. In foreign policy, in matters of national defence and chief of all in national character the four countries differ a very great deal from each other. These differences are traditional and profound.

The draft treaty was ready for signature when unpleasant realities suddenly caught up with the four governments, showing the impossibility of proceeding as had been expected. In December, 1969, at The Hague Conference the Common Market declared its readiness for talks with Great Britain, Eire, Denmark and Norway concerning their eventual admission as members. A few days later, on December 8, the government of Finland announced that it could no longer participate in the 'Nordek' negotiations.

Later, it stated that it would return to the negotiating table but reserved the right to withdraw if any member of 'Nordek' joined the Common Market. In March of this year, after a change of government following an election, the Finns again announced that they could not sign the treaty. For their part, Denmark and Norway are anxious to enter the Common Market and have no difficulties of a political nature, since they are members of N.A.T.O. Moreover, they are beginning to realise that it would be impossible for them to become members of two customs unions simultaneously or to conduct two sets of simultaneous negotiations. The position of Sweden is ambivalent; because of their traditional neutrality—now usually called 'Freedom from alliances'—they cannot accept the political implications of full membership of the Common Market. Nor are they willing to turn 'Nordek' into 'Skandek' by revising the draft treaty which would establish a customs union of the three Scandinavian states without Finland. Norway, likewise, is against the 'Skandek' plan. For the time being, at any rate, economic co-operation between the northern countries will have to continue without being institutionalised. All this has provided much excitement and controversy in Copenhagen, Oslo and Stockholm.

But there are also other reasons why Sweden, which is the largest of the three countries, is by no means quiet nowadays. She was for decades the model of perfect industrial relations. The close personal collaboration between the leaders of the trade union top organisation and the Employers' Federation resulted in the avoidance of strikes and made it possible to conduct the frequent negotiations for substantial wage increases in a friendly atmosphere. Successive socialist governments knew how to work in a constructive fashion with the business community, while the Bank of Sweden maintained very peaceful relations with the commercial banks. But this climate of mutual respect and comprehension has vanished completely. All of a sudden there have been some ugly strikes in a number of leading industrial firms, the worst of them in L.K.A.B.—the government-owned mines in the north, the manager of which is a socialist former diplomat. All of a sudden the unions, the employers and the government no longer feel friendly towards each other. And there is an open state of war, surprising in its violence, between the Bank of Sweden and the commercial banks. Capital is leaving the country. Many public figures and the press in Sweden constantly speak of a crisis of confidence. These things should not be overdramatised. But it is undeniable that the human climate is very different from what it was only a year ago.

There is another subject which is now very much in the foreground of international discussion, and that is civil aviation. The continuous hijacking of planes; terrorism in the air; sabotage and discrimination, constitute one group of problems dramatically affecting the *safety* of air travel. But there is also another group of questions, strikingly emphasised by the growing *discomforts* of air travel. On the first issue, oddly enough, governments are unwilling or incapable of acting together promptly and effectively. Not even the blowing up in mid-air of a Swiss airplane has brought about any determined counter measures, except some rather fatuous steps to

tighten up security on the ground. How could ground control, for instance, fail to detect samurai swords on the Japanese students? And what else is needed to wake up the authorities involved?

As to discomfort on the ground before departure and on arrival, most companies continue to be profoundly indifferent to what their passengers have to go through. Endless walks along endless ramps or corridors or staircases, irritating small bus rides on the tarmac, the absence of porters or as often as not of luggage pushcarts, long queueing and delays because the same counters have to deal with large groups of package-holiday makers and with individual passengers (who only want to get to one destination)—these instances of bad planning and poor organisation could be multiplied ad infinitum. Why can the ever-efficient K.L.M. have rolling carpets at its large airport at Schiphol or Swissair at its much smaller one in Geneva, while Heathrow, Orly, Rome, Milan, Brussels, Copenhagen and Stockholm are the very epitome of what a modern airport should *not* be like? The gradual introduction of the giant jumbo jet 747 at a time when most European airports are not yet ready for it, seems, to say the least of it, premature. The first trial flight from New York to London was beset by many troubles. But, as was proudly announced at the time, it took the passengers and crew 'only' one hour from the moment they landed at Heathrow to the time when they could board the buses taking them to London. After the briefest of Atlantic crossings, the need of one hour to 'cross' Heathrow seems somewhat disproportionate. The only thing that functioned well on that occasion was the Strand Palace Hotel, but this had nothing to do with the various aviation authorities involved. At the moment it seems that Paris and Amsterdam will be the first two European airports capable of handling the huge new machines and their hundreds of passengers in a civilised manner.

No firms treating their clients in the way that the air companies treat their passengers on the ground would stay in business very long. During the flight, champagne and caviare meals for first-class passengers or even the nicest of stewards and stewardesses in the economy class, are not an adequate compensation for the trials and tribulations that precede or follow a journey by air. K.L.M. and Swissair are the happy exceptions and should be mentioned as such.

The sensational and thrilling moonflight in April does not, strictly speaking, come under the heading of aviation. But at least it was well planned, perfectly organised and meticulously carried out.

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[1] The date of the General Election, June 18, has been announced since the above article went to press.

THE REFORM OF LOCAL GOVERNMENT IN ENGLAND

by F. D. Littlewood

AS my title suggests I am concerned in this article about how the British Public will take the reform being planned for their domestic government. First, it was only England (outside London) that was dealt with between the red covers of the Redcliffe-Maud Report[1] (often mistakenly referred to as the Maud Report), though steps are being taken to bring about a reorganisation in Scotland and Wales also.

One of the few things generally agreed is that reform is urgently needed. Further, unless something is brought about soon local government will have decayed beyond hope, and England will be ruled in its daily life by a bureaucracy based on Whitehall with out-stations in various regions. On the whole the British public have reacted in their usual way to local government affairs—with resigned apathy; and with a curious illogical faith that all will turn out right in the end, but in the meantime everybody should concentrate on keeping the rates down. There is possibly a little malicious enjoyment to be had in seeing local authorities in their various groupings flexing their muscles, looking at each other with suspicion, and taking up attitudes for the battle that is about to begin.

Local government in its long history has been largely a matter of growth; the hundreds and shires are older than Parliament; in early days apart from custom it depended largely on charters from the Crown; and therefore influence and immediate need were more important than logic; local government was only given form by statute relatively late in life; it has not had a thorough-going overhaul since the last century. Still struggling to grow, the system—if the typically British confusion can be called such—met the additional burdens and strains of two world wars in a truly remarkable way. Post-war development and pace of life, with the increase of party-politics in local affairs have made it clear that reform is vital. Notwithstanding this, local government has coped in a fashion with many contemporary problems.

Soon after the end of the Second World War a Commission was set up under the Chairmanship of Sir Malcom Trustram Eve to review local government boundaries. This body was abruptly disbanded after the publication of the second annual report. Reference to the work done is difficult to trace anywhere in the Redcliffe-Maud Report. The early and sudden demise of this body was put down in some quarters to the theory that Sir Malcom and his colleagues found they could not alter boundaries without dealing with functions and these were not in the brief given them by the then Minister of Health (Rt. Hon. Aneurin Bevan). One idea however that was produced, unpopular at the time, is still against present trends but could yet conceivably see the light of day—the 'most-purpose' as opposed to the 'all-purpose' authority.

After some years' gap, the Local Government Commission for England was set up under the Local Government Act, 1958, with Sir Henry Hancock

as Chairman. This Commission examined, held conferences and produced reports in respect of the most of the country—all, except London and the South-East. However, after some of its recommendations had been implemented, it too was suspended on the grounds that the piecemeal methods required by the Act under which it was established were quite inadequate.

Then came two Committees which were appointed at the behest of the local authorities, one on Management[2] and the other on Staffing,[3] both of which issued reports in 1967.

The results of this great mass of evidence from Ministries, associations, local authorities themselves and individuals was studied by the Redcliffe-Maud Commission. The set-up which the Commission had to examine on their appointment in June, 1966, consisted of (not counting Parish Councils) 79 County Boroughs, 45 Counties, 227 Non-County Boroughs, 449 Urban Districts; 410 Rural Districts—a total of just over 1,200 authorities, the administrative division being major authorities—the County Boroughs and County Councils, the latter sharing the work with the 1,086 others known collectively as District Councils. Whilst the County Boroughs are all-purpose, the division of responsibility between County and District is broadly: County Councils undertake police, fire, planning, roads and traffic, education, health, welfare and children; District Councils, some individually able to claim some roads, deal with sewage, sewage-disposal, and housing together with various environmental public health functions, nuisances, cleaning and refuse collection. The District Councils also have charge of matters like parks, swimming-baths and other amenities. There is a wide range of overlapping, and depending on size opportunities exist for the District Councils to wrest functions from the County Councils and to obtain, often on disagreeable terms, a measure of delegation and a limited administration in respect of some of the more important services, notably education, planning and health. The District Councils also collect the rates and are precepted on the County Council for their share—usually the lion's.

In June, 1969, the Commission reported (in three volumes and a dissenting memorandum) that the local government areas did not fit present-day life, that the fragmentation of jurisdiction often led to an atmosphere of hostility between authorities, that the whole complex local government machinery was often irrelevant, impotent, frustrating, and should be replaced by an entirely new structure. The Commission in particular felt that what was tantamount to a division of England into town and country was out of date, that the existing system was falling into contempt, and that the delegation by County Councils to District Councils was a failure. Basically the Commission felt that what was wanted was that England (outside London) should be divided into 61 new local government areas, each covering town and country. In 58 a single authority should be responsible for all services. In the three very large and, for some purposes, indivisible metropolitan areas around Birmingham, Liverpool and Manchester, responsibility for services should be divided in each case between a metropolitan authority whose key functions would be planning, transportation, and major development, and a number of metropolitan district authorities whose main functions would be

education, the personal social services, health and housing.

These 61 new local government areas should be grouped, together with Greater London, in eight provinces, each with its own provincial council. Provincial councils should be elected by the authorities in their areas and metropolitan areas (including, in the south-east, the Greater London authorities) but should also include co-opted members. The duty of these councils would be to settle the provincial strategy and planning framework within which the main authorities must operate. They would replace the present regional economic planning councils and collaborate with central government in the economic and social development of each province. They would therefore play an essential part in the future adaptation of local government to the changes in ways of life and movement that time and technical progress will bring.

Below, as it were, the new authorities which the Commission without naming them referred to as 'unitary authorities', there was to be elected when thought necessary 'local councils' not to provide main services but to promote and watch over the particular interests of communities in city, town and village. These local councils although having no duties, were to be able 'to put fresh life into the rural parish and give communities in cities and towns new kinds of opportunity to speak and take action for themselves.'

What was the reaction to this? Those authorities who thought it served their interests best said 'Good!'; those whom it didn't suit so well said otherwise. It will be, however, for the Government of the day (and those who will have influence on it) to make the final decision and introduce the necessary legislation—popular or unpopular.

Upon publication of the Commission's Report, apart from the political parties (now becoming more and more involved) the larger pressures came (and will mostly come) from the local authority organisations. These are the Association of Municipal Corporations (A.M.C.), the County Councils Association (C.C.A.), the Urban and Rural District Associations. These bodies, like the Parish Councils' Association, all expressed their views primarily at that stage directed at influencing Whitehall whilst the Government's White Paper was being prepared. Broadly the Association of Municipal Corporations, which embraces all the chartered cities and boroughs from immense Birmingham to tiny Great Torrington, said they liked the general underlying principles of the Report but wanted greater flexibility and more unitary authorities. The County Councils' Association seemed to be somewhat divided. The Urban District Councils didn't care for it. The Rural District Councils, as they were to be abolished by the recommendations, were against it.

The Associations, give and take a little, have always been, at any rate up to now, largely non-political bodies, and it was on this basis no doubt they dealt with the Report which from its very character was non-political, and all shades of party opinion could comment, criticise and discuss it without party disloyalty.

But what did the political parties think? The Labour Party produced a pamphlet which gave the Report support, emphasising approval of the

proposal that members of Councils should be paid. The Conservatives did not make their views known so quickly; in fact they were to be taunted later by a Socialist Minister for their 'deafening silence'. Then all became relatively quiet as the Government White Paper was awaited.

This was published in early February, 1970.[4] Then, perhaps to state the obvious, the Redcliffe-Maud Report, whilst still rising in stature as a monument, became more of academic interest compared with a declaration of proposed legislation by a Government in office—and one facing an election before bringing it about. Whilst in the White Paper provision was made for consultations, a timetable was set out leading to the introduction of a Bill in the 1971/72 session of Parliament with new authorities to be elected in 1973.

Broadly the Government adopted the Redcliffe-Maud recommendations—but not completely. Differences appeared in several vital respects. The White Paper stressed rather obviously there was 'no right solution' to the problem and went on to affirm that unless local government were organised in large enough units to meet the technical and administrative services required, its power and with it the power of local democracy would diminish. 'The Government intend, on the contrary, that it should be strengthened.' But the White Paper then stated, with regard to the recommended Provincial Councils, that 'it would be premature' to reach conclusions on these until the Commission on the Constitution[5] had reported, so in the meantime increasing use of the Regional Economic Planning Councils (appointed bodies) would be made. The Government using the term 'unitary' and 'metropolitan' areas as a matter of convenience and not permanent labels, the White Paper provided for two more 'metropolitan' areas—one in the West Riding and the other covering the Southampton/Portsmouth area. In consequence of this, though reinforcing the Commission's recommendation as to their being the main instrument of local government, the unitary areas were reduced to 51.

When the Commission's proposals were published, it was clear that the proposed 'local councils' had few friends, and whilst the White Paper acknowledged 'there has been much public debate, some of it markedly sceptical . . .' the Government proposed to persevere with the idea. Pleading that these councils would help to remove remoteness, and emphasising they would have a worth-while job to do, the Government rejected the Commission's recommendation that they might play a part in the provision of major services, and listed a few of the things they might tackle. These varied from parks and village greens to footpath lighting, from dance halls and theatres to public conveniences. The local councils would pay for these local amenities out of money raised locally for them by the main authority. The first local councils would be the existing local authorities.

In the five populous and important metropolitan areas the White Paper made only one—but an important—change,—education which the Government saw as a function of the upper-tier authority, along with planning of land-use and transportation, the settling of policies for housing, building and rents; leaving the metropolitan district council insofar as housing is concerned with building within the policy framework, house management and other housing powers.

Before referring to some of the comments that have been made on the White Paper, some general matters should be mentioned. First the National Health Service. The Commission had welcomed a proposal in a Green Paper[6] published whilst they were at work, that the administration of the hospital, general practitioner and local health services should be brought together. The medical profession of course, have been for many years, still are and perhaps always will be extremely hostile to anything like this. However the Government made it clear that such an arrangement was, in their view, impracticable and promised a further Green Paper. This has now been published and is described by its friends briefly as being a lighter green.

The White Paper left the all-important financial problems untouched—a further Green Paper is promised later in the year. Until how dark this is seen to be, the ratepayer really won't know where he stands, except this, that while supplementary sources of local revenue will be examined, the Government believe rates must remain the principal local tax.

On a somewhat related topic, the Government came down against payment for members, merely agreeing that there ought to be an improvement in allowances so that men and women with small incomes should not be debarred from serving in local government. All this is not likely to bring much satisfaction to those who thought well of the Labour Party's 'Principles for Local Government Reform in England' where a lump sum of between £800 and £1,000 in addition to travelling and subsistence was proposed.

There is really no connection between the two, but as Aldermen go out, Ombudsmen come in. Perhaps that much distant from the electorate and on the whole, till recent political usage, mainly elder statesmen, aldermen could raise an unpopular voice if need be. No champion however seems to have stepped forward yet to urge their retention. The ten or more Ombudsmen are to have complaints routed to them through the councillors and, although some criticism persists, on the whole they seem to have had quite a pleasant welcome.

A bigger welcome however will be given to the proposal to set up a Local Government Staff Commission whose function will not only safeguard the existing staff, but help in the recruiting of staff for the new authorities.

The White Paper promised to free local government from all unnecessary central controls, and a whole section is devoted to the relationship between central and local government. The 'most irksome' form of control—that over borrowing—is acknowledged, but the no doubt genuine intentions as to a thorough review are put off to the later Green Paper. Still, economics have so many aspects of national importance that it would be a mistake to expect too much. However, the non-financial controls should be an easier matter; there has been much good work already done in this field which should enable the Government to get under way with this without waiting for the new structure to be fought over and implemented, although the White Paper points out that it will be easier to do this with the much reduced number of local authorities planned—'no serious decentralisation is possible with the present mosaic pattern of authorities with populations ranging from 1,500 to over a million'.

As I write this rather sketchy account—as it must be in the time and space available—all concerned stand ready to hear the White Paper debated in the House of Commons. Some will have made known their preliminary viewpoints, others may wait.

Mr. Peter Walker, chief Opposition spokesman, took the view that it would have been much better to have had the Crowther Report before that of Redcliffe-Maud. The Conservative Party expressed a wish to bring in a sensible measure of local government reform. It would appear they too will provide for genuine delegation of power from central to local government but emphasise, more strangely perhaps than the present Government, that the bottom tier 'local councils' should be properly defined and be of real importance.

The A.M.C. felt that their initial acceptance of a radical reform of local government along the lines the main principles of the Commission's Report subject to a degree of flexibility, will have to be reviewed in the light of the rigidity of the White Paper, and the limited reduction rather than the increase in the number of unitary authorities. Further—and supremely important—jurisdiction at regional or provincial level must be rooted in democracy, and not in any appointed body.

The C.C.A. may well share the A.M.C.'s views on the maintenance of democracy, and whilst they seem to approve of any changes that increase the area of two-tier local government, thought the boundaries round the metropolitan authorities of Birmingham, Liverpool and Manchester have not been drawn tight enough.

The Rural District and Urban District Councils' Associations in a joint statement said they were strenuously opposed to the unitary system which would be an erosion of democracy, and hoped for a greatly strengthened two-tier system. They see no merit in the local councils as proposed by the Redcliffe-Maud Commission, and significantly point out the Government—like the Commission indeed—have made no attempt to compare the cost of the proposed system, with all the change-round involved, with what local government costs today. Heroically, the Parish Councils seemed to rejoice in the emphasis on the local councils and the movement towards 'grass roots', democracy or public participation.

I have had to omit all references to Mr. Derek Senior's Memorandum of Dissent. He was a member of the Royal Commission and his Memorandum is worthy of most careful study. It has supporters, who may as time goes by increase. In the meantime the White Paper did not take it any further and its proposals (which ran against the all-purpose local authority and preferred a predominantly two-tier system with 35 directly elected regional authorities for overall matters and 148 district authorities for others) are not in the short list for legislation. Similarly reference has not been made to the Seebohm Committee, whose work in relation to local authorities and allied Personal Social Services should be studied alongside that of the Royal Commission.

To the man at his work and the woman at home (or vice versa) the really significant thing about all this is that it is not due to become effective till 1973, after an election in which a change of Government could conceivably

happen.

Postscript

The debates on the White Paper took place in February and March in the House of Commons and the House of Lords respectively, and the Associations have since discussed the outcome. I see no reason to change what I have written. Two things are clear; the present Government are going steadily ahead with their programme of consultations to bring their White Paper into legislative effect in accordance with the time-table they indicated. The Opposition party too are now committed to introduce legislation, but not perhaps so deeply. On the whole, in the local government world the White Paper has come under attack mainly for whittling away the Commission's proposals, the most active opposition coming from the A.M.C. who, with their strong traditions, resent a threatened enlargement of a central bureaucracy into undemocratic regional bodies. In the meantime, if the recent Greater London elections were anything to go by, the apathy of the public at large continues.

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[1]Report of the Royal Commission on Local Government in England 1966-1969 (Cmd. 4040 H.M.S.O. 1969). Chairman: Sir John Maud, created Baron Redcliffe-Maud, 1967.

[2]The Report of the Committee of Management of Local Government. H.M.S.O. 1967. (The Mallaby Report.)

[3]The Report of the Committee on Staffing of Local Government. H.M.S.O. 1967. (The Maud Report.)

[4]Reform of Local Government in England. (Cmd. 4276.) H.M.S.O. 1970.

[5]The 'Crowther' Commission—now in course of taking evidence.

[6]Report of the Committee on Local Authority and Allied Personal Social Services. H.M.S.O. 1968.

[Mr. F. D. Littlewood, O.B.E., formerly Town Clerk of Cheltenham, was one of the four Town Clerks invited by the Minister of Housing and Local Government in 1962 to conduct discussions with the local authorities on the future pattern of the London Boroughs. He is Honorary Secretary of the Non-County Boroughs Committee of England and Wales.]

THE DEBATE ON CO-OWNERSHIP

by Paul Derrick

THE Liberal Party has again repudiated its 1968 report on industrial ownership, *Partners at Work*, and Liberal candidates at the coming election will need to be able to explain why this report was rejected and why the earlier 1962 report was preferred. As was pointed out at the Assembly, all Liberals are agreed about the general idea of co-ownership or partnership; the differences only arise when the details come to be worked out. The delegates to the 1969 Liberal Assembly had three alternatives to choose from; *Partners at Work*, the 1962 report and an amendment from the Young Liberals.

In *Partners at Work* it was proposed that workers should become members of the companies for which they work and that they should, as workers, be entitled to one-quarter of the votes at the Annual General Meeting. This proposal for workers' participation in the election of the Board of Directors was clearly similar to the German legislation giving wage earners the right to elect one-third of the members of the Supervisory Council which, in Germany, appoints the Board of Management of a company. But whereas the German legislation applies only to companies employing 500 or more workers the Liberal report proposed that all companies employing fifty or more people should be required to give their workers one-quarter of the votes at the Annual General Meeting with power to elect one-quarter of the Directors by single transferable vote.

The report *Partners at Work* further proposed that a 75 per cent majority should be required for certain major decisions so that the workers' representatives, though a minority on the Board, would have effective power in policy making. But the report also proposed that wage earners should be issued with vote-carrying bonus shares as a result of their participation in profits; and made the further remarkable proposal that such bonus shares should be issued, to workers and to existing shareholders, in respect of *all* undistributed profits and that there should be no allocation to general reserve. *All* profits would be capitalised. The shares issued to the workers would be held for the time being by a trust on their behalf; but they would have full voting rights and would receive the dividends. It is argued that the issue of these shares to the workers would mean that they would acquire an increasing proportion of the shares and that after they had acquired sufficient shares, through bonus issues and through buying on the market, to have parity of voting power with the outside shareholders, their voting rights as workers and in virtue of their employment would be reduced. The report proposed that when the workers held half the shares in the company for which they worked their voting rights as workers would cease to exist. The object seems to have been to create a company in which the employees held most of the shares; and when they had, over a period of years, acquired over half the shares they would cease to exercise voting power *as workers* though they would continue to share in the profits of the company *as workers*. The

proposals in *Partners at Work* thus appear to have been a compromise between those who wanted workers to become shareholders by a gradual acquisition of shares, as with Sears Roebuck and with Kalamazoo; and those who believed that workers should participate in control as workers and because they are workers and in addition to any share they may have in control as shareholders.

It seems that this was the main point at issue in a rather confused debate at the 1969 Liberal Assembly at Brighton. One speaker after another supported an amendment from Cheadle, largely on the grounds that workers should participate in the control of industry as workers and because they are workers and irrespective of any shares they may hold. It seems that it was this issue that induced a substantial majority of delegates to reject *Partners at Work* and to approve the Cheadle amendment which endorsed a Liberal report, published in 1962, that had proposed that wage earners should have equal voting power with shareholders at the Annual Representative Meetings of companies at which both shareholders and workers would be represented.

This is the policy that was approved by the 1969 Liberal Assembly. An amendment to it calling for 'workers' control' and for the 'employment of capital by labour' was moved on behalf of the National League of Young Liberals but was rejected, probably partly because the Young Liberals did not appear to be as strongly represented as they have sometimes be n in the past but perhaps also because some of the older members of the party have reservations about the implications of the phrase 'workers' control'.

Thus, in spite of all the work they have done on the question of industrial ownership during the last seven years, the Liberals are left with essentially the same policy that they had in 1962. In this they go somewhat further than the Labour Party which merely proposes that workers should be *members* of the companies for which they work and receive copies of the Annual Report but which appears to have doubts about the election of directors by workers.

Moreover the Liberal proposals go further in the direction of workers' participation in control than the Germans have done so far although many trade unionists and Social Democrats believe that workers should have equal representation with shareholders on the Supervisory Councils of companies and not, as at present, only in the coal and steel industries. The Coalition Government of Social Democrats and Free Democrats has, however, not proposed further legislation along these lines because the Free Democrats in Germany are significantly less enthusiastic about partnership in industry than Liberals in Britain. The Liberal proposals, nevertheless, cannot really be described as 'Co-ownership' because they do not make any provision for workers' participation in company earnings as distinct from control. They are simply a form of 'co-determination'; and the argument in the 1962 report was that if workers have voting power equal to that of shareholders they will be able to ensure that they receive a fair share of the profits. This is open to question. Shareholders of big companies today do not usually exercise any very decisive influence on company policy and it is doubtful whether workers' representation on boards of directors would have

a significant effect on the division of company earnings as between workers and shareholders, or do have one in the German coal and steel companies.

In one way *Partners at Work* went much further than the 1962 report in the direction of Co-ownership for it proposed that company profits should be shared equally between workers and shareholders after the payment of an initial return of 5 per cent on capital; and that wage earners should have an opportunity to negotiate for a higher proportion of surplus earnings. In this the proposals in *Partners at Work* were similar to the Vallon legislation in France and they were, indeed, a compromise between the advocates of equal representation for workers and shareholders and the advocates of the gradual acquisition of shares on behalf of workers.

The Liberal Assembly preferred the Cheadle amendment with its rather simpler demand for equal voting between workers and shareholders after an interim period; and a call for 'agreement' on the distribution of profits without any prescribed ratio and an acceptance of employee shareholding if agreement can be reached on it. It also preferred the Cheadle amendment to that of the Young Liberals. The latter was in general terms but went substantially further in a socialist direction. Here there was no reference to profit-sharing between workers and shareholders but to the employment of capital by labour—that is to say that capital should be *hired* by labour for a limited return. This amounts to something very close to the form of industrial ownership pioneered by co-operative productive societies which are very much stronger in some other countries—such as France, Italy and India—than they are in Britain.

In the co-operative productive societies in Britain, such as Equity Shoes Ltd. of Leicester, the whole of the Board of Directors may be elected by the equal vote of the workers, for in a co-operative society there is no question of voting in proportion to shares held. Nor is there any question of profit-sharing between workers and shareholders, for the return paid on capital is limited. In many of the productive societies in Britain, however, surplus revenues are shared between workers and consumers. It is apparently an arrangement of this kind that was being demanded by the National League of Young Liberals—a wider application of the co-operative principle of a limited return on capital and effective control by workers with equal voting power. In some ways the amendment from the Young Liberals was the most interesting proposition about co-ownership discussed at the 1969 Liberal Assembly and it was supported by Mr. Christopher Layton, the party's expert on economic affairs. It may have reminded some Liberals of the system of Employee Partnership developed by the late Mr. Harry Valder in New Zealand, commended by the Liberal Yellow Book in 1928 and described by Wickham Steed in *A Way to Social Peace* in 1933. This also involved the limitation of the return as well as the liability of the shareholder.

The resolution from the Young Liberals at the Liberal Assembly put forward ideas not dissimilar from those I developed in my pamphlet *Socialism in the Seventies*? published by the Co-operative Party early this

(Continued on page 320)

THE REDUNDANT MURDER

by George Floris

LORD Moyne's murderers wanted to avenge my death. It happened more than a quarter of a century ago that two young terrorists stopped Winston Churchill's friend and close associate from growing into one of the elder statesmen of our age by pumping three bullets into him in front of his Cairo residence. At 64, the former Walter Edward Guinness, the son of the first Lord Iveagh, had a considerable military, political and administrative career behind him. Experienced in food administration and familiar with matters of East and West, he might have played a considerable part during the hungry early post-war years, had he been permitted to stay alive.

I first read about his murder in the *Völkischer Beobachter* during the early days of 1945, after a hazardous escape from a German concentration camp a month or two before. It was in December 1944 that they deported me from Budapest to Germany because of my Jewish origin. Soon after our arrival I succeeded in giving my gaolers the slip and managed to spend the rest of the war in the comparative comfort of a hostel for 'voluntary foreign workers'. I was made to work in the *Bayerische Motoren Werke* in Allach near Munich under my proper name but an assumed 'race'. My forcible departure had been noted in Budapest, but not my subsequent escape. So, after the war, at my former place of work I came to be listed as one of the 'murdered victims' of Nazi persecution.

But what did all this concern Lord Moyne? Let me give the basic facts in a nutshell. The Hungarian Jews, seasoned as they had been to official anti-semitism during Admiral Horthy's 25 years of counter-revolutionary administration were cast, by the arrival of the Gestapo and the S.S. on March 19, 1944, from the frying pan into the fire. The desperate situation of the Hungarian Jews and the increasingly more and more desperate position of the Germans themselves mutually interacted to give birth to a truly desperate proposition. According to its terms the lives of the Hungarian Jews—perhaps the lives of all Jews still living under German occupation—were to be bartered in exchange for 10,000 army lorries and other essential goods.

The Germans had sufficient trust in the possible success of the scheme that they supplied with the necessary exit permits two Hungarian Jews in order to set the negotiations with the Western Powers into motion. One of them was Joel Brand, a leading Zionist, the other Bandi Grosz, an intimate of the Germans. They left Budapest for Istanbul on May 17, 1944. Having suffered adventures and detentions, the inevitable fate of war-time travellers across frontlines, they finally arrived in Cairo. The British there clamped Bandi Grosz unceremoniously behind barbed wire, while Joel Brand was eventually admitted into Lord Moyne's courteous yet negative presence. So, Lord Moyne became the highest Allied official to be contacted directly with the 'lorries in exchange for Jews' proposal.

Meanwhile in Hungary, in the absence of any positive answer to the

German suggestions, the position of the Jews further deteriorated. The situation was aggravated by the fact that the two Jewish emissaries had not returned within the agreed fourteen days. That was a good excuse for Adolf Eichmann to step up deportations and the gas-chambers in Auschwitz were busier than ever, despite the incessant though mainly futile Jewish remonstrations with German and Hungarian officials.

The fate of Hungarian Jews turned from bad to worse after none of the momentous Allied successes during the summer of 1944—the liberation of France in the West and the Rumanian surrender in the East—brought about any considerable relaxation of the German hold over Hungary. They faced their worst crisis when, on October 15 of the same year, after his failure to conclude an armistice behind their back, the Germans removed the hesitating old Admiral Horthy from power and replaced him by Ferenc Szálasi who was to act as Hitler's last-ditch vassal. No sooner did the notorious Arrow Cross leader gain the upper hand in Budapest than his strong-arm gangs of Hungarian desperadoes began their reign of terror among the already segregated, thus much exposed, Jewish population. The sporadic fear-inspired resistance in a few yellow star-marked 'Jewish houses' merely added oil to the fire of hate. Summary executions, deportations and death marches were the destiny of thousands of victims. It looked as though Hungarian Jewry, Theodor Herzl's closer community and the last surviving large Jewish reservoir in Eastern Europe, would perish to the last man.

The news travelled fast over frontlines and frontiers all the way to Palestine where quite a number of Hungarian Jews had friends and relatives by then. It was at that point that it must have been decided that Lord Moyne —the man who had pronounced the final 'No' to the rescue deal—should be punished. The verdict was followed by quick execution. At about 3 p.m. on November 6, 1944, Lord Moyne, Minister for the Middle East in Churchill's government, was shot to death by two young Jews in Cairo on the Gezira island of the Nile when he was about to alight from his car. With him was killed his army chauffeur, Fuller, but his secretary, Miss Osmonde, sitting next to him in the car, remained unhurt.

The two attackers tried to escape on their bicycles. An Egyptian police constable gave chase on his motorbicycle and soon apprehended them. Upon their arrest they did not even attempt to conceal that they had acted as the assigned executioners of the Palestine underground organisation *Lohami Cherut Israel*, 'Fighters for Israel's Liberation'. It was the group that had earlier seceded from the *Irgun Zvai Leumi*, 'National Military Organisation', under the leadership of the rebel poet Abraham Stern and hence it became better known as the 'Stern Gang'.

In front of the Court, presided over by the Egyptian judge Mahmoud Mansour Bey, the accused sought to dissociate themselves from the customary Zionist line. Mosche Cohen Itzak and Chaim Salzmann—or, under their names probably assumed in modern re-Hebrewisation, Eliahu Hakim and Ephraim Bet Zouri—claimed that their act had not been motivated by any allegiance to Zionism, but was a sheer protest against foreign domination 'in their own homeland'. As the two accused went on

accusing in the Cairo courtroom, Bet Zouri actually named the fate of European Jewry as the principal charge against Lord Moyne; that is, the British Middle-Eastern policy. He compared the fate of the Jews in Palestine to the hero of a Jack London novel who, after having been shipwrecked, was 'saved' for an even worse ordeal by a pirate boat. 'I assure you,' Bet Zouri continued, 'that the behaviour of the British government is worse still than that of the ship's captain. While millions of human beings were drowning in a sea of blood and tears, the British captain denied admission aboard his ship even to those who could have been saved.'

The connection between the Cairo assassination and the European holocaust was also stressed by Dr. J. H. Hertz, the Chief Rabbi of the British Empire, who blamed the act on the evil influence that the Nazi massacres had on the two young Jews' minds. Although their bold counter-accusations captured some sympathy in the course of the trial, the two murderers were sentenced to death on January 19, 1945. As the *Völkischer Beobachter* report that I read had correctly foretold, 'even their Jewishness would not save them from the gallows' and the sentence was carried out by Mohamed Shura, Egypt's official hangman, on March 22.

The Cairo murder did not assist me, or any other Hungarian of Jewish origin, in the escape from Hitler's claws, nor did it save thousands of others from the most gruesome end. What helped to save some of us was the negotiation carried on, sustained often by hope against hope, by the prominent Hungarian Zionist Rudolf Kastner and his associate, Andrew Biss, Joel Brand's cousin, with Eichmann and other high-ranking S.S. officers. Despite the Western refusal to enter negotiations about the 10,000 lorries, they had managed to keep a trickle of dialogue going and with a clever bluff maintain in Himmler and some of his underlings the illusion that they had something to gain by sparing Jewish lives.

Irrespective of any individual fate, murderer or victim, history will certainly dismiss the charges brought against Lord Moyne by his two assassins. Neither Lord Moyne in person nor the War Cabinet in London could have possibly entertained any deal with the Nazis for the rescue of Hungarian Jews. The original proposal of allowing—in exchange for essential supplies—the departure of all Hungarian Jews to allied or neutral territories sounded attractive, but was not feasible. It was one thing to put one or two trainloads of terrified humanity across the German-Swiss frontier, which actually did take place during the war, but quite another to move up to one million men, women and children. An organised migration of such magnitude would have been a largely insoluble problem even in peacetime, let alone during a world war.

The other possibility remained, that of buying off the Germans so that they might spare the lives of Hungarian Jewry during the final stages of the war in Hungary itself. Such a deal was, nevertheless, justifiably dismissed by Western official circles. As the London *Times* commented (by a curious co-incidence on July 20, 1944, the day of the thwarted anti-Hitler plot) there could be 'no security for the Jews or the other oppressed peoples of Europe' until victory was won, because 'the blackmailer increases his price'.

Had the Jews continued to remain in German hands, Himmler and the others included in the deal could indeed always have heightened their stakes. Not to mention the possibility that, once having succeeded with charging a ransom on Jewish lives, the National Socialist High Command might have been tempted to put a price-tag on others still in their power, like Belgians, Danes, Dutch and French. All in all, the only excuse, if that is an excuse, that can now be found for Lord Moyne's murderers is that theirs was an act of frustration by those who would have liked to but could not kill Hitler, the ultimate cause of twentieth-century Jewish tragedy. That may also apply to several other political murders committed by Jewish terrorists, like that of Count Folke Bernadotte in 1948 and that of the life-saving Zionist Jew Rudolf Kastner in 1957.

Be that as it may, Lord Moyne became, since Lord Kitchener in the First World War, the first British minister to die in the line of duty. Will posterity compensate him for the harsh manner of his death? He was not rated for an entry into the 1967 edition of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*.

One wonders how many people in Bury St. Edmunds—the constituency he had represented for a quarter of a century—remembered last year the twenty-fifth anniversary of his demise.

THE DEBATE ON CO-OWNERSHIP *(Continued from page 316)*

year. Both represent a move in the direction of the co-operative ideas of Robert Owen and the Christian Socialists and we may well hear more of these in the summer of 1971 as the Labour Movement celebrates the second centenary of the birth of Robert Owen—especially if they are regarded as relevant to the problem of industrial strife and the incomes problem, as I maintain they are in my Co-operative Party pamphlet. Whoever wins the next General Election, there could well be room for dialogue between Liberals and Socialists about the basic questions of industrial ownership. If Labour is to improve its prospects at the coming election, the party will need to do what it can to demolish the myth that socialism means the nationalisation of everything and pay more attention to forms of social ownership other than state ownership. The Liberals, for their part, are unlikely to remain content for long with the limited 1962 proposals about workers' representation at company meetings and are likely to ask themselves with increasing insistence whether the law ought to continue to give shareholders all residual company earnings.

THE NORTH SEA OUTRAGE

by Robert Simper

IN the twilight of a late October day in 1904 the Baltic Squadron of the Russian Imperial Navy steamed slowly out into the North Sea. The Danish pilots who had brought this odd assortment of out-of-date battleships through the Sound and Great Belt Channels from the Baltic must have wondered as they went ashore what would be its fate. The whole world was asking the same question for although the Russians had announced that the squadron was out on a 'ten day cruise' no one doubted that its real task was to try and deal the Japanese fleet a knock-out blow.

The war in the Far East was plain aggression between Russia and Japan over the control of Mauchuria, Mongolia and Korea. This struggle for supremacy was then seven months old and Japan had already gained the upper hand. Due to her well organised army and navy she had succeeded in sinking most of her opposition's navy and bottling the rest up in Port Arthur, in spite of the bravery of the poorly equipped Russians. The Russians had made several attempts to break out of Port Arthur, but they were now outnumbered by a superior Japanese force. Russia's only hope, and it was a slim one, was to restore the balance so that the Japanese could be met in equal strength. In the opening months of the war the oldest ships had remained in the Baltic while the larger and newer ones had gone to the Far East, only to be destroyed. The Minister of Marine had little alternative but to dispatch the weak Baltic squadron to eastern waters. For this imposing task the fleet was given the new and grand title of the Third Squadron of the Pacific Ocean. The command of this was given to Admiral Sinowi Petrowich Rozhdestvensky. Born in 1848, he had gone into the Navy at 18 and had won fame while commanding the *Vesta* in the Russo-Turkish War. His chief had ordered him to attack the Turkish Navy which he had done even though his tiny ship had only two guns. This act of reckless bravery had earned him an imperial decoration and immense popularity in Russia.

Rozhdestvensky officially took command of the squadron on August 12 and set about welding his fleet into a fighting force. The first almost impossible job was to get them to sea at all in the face of the chaotic conditions in the Kronstadt naval dockyards. The sailors also lacked training but there were other troubles too. When the battleship *Orel* was sent out on a trial cruise, her sea-cocks were open and she nearly sank. The *Orel* returned to port, but when next she tried to leave it was found that she was incapable of movement because the propeller shaft was filled with sand.

Possibly the sailors had little desire to risk their lives for the sake of extending the Russian Empire over more territory, but at the time all such incidents were blamed on Japanese spies. There were also stories of Japanese officers arriving in Copenhagen to arrange for submarine mines to be laid in the channels leading out of the Baltic. This kind of rumour proved groundless, for when Rozhdestvensky's squadron of 44 ships, many of which

were merchant ships converted to 'third class cruisers', left the Baltic they were uninterrupted. All the same, the officers must have been on their guard for, as this badly equipped and ill-disciplined squadron straggled out into the North Sea, warning shots were fired at a Swedish steamer and a German trawler to keep out of the way.

Steaming at only 9 knots they made their way cautiously south. In the early hours of October 22, the fleet had reached the Dogger Bank. The weather was hazy but look-outs reported lights moving straight towards them. Searchlights quickly picked out a gathering of small craft which were badly lit and appeared to be about to intercept them. Could this be a flotilla of Japanese torpedo boats? In the weary months of fitting out, the Russians had heard many accounts of how those daring little craft had harassed their fleets in the Far East. Had the hated Japanese sent a flotilla round the world to intercept them? Certainly such a force might have found a friendly port in Britain, for although Britain was officially neutral, she was suspicious of a great European power like Russia gaining too much control anywhere. Britain had also built up a strong trade link with the Japanese which obviously would grow with the Japanese Empire if it controlled northern China.

Rozhdestvensky had done well to get the Russian squadron to sea at all and now this squadron seemed threatened with an attack from the cunning enemy. On board the flagship *Kniaz Suvaroff*, he and his officers peered through the haze at the suspicious craft now picked out by the searchlights. It would be a disaster to let the Japanese get into the middle of the fleet where the slower and more lightly armed ships were. Rozhdestvensky, the man better known for dashing bravery than for cool decisions, gave the order for his armourclads to open fire on the intercepting craft.

Battleships and heavy cruisers of the second division fired at the enemy for about 10 minutes. Rozhdestvensky's anxiety for the safety of his squadron now spread from another source, for his ships were in danger of shelling each other. Worse still, the searchlights now clearly revealed small steamers which did not look like torpedo boats apart from their size. The Russian shelling had been a blunder. From the flagship the order was flashed out for firing to cease and at once they steamed off into the night, leaving behind an international situation which threatened to plunge Europe into war.

In fact the 'enemy' the Russian squadron had fired at were about 40 steam trawlers of the well-known Gamecock fleet of Hull. It was then the practice for fishing boats of one company to work as a fleet under the direction of an 'Admiral' and the Gamecock trawlers had all had their nets down about 220 miles east by north of Spurn Head and were peacefully fishing on the Dogger Bank. When the searchlights were played on them, the fishermen imagined that a naval exercise was going on around them. These thoughts did not last long however, for shells could soon be seen exploding in the water around them. The trawler *Crane* which was the nearest to the Russians was unable to get away and was hit badly below the waterline. Skipper Smith who had been standing near the winch had his head blown off, the mate had shouted

to the crew to lower the boat, but the trawler went down before they were able to get it into the water. The next shell to hit the *Crane* killed the third hand, Leggett, but the rest were saved by the boat from the nearby trawler *Gull*. Before the firing ended abruptly, other trawlers including *Maulmein* and *Miro* received damage.

On October 23, the damaged trawlers entered Hull with their flags at half mast for the dead on board. The newspapers described the Russian shelling as the 'North Sea Outrage' and the nation was deeply shocked to learn that foreign warships had bombarded British fishing vessels. The reaction of ordinary men in the street was to settle with the Russians immediately by sending the Royal Navy to blow them out of the water. The British Home Fleet of 11 battleships was in Scottish waters, a heavy cruiser squadron was waiting in various ports and 12 ships of the Channel Fleet were near Gibraltar and all could have intercepted the Russians. The Admiralty stated that in all 103 ships of various types were ready for immediate action.

Russia offered no explanation except to say that British fishing vessels had been used to cover up an attack on their squadron by torpedo boats. Germany appeared to take Russia's side and all was set for what could have been the First World War a decade early. Two dead seamen and a sunk trawler were not really enough to start a war. Even with a great public outcry for revenge, the British Government did not sway from the official position of neutrality. But if there was no war, at least one of the greatest battles of words ever fought took place. Diplomats were kept busy for months with this skirmish on the outer edge of the Russo-Japanese War. Britain's side was joined by her ally, France; China, who looked like losing a large part of her territory to the victor, naturally took a keen interest and so did the other world powers, Germany, the United States, Spain and Holland. They all wanted to have a say in the outcome of any international agreement. The Hull fishermen's claim for damages had to wait for four months before the Commissioners of the North Sea Inquiry sat in Paris to decide on a solution.

In the mass of evidence prepared by both sides, no really new facts emerged. A fishing vessel with its net down had the right of way but there was some doubt as to whether the Hull trawlers were showing the correct lights. The Russian delegation stuck to Rozhdestvensky's explanation of torpedo boats hiding in amongst the trawlers. This the Commission found was untrue and that Rozhdestvensky's action was not justifiable. They believed that the incident was largely caused by the Russians on *Suvaroff* firing a warning shot at the trawlers which instead hit their own *Aurora* who reported the supposed attack to the flagship. Britain asked for compensation of £100,000 but the Commission suggested that Russia should pay £65,000 and with that the great storm in a tea cup subsided.

The war in the Far East did not subside, the grim fight swayed across northern China leaving behind a trail of destruction. After seven months, Rozhdestvensky's squadron arrived at the scene of the war, to be beaten by a series of actions by the Japanese navy under Admiral Togo. Fighting ended finally with the signing of a peace treaty in New Hampshire, U.S.A.

HOUSMAN IN THE POTTER'S FIELD

by Donald Bruce

'IT is the function of poetry to harmonise the sadness of the world,' wrote A. E. Housman to his sister in 1915, and it would be fair to say that Housman's poetry does so in *A Shropshire Lad*, a work composed for the most part in sickness and an oddly productive mood of self-pity.[1] To the poem, 'I hoed and trenched and weeded', he doubly drew attention. He placed it last in *A Shropshire Lad*, as his valediction; and, thirty-eight years later, as an old gentleman of over seventy, he singled it out for public interest in his Leslie Stephen lecture on poetry: as a monument, it may be supposed: as the scarred outwork of his hard-pressed and strongly defended nature. The passage in the lecture is a familiar one. To support his statement that 'the production of poetry, in its first stage, is less an active than a passive and involuntary process', Housman instances the composition of 'I hoed and trenched and weeded':

> Two of the stanzas, I do not say which, came into my head, just as they are printed, while I was crossing the corner of Hampstead Heath between the Spaniard's Inn and the footpath to Temple Fortune. A third stanza came with a little coaxing after tea. One more was needed, but it did not come. I had to turn to and compose it myself, and that was a laborious business. I wrote it thirteen times, and it was more than a twelvemonth before I got it right.[2]

Housman, slightly beery in the scrub of Hampstead Heath, thus repeated the experience which Hesiod had when, grazing his sheep under Mount Helicon, as thoughtless as the sheep themselves, he simply found at his side the nine Muses; from whom he learned his song. It is no wonder that we turn to 'I hoed and trenched and weeded' with the utmost interest:

> I hoed and trenched and weeded,
> And took the flowers to fair:
> I brought them home unheeded;
> The hue was not the wear.
> So up and down I sow them
> For lads like me to find,
> When I shall lie below them,
> A dead man out of mind.
> Some seed the birds devour,
> And some the season mars,
> But here and there will flower
> The solitary stars.
> And fields will yearly bear them
> As light-leaved spring comes on,
> And luckless lads will wear them
> When I am dead and gone.[3]

Housman's friend, Percy Withers, notes (with the air, at least, of having been told so by Housman himself) that Housman had most trouble with the last stanzas of his poems[4]. One wishes that Housman had not always taken the trouble, since his last stanzas sometimes discompose an already rounded effect[5]. My guess is that in this poem the last stanza is the one that came after tea and that the transitional third stanza was as contrived as it seems.

As Hesiod says, the Muses are the daughters of Memory. 'A dead man out

of mind' comes from Psalm XXXI, 12. 'Some seed the birds devour' alludes to the Parable of the Sower. Housman uses 'the season mars' twice elsewhere in his poems (in *More Poems* 5 and 34). He repeats the rhyme, 'comes on . . . gone' three times elsewhere (in SL 43, MP 17 and *Additional Poems* 1), always to describe night succeeding day. 'Light-leaved spring' is one of the fifty-one epithets in the Greek style which he coins in his poems[6]. The manuscript of the poem has been destroyed, but it was probably written, like most of the poems in *A Shropshire Lad*, in 1895. In *Last Poems* the poet describes himself as wearing as a breastknot a flower which he found on the grave of a friend who had killed himself. The flower is called Sinner's Rue[7]. I could find this name neither in Macleod's *Names of British Plants* nor in Grigson's *The Englishman's Flora* nor in any of the four other botanical dictionaries I consulted. Housman's draft of the poem is inscribed, 'From Heine'.[8] The printer's copy, now in the Fitzwilliam Museum, carries the excised title, *Die Armesuenderblume*. This flower ('Condemned Man's Flower') is wild chicory. Possibly Housman rejected 'chicory' as unpoetical, and made his own punning translation of the German name. The 'solitary stars' of SL 63 differ from the stars in 'the star-sown sky' of MP 7, which are so numerous that nobody notices if one of them disappears.

Housman's father died two years before Housman published *A Shropshire Lad*. His mother had died when he was twelve. He was himself at that age which Dante calls halfway down the path of life. Naturally his thoughts would have turned to his own mortality, as did those of the writer of the Psalm which he quotes in the poem. Housman, an atheist, believed that the only life after death was through one's children. In his *Epithalamium* he calls upon the wedded pair to 'breed the land that reared your prime, Sons to stay the rot of time'.[9] Housman saw himself as infertile. In his macabre poem, *The Immortal Part*, he implies that his bodily remains are the only fruit that he will ever bear; so that as he walked about Hampstead Heath, 'following the progress of the seasons' as he says in his lecture (and for twenty years from 1887 Housman recorded the first signs of spring in his diary), he would have been conscious that the cycle of his own year would never be renewed.[10] In one of his earliest poems, written in 1890 and originally entitled *A Winter Funeral*, he points the contrast between winter and death:

> Oh bring from hill and stream and plain
> Whatever will not flower again
> To give him comfort.[11]

One of Housman's youths, about to be hanged in a later poem called *The Culprit*, exclaims:

> My father and my mother
> They had a likely son,
> And I have none.[12]

Why did Housman regard himself as infertile? The Psalmist is troubled by a sense not only of mortality but also of shame:

> My strength faileth because of my iniquity, and my bones are consumed. I was a reproach among all mine enemies, but especially among my neighbours: they that did see me without fled from me. I am forgotten as a dead man out of mind: I am like a broken vessel.

One of the poems in *A Shropshire Lad* was prompted by a letter left behind by a Woolwich cadet who shot himself because he feared that his unnamed impulses would be a source of corruption to other men. The cadet was nineteen. 'Shot? So quick, so clean an ending?' Housman sanctimoniously wrote. The first draft, in fact, read, 'Nineteen? So quick, so clean an ending?' and, indeed, a comparison of the draft with the published version is generally interesting.[13] 'Twas best to take it to the grave' was originally 'Twas best to hide it in the grave'. 'You saw your road and where it led', was originally 'You judged your road too foul to tread'. The line, 'After long disgrace and scorn' is taken from the cadet's letter. The poem was written in August-September, 1895. Earlier that year the trial of Oscar Wilde had taken place. In a poem also written in August-September, 1895, but left unpublished at his death, Housman wrote:

> 'Oh who is that young sinner with the handcuffs on his wrists,
> And what has he been after that they groan and shake their fists,
> And wherefore is he wearing such a conscience-stricken air?
> Oh they're taking him to prison for the colour of his hair.'[14]

According to George Watson, who cites no authority for the statement, Housman later sent Oscar Wilde a complimentary copy of *A Shropshire Lad*.[15] If the story is true, it may be that the poems suggested *The Ballad of Reading Jail* to Wilde.

Housman published the inhumane poem but left the humane one alone. His brother Laurence says that he did not wish his views to be known in his own lifetime.[16] The reason may be that given in the twelfth of his *Last Poems*:

> 'And since, my soul, we cannot fly
> To Saturn nor to Mercury,
> Keep we must, if keep we can,
> These foreign laws of God and Man.'

The lines quoted are the original fragment of the poem, which was started late in 1895.[17] In one of his posthumously published poems, its manuscript destroyed by Laurence Housman, he wrote:

> 'Come to the stolen waters,
> Drink and your soul shall live.
> Come to the stolen waters,
> And leap the guarded pale,
> And pull the flower in season,
> Before desire shall fail.'[18]

There was no reason why Housman was obliged to speak up in support of alien laws unless, at the time of the poem about the Woolwich cadet, Housman reproached himself with not having taken the same course. 'But play the man, stand up and end you, When your sickness is your soul', Housman wrote, but did not do so in his own person; or, at least, did not do so literally.[19]

'I did not begin to write poetry in earnest until the really emotional part of my life was over,' Housman stated in a letter of February 5, 1933. *A Shropshire Lad* was completed in 1895, when Housman was thirty-six. The earliest poem in it was written in September, 1890.[20] As an undergraduate at Oxford he had shared lodgings with Moses Jackson, whom he later described as 'the man who had more influence on my life than anyone else'.[21] From

1882 to 1886 he lived in Bayswater with Jackson and Jackson's brother. In 1887 Jackson went to India, to Housman's unconcealed and intemperate sorrow.[22] Jackson was, in contrast to the puny and much-bullied Housman, a popular rowing Blue. He was probably the sort of man Housman would have liked to be himself. Amongst the poems which Housman left unpublished at his death was the following, which Grant Richards supposes was written about Jackson:

'He would not stay for me; and who can wonder?
He would not stay for me to stand and gaze.
I shook his hand and tore my heart in sunder
And went with half my life about my ways.'[23]

More Poems 31, a poem envisaged as having been written from the grave, begins:

'Because I liked you better
Than suits a man to say,
It irked you, and I promised
To throw the thought away.'[24]

Jackson returned to England and married in 1889. In the *Epithalamium* already quoted, which Housman started six years later, he declared:

'So the groomsman quits your side
And the bridegroom seeks the bride.
Friend and comrade yield you o'er
To her that hardly loves you more.'[25]

Housman withdrew into the task of editing the tiresome *Astronomica* of Marcus Manilius. After 1900 he became attached to one of those gondoliers so lubriciously admired by Frederick Rolfe in his Venetian letters, which Housman was at some pains to procure.[26] Upon his gondolier Housman settled an annuity.

Housman reverts to the image of the sower of sterile seed in *More Poems* 32. Whatever is sown, only nettles thrive:

'The numberless, the lonely,
The thronger of the land,
The leaf that hurts the hand.'

In *A Shropshire Lad* 42 the poet describes himself as a brewer of nettle-beer:

' 'Tis true, the stuff I bring for sale
Is not so brisk a brew as ale.
Out of a stem that scored the hand
I wrung it in a weary land.'

In *A Shropshire Lad* 16 the nettle grows on the graves of lovers who hanged themselves for love. *Additional Poems* 11 deals with a churchyard: 'this hopeless garden that they sow With the seeds that never grow.' Only the flowers of Sinner's Rue grow beneath 'the headstone naming The heart no longer stirred':

'And luckless lads shall wear them
When I am dead and gone.'

The last poem of *A Shropshire Lad* is an instantaneous apprehension, in symbolic terms, of Housman's own predicament. He is sowing seeds of poetry for the lads, which is his only possible propagation of himself. They are 'luckless lads' because they are like himself; and because in *A Shropshire Lad* they die or are killed in such numbers, both as emblems of Housman's

emotional death and as proxies for what he wishes had been his own fate. Fourteen young men are cut off in their prime, and for crowds of the living an early death is foretold. Each Shropshire lad is Housman's brother: 'mon semblable et mon frère.' Like the haymaker in the seventh poem, Housman slays his brother, who embodies part of his own nature, and flees:

> 'I did not lose my heart in summer's even,
> When roses to the moonrise burst apart:
> When plumes were underfoot and lead was flying,
> In blood and smoke and flame I lost my heart.
> I lost it to a soldier and a foeman,
> A chap that did not kill me, but he tried;
> That took the sabre straight and took it striking
> And laughed and kissed his hand to me and died.

'The imagination, therefore, the true inward creatrix, instantly out of the chaos of elements or shattered fragments of memory, puts together some form to fit it.' Housman's mind is lulled, sleepily the everyday concerns which normally occupy it withdraw from its forefront, and at once their place is taken by what is less temporary and contingent. The psychomachia shifts and is forwarded, and the poem is defined.

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[1]*The Bromsgrovian* (Bromsgrove) 1936. Supplement. *Recollections of A. E. Housman* by his sister, K. E. Symons p. 29.
[2]*The Name and Nature of Poetry* (Cambridge) 1933 p. 50.
[3]*A Shropshire Lad* 63. The text of Housman's poems used throughout is that of the *Collected Poems* (London) 1939.
[4]*A Buried Life* (London) 1940 p. 68.
[5]Vid. *A Shropshire Lad* 15 and *Last Poems* 35.
[6]*Housman*, 1897-1936. Grant Richards (London) 1941 pp. 432-3.
[7]LP 30.
[8]E 15 in the mss. of the poems in the Library of Congress. The poem is, in fact, an imitation of no. 23 (*Am Kreuzweg*) of Heine's *Lyrisches Intermezzo*.
[9]LP 24.
[10]SL 43 (written Feb.-Sept., 1895: mss. A 26, A 36 and B 17) and Withers op. cit. p. 30.
[11]SL 46 (ms. A 7).
[12]LP 14.
[13]SL 44 (mss. B 15 and B 45).
[14]*Additional Poems* 18. The third line was originally 'And why are those policemen so attentive in their care?' Mss. B 16, B 17 and E 8.
[15]*A. E. Housman: a Divided Life* (London) 1957 p. 180.
[16]*A.E.H.* (London) 1937 p. 213.
[17]Ms. A 36.
[18]MP 22.
[19]SL 45 (just after the poem about the cadet).
[20]Laurence Housman op. cit. p. 273. The poem is SL 42.
[21]L. Housman pp. 61-2.
[22]Richards op. cit. pp. 306-7.
[23]Ibid p. 307 and AP 7.
[24]The blurting, manly 'than suits a man to say /It irked you' was originally the slyer 'than friends in liking may/ I tricked you' (mss. A 18, A 39 and C 3). Housman assumes in his poems the bluff persona of Jackson.
[25]LP 24.
[26]Richards p. 301. Richards (p. 239) himself lent Housman the typescript of *The Desire and Pursuit of the Whole*.

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LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

PROFESSIONAL CIVIL SERVANT

Hankey, Man of Secrets. Vol. I. Stephen Roskill. Collins, £4 10s. 0d.

In 1906, when he was twenty-nine and three years married, Hankey, then serving as a member of the Owen Committee on Naval Bases, wrote to his wife: 'So far I have succeeded in getting my way as regards the Committee's work—not by talking at the meeting, but by insinuating my ideas to each member privately . . . and making him think it is his own. Then I support him at the meeting and we get our way'. This method of operation he continued to use for the next thirty years, as he became successively, Secretary to the Committee of Imperial Defence, the War Committee, the Dardanelles Committee, the Cabinet, and Chairman, in 1940, of the Cabinet's Scientific Advisory Committee. Incidentally, no biography of Hankey would reveal the full stature of the man, if it did not refer to his happy family life and his unquestioning religious faith. Stephen Roskill in this brilliant book makes this point very clear.

Moreover, after careful reading of the impeccably edited 672 pages, it is impossible not to praise Sir Maurice Hankey as a very great Civil Servant. The evidence is too strong and from too many authoritative quarters, statesmen and scholars alike, from Balfour, Asquith, Haldane and Smuts to Liddell Hart and our greatest naval historian, Stephen Roskill. I mention this only because Mr. Cameron Hazlehurst in *The Times* of April 13 wrote that Hankey 'lacked the status to be taken seriously as an adviser on major issues of national policy'. Most statesmen and military experts have made some pretty bad forecasts, especially in the realm of foreign policy, Hankey was not always right, but he was often prophetic and ahead of his time. This was not due to any visionary gifts, but rather to a quick mind, a fertile imagination, extensive knowledge and scholarship and tireless industry.

Why did Asquith and Lloyd George rely on him? Why did he lunch alone with Lloyd George before his big speeches? Why did Liddell Hart write: 'Hankey was the only expert adviser of the British Government who had thought out the foundations of strategy'? Only because he trained himself for a great career from the moment he passed out of the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, first of his class with the coveted Sword of Honour. He made himself indispensable in war and peace. Stephen Roskill writes: 'Hankey's brainwaves usually seem to have come to him on a Sunday—probably because that was the only day when he was not working under constant pressure'. Happily Roskill knows his Navy and its personnel from the inside. So it may well have been Commander Henderson in private communication with Hankey, who were responsible for the convoy system in 1917. I well remember this unusual officer when he was Third Sea Lord and Controller of the Navy (1934-39): he had then the most original mind on the Board of Admiralty, when I was a nervous, young Civil Lord.

This biography throws new light on many events and many personalities of Word War I, including the Maurice Debate, the Dardanelles, the Maritime versus the Continental School of strategy; Admiral Fisher, Milner, Balfour, Colonel House, Smuts, Jellicoe, President Wilson and above all, Lloyd George.

Hankey created the Cabinet Secretariat and on page 637 Captain Roskill (let me now give him his correct title) lists the seventy people with their ranks and titles, who served as administrators in the Cabinet Office. It is an impressive list and included Mr. T. Jones, C.H. (1916-30). The diary records December 12, 1916: 'I breakfasted alone with Lloyd George. He is very anxious to foist on me a Welshman called Tom Jones, whom I interviewed after breakfast . . . still I rather liked the man, despite rather a sly face like L.G.'s. Anyhow he had ideas and as a result of our interview, I caught on to a scheme of organisation of the office into two groups—machinery and ideas'.

The relationship of Secretary and Assistant lasted for fourteen years; they never became intimate friends. As the biographer writes: 'In truth they stood far apart on political, economic and religious issues'. And as T.J. wrote later of Hankey: 'He was endowed with immense vitality, a prodigious memory, high organising capacity, and a gift for distilling circumambient conversations into well-ordered memoranda'. He qualified that praise by adding that 'he conserved nervous energy by political objectivity and indifference to measures other than those bearing on national defence.' This I think is quite unfair. As he wrote to his wife in the early days: 'Any liberal tendencies are so rare among naval and military men that it (the secretaryship of the Committee of Imperial Defence) might lead to all sorts of possibilities'. This facet of Hankey's life may well have confused Mr. Hazlehurst.

In a word Hankey was not merely a superb Secretary of the Cabinet nor a man wholly concerned in recording minutes and ensuring afterwards that the decisions were operated by the department concerned: he was an initiator and like Dean Acheson 'present at the creation' of great events in the history of British Government. We await with great expectations Stephen Roskill's second volume.

KENNETH LINDSAY

BALLADS MORE DEFINITIVE

The Oxford Book of Ballads. Newly Selected and Edited by James Kinsley. Oxford University Press, 40s.

No department of English Poetry has been more loosely and confusedly defined and interpreted than 'the Ballad'. The dictionaries give 'the Ballad' variously as a light simple song; a popular song, generally of a personal or political character, and printed as a broadsheet; or a simple spirited popular or patriotic story in verse. In its ordinary accepted use, according to Andrew Lang, the Ballad is a term for any narrative poem, usually in the simple measure of which a notable example is:

> Lord William was buried in St. Mary's kirk,
> Lady Margret in Mary's quire;
> Out of the lady's grave grew a bonny red rose.
> And out of the knight's a briar.

A mass of early balladry follows that basic movement; and after lengthy periods when the traditional forms fell into decline, professional poets explored its possibilities, and even as late as the 19th-century writers such as D. G. Rossetti and William Morris imitated the old measures in the hope of achieving a direct appeal to the heart of the reader. It was 'spoof' of course, and parodists like Calverley weighed in with:

> The auld wife sate at her ivied door
> *(Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese)*
> A thing she had frequently done before;
> And her spectacles lay on her apron'd knees.

Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's *Oxford Book of Ballads* (1910) — almost as well known as his *Oxford Book of English Verse*—is now replaced by Mr. James Kinsley's scholarly new editing, which incorporates texts of traditional ballads of Scotland and England 'based as close as possible to oral traditions, and more than eighty tunes are included'. He insists that in the contemporary conception of ballads they are 'narrative songs in which music and poetry are interdependent'. Referring to the famous Harvard scholar, Professor F. J. Child, whose *English and Scottish Popular Ballads* (1883-1898) supplied the canon which both 'Q' and Mr. Kinsley accept, Andrew Lang wrote that 'he was a moderate and judicious friend of the popular rather than of the literary theory of the origins of the ballad, while fully recognising the many cases in which the ballad, as it stands, is a popularisation of the literary *chansons de geste* and literary romances'.

Nearly every famous ballad carries a whole set of textual variations in the version coming to us in the anthologies. Scott himself repented of his own methods when editing 'The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border': 'I did wrong myself in endeavouring to make the best possible set of an ancient ballad out of several copies obtained from different quarters, and that in many respects if I improved the poetry I spoiled the simplicity of the old song'. Commenting on this frank admission Mr. Kinsley says, 'Yet neither poetry nor even simplicity is as important here as textual integrity. A true ballad "text" is the recording of one auditory experience, one singer's song, and even the scrupulous translation of that on to the printed page is a kind of embalming'.

Contrary to the un-informed notion of what constitutes a ballad, the contents of this revised selection are never sentimental: the poems deal with the elemental human emotions, adventures and experiences — love, hate, battle, privation, murder and sudden death. And with more then a sprinkling of bawdy ballads and refrains of which the Victorian more inhibited collection was free.

Altogether, Mr. Kinsley's new *Oxford Book of Ballads* is an excellent anthology for both the scholar and the browser. Many old favourites are here, and the general impression can best be described as a tightening-up.

WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR

MUSICAL MISJUDGMENT

Musical Impressions. Selections from Paul Rosenfeld's Criticism. Edited by Herbert A. Leibowitz. Allen & Unwin, 45s.

Paul Rosenfeld was a highly regarded and influential music critic in New York in the years between the two wars. He was born in 1890 and was a graduate of Yale where it seems his pursuits were more literary than musical. He wrote for such journals as *The New Republic, Seven Arts* and *The Dial,* and his books included *Musical Portraits, The Port of New York,* and *An Hour with American Music.* He was working on a biography of Charles Ives, one of his great heroes, when he died in 1946.

According to Mr. Leibowitz in his somewhat fulsome introduction, Rosenfeld was not merely one of the truly great musicologists, but was also responsible, virtually single-handed, for the development of serious American music in his day. Mr. Leibowitz compares the two great British music critics of Rosenfeld's time, Ernest Newman and George Bernard Shaw — particularly Shaw — unfavourably with him, and castigates *Grove* for not including him in the current edition. To read Paul Rosenfeld's writings today is, however, a rather depressing experience. His prose is painfully and self-consciously 'literary'.

'Somewhat as Dante and his guide stood before certain damned in Hell do we stand before the failed endeavours of Gustav Mahler. We cannot pass these hulking haggard symphonies and songs as we pass by other failures offered us by the concert seasons' is how he begins his essay demolishing that composer. 'Great sun Moussorgsky, shine down upon your progeny' is how he ends his first piece in praise of Belá Bartok.

Rosenfeld's great heroes appear to have been Moussorgsky, Debussy, Stravinsky, if primitive and noisy, and above all others Edgar Varèse, especially if writing for as varied and unlikely a combination of instruments as possible. Of that composer's *Ionisation* he says 'In this, one of his most recent compositions, Edgar Varèse has given us a complete piece of music for the non-melodic components of the battery (percussion). The feat indubitably is marvellous and still no bolt from the blue'. Rosenfeld seems to have had obsessions, and one of them was to relate 20th century music to industrial progress. There is an account of an embarrassing interview with Stravinsky, where the composer murmurs tactful nothings when the critic finds analogies in industrial landscapes with *The Rite of Spring*.

Another of his hobbyhorses was the throttling effect of European Judaism on the development of composers of that faith. This serves as an apology for Mahler, an excuse for Schoenberg, and a warning to Ravel. A more worthwhile platform was his championship of Berlioz, Moussorgsky, and indeed of Haydn, in the ultra conservative New York concert repertoire of the time. Though in referring to 'the indecent exposures of Tchaikovsky' he once again overstates his case. This too he does in the essays on contemporary American composers. Poor Gershwin is damned for being too readily comprehensible; and throughout one has the impression that Rosenfeld's motto must be 'the more complex and less euphonious the music, the better'. Certainly he personally did a great deal to foster the development of American music—he was responsible for finding a sponsor for the young Aaron Copland — but his writings do little today to further the cause.

This book is an interesting historical and musicological document. It shows how pretentious, arrogant, and misguided musical criticism could then be, and makes us the more grateful today that we have critics of the calibre of Andrew Porter and David Cairns to enhance our appreciation of music by their more balanced and better informed writings.

DAVID FINGLETON

THE REAL HESS

Hess: The Man and His Mission. J. Bernard Hutton. David Bruce & Watson, 55s.

On Tuesday, November 20, 1945, history was made at Nuremberg. Man made his first attempt to outlaw war on a global scale. At the Palace of Justice, rebuilt for the purpose, standing symbolically proud and new amidst the rubble, the ashes and devastation, twenty-one leaders of Nazi Germany were arraigned before an International Military Tribunal, charged upon an indictment which ran to 43 pages and 30,000 words, and yet seemed still inadequate to frame and contain the manifold enormity of the crimes against peace and humanity alleged against them by their prosecutors. The legality, the morality even, of this innovatory tribunal was obscure, but its motivation was sound and civilised. It was, quite simply, the tangible expression of mankind's determination to ensure that organised extermination of human beings should never happen again.

The trial ended 217 days later—on October 1, 1946. Of the twenty-one defendants, one (Goering) committed suicide, ten were hanged, and seven were sentenced to various terms of imprisonment.

Today, twenty-four years later, only one of these men remains in prison—Rudolf Hess, the former Deputy Führer of the Third German Reich. Hess is now 75, a frail sick old man—the lonely prisoner of Spandau. He has been in captivity for twenty-nine years, ever since that night in May 1941 when, at the height of the war, in the full flower of his power as one of the top rulers of Nazi Germany, he flew to Britain on a mission of peace.

Hess—the man and his mission—has always been an enigma, and in this new and authoritative study Mr. J. Bernard Hutton, a Czechoslovakian writer who has always been violently opposed to the Nazis and who has twice fled their clutches, sets out to examine the true facts of the baffling Hess affair. The two central issues are these: Did Hitler know and approve of his friend and deputy's peace mission? Did Hess feign insanity?

To find the answers, Mr. Hutton has examined documents previously unavailable, conducted scores of interviews with material witnesses and scrutinised the records of the Nuremburg Tribunal. From all these researches he is unequivocally convinced that Hess flew to Scotland not only with Hitler's full approval, but also with his authority to negotiate a peace settlement.

The psychiatric question is considerably more involved. According to Mr. Hutton, Hess had told Hitler that in the event of the failure of his mission he would simulate insanity, thus absolving the Fuhrer from any suspicion of complicity. The mission did fail. Churchill would have no truck with Hess' propositions . . . and Hess' behaviour became progressively stranger and stranger. He developed frank symptoms of a paranoid state and displayed an amnesia which was pronounced genuine by British, American and Russian psychiatrists who examined him.

Hess himself believed that he was perfectly sane, boasted even that he had "fooled" the experts of three nations. But, reading Mr. Hutton's evidential material, one feels that Hess' grandest delusion was of his sanity.

With the passage of the decades, Rudolf Hess has acquired something of the charisma of a martyr. Hunched, autistic, brooding, and, no doubt, suffering from the changes of arterio-sclerotic dementia, wrapped about by the impregnable silence of Spandau, he is a pitiful shade of the arrogant, jack-booted Thraso who signed the death warrants of the Jews. With a charity that does him credit, Mr. Hutton pleads, 'Let the human wreckage that is Hess, mentally destroyed and physically ravaged by twenty-nine years of captivity, go home to his wife and son, to spend the last months of his life with what little peace he can find. Hess is no longer Hess.'

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN

"RED DEVIL" OF THE AIR

Richthofen. William E. Burrows. Hart-Davis, 36s.

German air ace Manfred von Richthofen was credited with a record eighty kills before being himself shot down over the British lines in France on April 21, 1918. His biography, accordingly, is mainly a chronicle of air combats which the general reader, if not the student of flying tactics, may find repetitive. But behind the legendary hero of thrilling exploits was the man with his all-too-human—and Prussian—foibles, and on these Burrows is revealing.

For each of his kills, from the first, he had a silver cup made by a jeweller, to display as trophies. When he shot down an enemy over the German lines he would

drive or fly to the spot to obtain souvenirs to send back to his Schweidnitz home. He had his own plane painted red to single it out from the rest, though it might make him a conspicuous target and did, in fact, earn him notoriety as the 'Red Devil'. When his 16th kill earned him the Pour le Merite medal he wore it round his neck and would proudly view the effect in a mirror. He enjoyed a triumphal tour in the spring of 1917 when he was feted everywhere for his 52 kills, met the Kaiser, Hindenburg and other high-ups. One is not surprised that his former chief, Boelcke, whose scout prowess he set out to emulate and surpass, once said of him: 'Richthofen has a high opinion of himself.'

Dedicated wholeheartedly to his work as fighter pilot and Group Leader, he had little use for the normal relaxations, none for women; and we are given this glimpse of him in one of the Berlin 'hospitality' hotels where airmen on leave were supplied with free wine, women and song:

'The Red Battle Flier would walk in and sit alone, sipping his wine. He stared icily at pilots with open tunics or unfastened collars, and many with girls on their laps had to button up before the Rittmeister's eyes left them to wander elsewhere. The music seemed to lessen while Richthofen was in the room, and decorum was put aside only after he had closed the door behind him'.

Not a very edifying impression of the national hero who had said of his bombing and strafing mission during a short spell on the Russian front: 'It was particularly amusing to pepper the gentlemen down below.' Nor of the intrepid fighter whom the Canadian ace, Billy Bishop, accused of waiting till his flying mates had set up a ready target for him, then popping off the lame duck and flying off with another great kill to his credit—a view Burrows does not share.

The book is, indeed, mainly sympathetic to Richthofen while aiming to sift truth from legend. Paradoxically, it reveals the innate chivalry of men whose chief purpose was to shoot each other to bits or, failing that, entertain captured foes in their mess and be photographed with them. It gives a vivid overall view of tactics, strategy and flying techniques in the 1914-18 war.

TREVOR ALLEN

A JEWISH NEW TESTAMENT

New Testament: Judaean & Authorised Version. Judaean Publishing House, Jerusalem, 1970, pp. 592. 21s. (Morrison and Gibb, 30 Museum Street, London, W.C.1).

This N.T. presents a modified form of the Authorised Version, intended to eliminate any renderings which might foster enmity between Jews and Christians. The alterations, which are really very few, are mainly as follows: Judaeans, replaces Jews; ministers, chief priests; separates, Pharisees; Bible, law; congregations, synagogues; nations, Gentiles; lawyers, elders; crowd, or rabble for multitude; hang, crucify; do away, kill; condemn, put him to death.

Since each single alteration is noted on the page where it occurs, the publication s perfectly fair, and one can only wish the version every success.

G. HENTON DAVIES

SHORTER REVIEWS AND NOTICES

The Ugly Frontier (Chatto & Windus, 45s.). David Shears, Chief Correspondent of the Daily Telegraph in Germany since 1965, has written a penetrating and at times dramatic account of the East-West German frontier, covering 858 miles, including the thirty mile Berlin Wall. Mr. Sears estimates that 'the aggregate loss to East Germany from 1945-61 was at least 3.6 million people'. After the Berlin Wall closed the last gap in 1961, apart from the elderly retired, emigrants dropped to a trickle of

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desperate illegal refugees, who numbered 1,135 in 1968. Much of this book is devoted to the story of the construction of the frontier barriers, now so formidable as to be almost impossible to cross, and to accounts of heroic efforts to surmount these obstacles occasionally successful, too often ending in disaster. Mr. Shears points to the remarkable economic recovery in East Germany: 'national income rose three-fold between 1950 and 1967 and foreign trade gained eight-fold in the same period'. In economic terms the ugly frontier must have contributed to this redevelopment. Is the barrier still necessary on any basis? Mr. Shears refers to the longing to escape of a Leipzig professional man's wife: 'refugee statistics show that this longing to escape is still shared by many others, especially youths in their late teens and early twenties. Yet there is ample evidence that the urge to flee is diminishing'. He refers to reasons given for this, a higher standard of living than in 1961, insulation from the West though broadcasting provides still a close medium of communication, a more puritan outlook and the fact that 'the people of East Germany have known nothing but dictatorship since Hitler came to power in 1933'. But his conclusions are gloomy. 'The gulf between the two Germanies is widening, the divisions are hardening . . . the Ugly Frontier with all its horrors and inhumanity will last indefinitely.'

Ulster 1969 (Gollancz, 42s.). 'The fight for civil rights in Northern Ireland' is the subtitle of this dramatically written volume by Max Hastings. The author, as reporter for the London *Evening Standard,* has closely watched the struggle and seen 'every major participant in the struggle in action'. Apart from personal knowledge, he has used for information such publications as the Cameron Report, Andrew Boyd's *Holy War in Belfast,* Bowes Egan and Andrew McCormick's *Burntollet* and Bernadette Devlin's *The Price of My Soul.* There is no index, and no annotations. The narrative runs fluently and clearly has been put together with great skill. It is rather like reading an extended piece of newspaper reporting, in which the writer includes his own judgment of events and persons. Mr. Hastings naturally and quite properly sympathises with the Catholic demands for full civil rights. Still he starts his account quite objectively; but as the struggle deepens and violence increases, the narrative becomes more partisan. Perhaps this is inevitable, even in the case of a trained observer, when so close to the events. Mr. Hastings is refreshingly frank: 'as the weeks went by and personal experience broadened, a detectable feeling for the Catholics crept more and more prominently into everything I wrote, coupled with a dislike for the Protestants, the Unionists, and much of what they stood for'. Nonetheless it is a book certainly well worth reading.

European Unity, a Survey of European Organisations (Allen & Unwin, 42s.). A Third Impression of this valuable study, prepared by a PEP research group and published in 1968, has now been issued in Unwin University Books. It deals with the impact of European international organisations in Western European relations during the last twenty years and discusses individually bodies including OEEC, the Council of Europe, EEC, ECSC, Euratom, WEA, EFTA, NATO and OECD. The book provides an immense amount of valuable information and views for the student of affairs, as in 1968. A revised edition will be welcomed. The volume is published in the U.S.A. under the title *A Handbook of European Organisations.*

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